LAMB
ESSAYS OF ELIA
FIRST SERIES
HALLWARD KID HILL

MAGGIE TREHARNE,

St. Mary's Hall,

CHELTENHAM.

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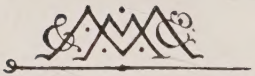
CHARLES LAMB.

ESSAYS OF ELIA.



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THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

Essays of Elia

By

Charles Lamb

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MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1908

First Edition, 1895.
Reprinted 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1901, 1902, 1906, 1908.

GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

PREFACE.

ANY editors of Lamb's Essays must necessarily be under considerable obligations to Canon Ainger for the excellent work which he has done in his complete edition of The Essays of Elia. The present editors desire to express their indebtedness to him for the great assistance which they have derived from his notes, with reference both to the persons mentioned in the Essays and to various obscure particulars connected with the life of Charles Lamb. To the information thus obtained they have added, as far as was possible, a full identification of the sources of the very numerous quotations, and explanations of the many allusions scattered throughout the Essays, in order to meet the requirements of English students. Finally, for the benefit of Indian students, words and phrases, such as would not be readily intelligible to any one who has not lived in England, have been explained in the notes.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	ix
TEXT—	
The South-Sea House,	3
Oxford in the Vacation,	12
Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago,	20
The Two Races of Men,	34
New Year's Eve,	40
Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist,	48
A Chapter on Ears,	55
All Fools' Day,	61
A Quakers' Meeting,	65
The Old and the New Schoolmaster,	71
Imperfect Sympathies,	80
Witches, and other Night Fears,	89
Valentine's Day,	96
My Relations,	100
Mackery End, in Hertfordshire,	107

PAGE

My First Play, ... 112

Modern Gallantry, ... 117

The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple, . . . 122

Grace Before Meat, ... 134

Dream Children; A Reverie, ... 142

Distant Correspondents, ... 146

The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers, ... 152

A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars, in the Metropolis, ... 160

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig, ... 169

A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People, ... 177

On Some of the Old Actors, ... 184

On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century, . 197

On the Acting of Munden, ... 206

NOTES, ... 209

INDEX, ... 371

INTRODUCTION.

Section I.

Charles Lamb was the seventh and youngest child of John and Elizabeth Lamb. Of his brothers and sisters only John Lamb, born June 5th, 1763, and Mary Anne Lamb, born December 3rd, 1764, survived childhood. Charles himself was born on the 10th February, 1775, in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, in the house of Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers. Salt was his father's employer. Life

As a mere child Lamb appears to have attended, in company with his sister Mary, schools kept by a Mr. Bird and a Mrs. Reynolds, but his school-life really began with his admission to Christ's Hospital. To this school he was presented by one of the Governors, Mr. Timothy Yeates, a friend of Mr. Salt, and was entered, on the 9th October, 1782, as the son of "John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth his wife." He thus passed, as he himself says, "from cloister to cloister," and all his youth was spent under the influence of old associations.

One of his old school-fellows, Charles Valentine Le Grice, has left us the following description of him as

a boy: "An amiable, gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his school-fellows and by his master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild, his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not both of the same colour, one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see in the red spots of the blood-stone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary, but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness."

For seven years Lamb remained at Christ's Hospital, and during this period began many of those friendships—notably that with Coleridge—which were to form the chief solace and pleasure of his after-life. He left school in November, 1789, from the lower division of the second class, partly because his infirmity of speech made it impossible for him ever to hope to take orders, as was expected from boys sent on from the school to the University, and partly because the poverty of his family rendered it necessary that he should begin to earn his own living as soon as was possible.

For a short time he was employed in the South-Sea House, in which establishment his brother John held a good appointment, but in April, 1792, he obtained a clerkship in the Accounts Office of the East

India Company, in whose service he continued till the year 1825, his salary gradually rising to about £700 a year.

Living in London, he naturally kept up his school friendships. His chief intimate was James White, author of *Letters of Sir John Falstaff*, to which work he is supposed to have written the preface; but the object of his greatest admiration was Coleridge, to whose influence we must, at least in part, ascribe his earliest attempts at verse. His holidays he spent generally, as in childhood, at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, where his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Field, was housekeeper to the family of the Plumers, and it was in one of these visits that he fell in love with a young lady, whom in his Essays he calls Alice Winterton, though in his Poems he refers to her as Anna. Canon Ainger has identified this lady with Ann Simmons, who married subsequently a pawnbroker named Bartram, residing in Prince's Street, Leicester Square. It is probably to Ann Simmons that Lamb refers in a letter to Coleridge, May 27th, 1796: "My head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my frenzy." He had spent six weeks in a madhouse at Hoxton, but we have no information as to whether his madness was the cause or the result of the breaking off of his courtship.

At this time the Lambs were living at 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn.

Shortly after his recovery from madness Lamb made his first appearance in print, four sonnets being introduced by Coleridge, in a volume entitled *Poems on*

Various Subjects, with the remark, "The effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. Charles Lamb of the India House. Independently of the signature their superior merit would sufficiently have distinguished them."

Lamb's father had now fallen into a state of dotage, his mother was a confirmed invalid, and his brother John, who alone of the family was in comfortable circumstances, lived apart from them. The hardships of such a life, acting upon hereditary weakness, resulted, in the case of Mary Lamb, in a violent outburst of insanity, in which, on the 22nd September, 1796, she killed her mother and wounded her father, the fatal knife being snatched from her hand only when too late by Charles Lamb himself. This terrible shock, instead of destroying his mind, strengthened it. He had no recurrence of his first attack, but his sister's life was poisoned by the constant dread and frequent attacks of madness.

Acquitted by a jury, Mary Lamb was confined for some time in a madhouse, and Lamb's only consolation was in the society of his faithful friends, Le Grice and Lloyd. On his father's death, in 1797, Lamb determined to devote the rest of his life to the care of his sister, and it appears that he entered into a formal engagement to that effect. John Lamb, considering it wiser that Mary should remain in an asylum, strongly disapproved of this arrangement, and, though he did not break off friendly relations, left the whole cost of her support to Charles, who had little beyond his salary and a small annuity possessed by his aunt, his father's sister, who lived with them. This latter they soon lost by his aunt's death, and the

fatigue and anxiety of nursing her in her last illness caused a temporary return of Mary's insanity.

About this time Lamb began that study of the Elizabethan dramatists which was to have so much effect upon his style, and, through his works, upon later English writers and scholars. Coleridge now proposed to Lamb a joint publication of their poems, and a volume was brought out in 1797 by Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb, together. This, however, led to some misunderstanding between the three authors, and in the next year Lloyd and Lamb republished their poems separately. To Lamb's circle of friends were now added Wordsworth, of whom he was one of the earliest admirers, and Dyer, an old Christ's Hospital boy, whose learning he admired, but whose absent-mindedness was a constant source of kindly amusement. In 1797 he paid, in company with Lloyd, a visit to Southey.

In 1798 Lamb published his pathetic story of *Rosamond Gray*, which has been, not inaptly, described as "a miniature romance." The *Monthly Review*, which had laughed at his poems, condescended to praise his story most warmly.

Though Lamb cared little for politics, his connection with Coleridge and Southey drew upon him the wrath of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which, however, did not prevent him from making the acquaintance of Godwin, a man, politically, much more objectionable to the Tory party. Another friendship formed at this period was with Manning, who communicated to him the story from which he drew his amusing account of the origin of *Roast Pig*.

In 1800 Lamb and his sister removed to Chapel Street, Pentonville, and, with an introduction from Coleridge to Mr. Daniel Stuart, editor of the *Morning Post*, he began his connection with the Press. The death of an old servant, Hetty, caused a recurrence of Mary's madness. On her recovery they moved to Mitre Court Buildings in the Temple. In the same year Lamb wrote a preface to Godwin's play, *Antonio*. This play was hopelessly "damned," whilst a play of his own, *John Woodvil*, which contains some very fine lines and passages, but is quite unfit for the stage, was refused by Kemble, who was then manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Lamb published *John Woodvil* in 1802, together with his *Fragments of Burton* and some poems by himself and his sister.

In 1803 he wrote a very beautiful little poem on Hester Savory, a Quaker girl whom he met occasionally in his walks at Pentonville. Some suppose that Lamb was actually in love with her, but he never spoke to her during her life, and his sensitiveness to sweetness and goodness in the faces of people he met sufficiently accounts for the warmth of feeling displayed in the poem.

In 1804 he was introduced to Hazlitt, and that great critic, who had not yet entirely given up painting, painted his picture. Lamb frequently refers to Hazlitt in his writings, but, as we see in *Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney*, does not always agree with him in his literary opinions.

In 1806 Lamb's farce, *Mr. H——*, was accepted at Drury Lane. It was unsuccessful, and it is said that Lamb, who was present at its representation, joined

in the hissing. The disappointment, however, caused him to devote himself more seriously to the Press. In 1807, with his sister, he published a series of stories founded on Shakespeare. He always maintained that those written by his sister were by far the best. A change of houses, first to Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, and then to 4 Inner Temple Lane, brought on another attack of Mary's insanity. On her recovery they paid a short visit to Hazlitt, but the excitement was too much for Mary, and they had to return to London. Lamb's next productions were *The Adventures of Ulysses* and *Specimens of Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare*. Both of these were published in 1808. In 1809 he and his sister brought out another joint work entitled *Poetry for Children*.

In 1810 Leigh Hunt started the *Reflector*, and, as was natural, his old school-fellow, Lamb, assisted him with various articles, *e.g.*, the Essays on *Garrick* and *Hogarth* and a few poems, amongst which we may mention his *Farewell to Tobacco*.

In the December number of the *Quarterly* for 1811, Mr. Gifford made an unfortunate reference to some notes of Lamb's as the "ravings of a poor maniac." It appears that, at the time, he was entirely unacquainted with Lamb, and ignorant of his family misfortunes, and Lamb, though deeply hurt, accepted the explanation, and shortly after wrote for the magazine a review of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. The original of this review has, unfortunately, been lost, and the article was so "mangled" by the editor before insertion in the magazine that Lamb requested Wordsworth not to read it.

The next few years of Lamb's life were spent very happily in the Temple. Talfourd, who was introduced to him about this time by Mr. Barron Field, thus describes his appearance: "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in a clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem." "His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterized by what he himself says, in one of his letters to Manning, of Braham—'a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.'" Lamb's salary was now quite adequate to his wants, his literary abilities were acknowledged, and he was surrounded by a circle of congenial friends. At his informal receptions on Wednesday evenings might be seen, amongst many others, Hazlitt, Kean, Kemble, Godwin, Coleridge, and sometimes even Wordsworth. The only subjects not discussed at these meetings were those connected with politics.

In 1817 the Lambs removed to Russell Street, Covent Garden. This brought them near the theatres, and Lamb, who already knew Elliston, added to the number of his friends many theatrical personages of importance—Miss Kelly, Miss Burrel, Munden, Mac-

ready, and Ayrton, director of the music at the Italian Opera. Other new friends of this date were Barry Cornwall and Charles Ollier. The latter, a young bookseller, proposed a collected edition of Lamb's works, which was published in 1818. Lamb's visitors were now so numerous that he was forced to take lodgings at Dalston, to which he retreated from time to time for the sake of rest.

In 1820 Lamb began to write for the *London Magazine* under the name of Elia. He gradually wearied of this signature, and in his later essays gave it up.

In 1821 John Lamb died. In spite of his apparent carelessness as to the comfort of his brother and sister, Charles had always retained a strong affection for him. This is most pathetically expressed in *Dream Children.*

Next year the Lambs visited France. The excitement was again too much for Mary, but Charles went on to Paris, where he was introduced to the great actor, Talma. Lamb's acquaintance with French was insufficient to enable him to appreciate his acting. He did not love foreigners. On his return Lamb made the acquaintance of the Quaker poet, Barnard Barton.

In 1823 Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, proprietors of the *London Magazine*, published some of his Essays under the simple title of *Elia—Essays that have appeared under that signature in the London Magazine.* The Lambs now moved to Colebrook Row, Islington.

Southey, writing to the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1823, referred to the *Essays of Elia* as wanting only

"a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as they are original," and proceeded to attack the principles of some of Lamb's friends. This greatly excited Lamb, and he expressed his feelings of resentment in a *Letter of Elia to R—— S——, Esq.*, which appeared in the *London Magazine* for October, 1823. The misunderstanding, however, was but short-lived, and Lamb was overjoyed to be reconciled to a man whom he loved and esteemed most highly. The conclusion of the letter is retained in *The Last Essays*, under the title of *Tombs in the Abbey*.

Whilst living at Islington the Lambs informally adopted Emma Isola, who in 1833 married Mr. Moxon, the publisher. Lamb also at this time formed the acquaintance of Hood, Hone, editor of the *Every-Day Book*, and Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist. In 1824 his friend Munden retired from the theatre, and Lamb's active interest in theatrical matters came to an end.

A new series of the *London Magazine* was commenced in 1825. Amongst Lamb's contributions was his *Memoir of Mr. Liston*, of which he writes to Miss Hutchinson, "Of all the lies I ever put off, I value this the most. It is from top to toe, every paragraph, pure invention, and has passed for gospel; has been republished in newspapers and the penny play-bills of the night as an authentic account." The same year Lamb retired from the India House. Though by no means the indifferent man of business he represents himself to be in *The South-Sea House*, he had long been oppressed by the drudgery of office-work, and he records both his sense of relief and his gratitude for

the handsome pension allowed him in *The Superannuated Man.*

At Islington the Lambs had been living in their own house, but the cares of house-keeping were too much for Mary Lamb, so in 1826 they took lodgings at Enfield. The same year they suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Randal Norris, "for many years sub-treasurer and librarian of the Inner Temple." The Norrises had long been their neighbours in the Temple, and Mrs. Norris was a native of Widford, where Mrs. Field, Lamb's grandmother, was buried.

In 1830 Mr. Moxon published a small volume of poems by Lamb, under the title of *Album Verses.* The same year Hazlitt died.

In 1833 the Lambs made their last move—to Edmonton—and Moxon published the second series of the Essays as *Last Essays of Elia.* They were favourably noticed in the *Quarterly.* Coleridge's death, which occurred in this year, affected Lamb very deeply; in fact, he never recovered from the shock, and would constantly, in the midst of conversation, exclaim pathetically, "Coleridge is dead." In December, 1834, he had a slight fall, which brought on erysipelas, and on the 27th of this month he died. His sister was ill at the time, and seems never to have fully realized her loss. She died in 1847. Hazlitt said of her, she was the wisest and most rational woman he had ever known.

His heroism.

In so brief a recapitulation of the chief events of Lamb's life it has been impossible to do justice to the heroic determination of his character, but in the

history of our literary men there are recorded few, if any, incidents so noble as that of the poor, struggling clerk, who devoted his whole life with unrepining cheerfulness to the care of a sister afflicted with a malady so terrible and dangerous that her companionship made marriage impossible for him. Similarly no mention has been made of his weakness for wine. Of this it is sufficient to say that it could never have affected his intellect and constitution in the way he describes in his *Confessions of a Drunkard*, for that essay, written as we know for a definite purpose, precedes by many years much of his most beautiful writing.

His weakness for wine.

His religion.

It is perhaps hardly fair to judge of Lamb's religious opinions from his writings, and especially from his Essays, for these were artistic productions intended to present a particular view rather than an exhaustive treatment of a subject; yet, taking his works as a whole, we observe resignation rather than hope, an abhorrence of death rather than the Christian anticipation of immortality. This may be accounted for by the morbid taint in his mind, it being well known that the subject of Death, whilst it fascinates such minds, has peculiar horrors for them. Lamb has also been accused of a somewhat irreverent use of Biblical phraseology and allusion. In general it would appear that his use of Biblical expressions is, as with many English writers, almost unconscious, but there are one or two allusions which admit of no excuse. On the other hand, in the practical duties of the Christian life—in his devotion to his sister, his forbearing affection for his brother John, in his steadfast loyalty to his friends and kindly judgment

of them, in his charity to the distressed, and in his love for all classes of humanity—he showed a living example which we should all do well to imitate.

Section II.

Love for London.

Born in the Temple, educated at Christ's Hospital, and spending the whole of his life in London, we can well understand Lamb's affection for "the great city." To him the city was the place for a man to *live* in. The whole of his writings are pervaded, as Ollier says, with the feeling of "a city man (not in the commercial sense), of one accustomed to view things from that intellectual and contemplative side which is favoured by the intense concentration of vitality observable in great capitals, and by the facilities for bookish culture which they afford." In fact London was Lamb's country and his university. It happened that he had to make his living as a clerk, but he had a strong dislike for things commercial and for what he calls the "desk's dead wood." His natural bent was towards books and reading, and his want of a university education was a source of constant regret in after life. How pathetic is his account of his vacation visits to Oxford! What pictures would he have given us of university life had his lot been different! But, living in London, he observed in it whatever was old or quaint, and whatever was so interested him. He tells us of the South-Sea House, in which for a short time he had been a clerk, and of the strange men who lived and worked there, who "partook of the genius of

Dislike of commerce.

Love of reading.

the place" and whose "importance was from the past." He tells of his old school in which so many distinguished men had been brought up as his schoolfellows, and into which the modern taint had not yet entered. He tells us of the play-houses and the actors, of the chimney-sweepers and the beggars, of the tombs in the Abbey, of the mode of life amongst the writers for the Press. "No one," says Hazlitt, "makes the tour of our southern metropolis, or describes the manners of the last age, with such vivid obscurity, with such arch piquancy, such picturesque quaintness, such smiling pathos." "The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder—with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood: he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance."

Indifference to politics.

To one chief feature of city life, Lamb was indifferent. He took no interest in politics. Not only in his Essays, begun only five years after the close of the great Napoleonic wars, but even in his Letters there are hardly any references to politics. Politics were excluded from the subjects of conversation at his Wednesday evening assemblies. Procter supposes that his abstention from subjects connected with the great world was due to modesty, but it was so complete that one can hardly ascribe it to anything but indifference. It was, however, this avoidance of the ephemeral that has given him his continued popularity, for there are but few readers who take much interest in even the best political writers of a by-gone age. Still it is interesting to note that he owes his existence, as it were, to an

ephemeral form of literature, the periodical magazine, which owes its origin so largely to politics. Hazlitt points out that Lamb, "from the peculiarity of his exterior and address as an author, would probably have never made his way by detached and independent efforts," but that, once brought before the public, the beauty of his writing and the nature of his subjects attracted and compelled admiration.

His attitude to the country.

It is curious that at the very moment when Wordsworth was originating a new nature-worship, one of his earliest and warmest admirers should be, so decidedly as Lamb was, a worshipper of the town. Wordsworth called him "a scorner of the fields," and his own words do much to justify the accusation. In a letter to Wordsworth (January 30th, 1801), he writes: "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature"; and, again (January 22nd, 1830), "O, let no native Londoner imagine that health and rest and innocent occupation, interchange of sweet and recreative study, make the country anything better than odious and detestable! A garden was the primitive prison till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, play-houses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part and the thither side of innocence." While such passages as these contain much and evident exaggeration, they mark very decidedly

the direction in which Lamb's preference lay. On the other hand this preference did not prevent his showing a keen and loving appreciation of the beauties of the country. He could enjoy a holiday there, and could truly and sympathetically describe the scenery around him, as we see in *Mackery End*, *Blakesmoor*, and *Dream Children*, for, as regards the places mentioned in these Essays, they had for him the local attachment which is necessary to stimulate genius into expression.

Sense deficiencies.

Perhaps the fact that Lamb was so thoroughly a lover of the town will explain the absence of all reference in his writings to the beauties of colour and the pleasure afforded by sweet scents, but it seems more probable that, as in the matter of an ear for music, this absence of such reference marks a sense-deficiency. In a letter to Barron Field (October 4th, 1827), he writes: "I am no hand at describing costumes, a great requisite in an account of mannered pictures. I have not the slightest acquaintance with pictorial language. . . . . I have no eye for forms and fashions. I substitute analysis and get rid of the phenomenon by slurring in for it its impression." This is the "vivid obscurity" that Hazlitt mentions. What Lamb pictures appears vivid and real to us, but, like the ghost of Creusa, it slips from our grasp when we try to embrace it. An excellent example of this is to be found in *Valentine's Day*. He enumerates, but without actual description, the wonderful forms in the valentine, till it is almost before our eyes, but, when we expect some reference to the colouring, he says simply, "Iris dipt the woof," and shows us the little maiden dancing with delight as she gazes on the beautiful picture.

His "vivid obscurity."

What Lamb loved most in regard to the town, as opposed to the country, was the appearance of stability which the old and venerable buildings in a town give to human effort. He was born in a family connected by ties of dependence with people socially superior, and his early associations with the Temple and the old school of Christ's Hospital would naturally foster a veneration for antiquity, but Lamb was not exactly an antiquarian. He loved old books, but disliked new readings; he loved old writers, but when a friend brought him leaves from a tree that grew by the tomb of Virgil, he threw them carelessly into the street. It would almost seem that the dead were, in a sense, alive to him, and that he resented anything that interfered with this fancy. Love for antiquity

In *The Old Benchers* Lamb narrates a story of his father's chivalrous defence of a young girl insulted by a man of rank, and, knowing as we do that from his father he inherited the terrible taint of insanity, it is pleasing to think that from the same source he drew his tenderness towards women and children. There are few things in English literature more persuasive to politeness towards women than the essay entitled *Modern Gallantry*, and few more pathetically tender than the dream of the children that might have been his, had Fate been kinder. The latter is the very counterpart to Matthew's longing for his dead child in Wordsworth's *Two April Mornings.* Our ancestors would have called them the old bachelor's and the father's tragedies. And Lamb loved all children, though he had none by "his lonely hearth." With what delight does he paint the lives of the little chimney-sweeps, Tenderness to women and children.

"innocent blacknesses!" Even when they laugh at him, he laughs too, "for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it." With what pleasure does he detail the making of the valentine for the little maiden in *Valentine's Day*! "It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever. It is good to love the unknown." Parents cannot keep to themselves all the pleasure which children give us.

Love for animals.

Love for the lower animals is so general a feature in English writers that we are disappointed when we miss its traces in their works. That we find hardly any in Lamb's Essays must be ascribed to his town-life. One so loving to the weak must have loved animals—was not his brother John "the apostle to the brute-kind"?

His humanity.

A man can have no genuine love for the weaker portions of creation without an affection for men like himself, and so Procter writes of Lamb: "He had originality and delicacy of thinking (carrying the latter into the practice of his life), sincerity without a spot, firmness and kindness of heart; friendship that went beyond words, and toleration for the infirmity of all men," and again, "Who sympathized with all classes and conditions of men . . as readily with the sufferings of the tattered beggar and the poor chimney-sweeper's boy as with the starry contemplations of Hamlet the Dane, or the eagle-flighted madness of Lear"; but it is humanity rather than what is commonly called philanthropy that we must ascribe to him. "Perhaps," says Talfourd, "he had less sympathy with philanthropic schemers for the improvement of the world than with any class of men." In other words,

he thought rather of helping those who were in distress than of improving them. The philanthropists, Clarkson and Basil Montagu, were amongst his most honoured friends, but these men were not "philanthropic schemers."

His sweetness.

This all-embracing love of Lamb's was due to no sense of duty, but was in his nature, and showed itself in a gentleness and sweetness of look and manner, which, as Le Grice has told us, caused him even as a child to be distinguished by his Christian name. "So Christians should call one another," Lamb writes in *Mackery End*. In later life it drew from Wordsworth the title of "gentle-hearted," which, in spite of Lamb's objection to the epithet, has clung, and must ever cling, to his name. It is unfortunate that we have, in English, no word that will express gentleness without weakness. Lamb was right in objecting, for his was no weak character. He could not refuse money to a begging impostor. "Reader, be not frightened," he writes in *The Decay of Beggars*, "at the harsh words imposition, imposture—give and ask no questions. Cast thy bread upon the waters"—he could not refuse that fatal "last glass" with a friend, he could not hate any man whom he knew, and Jeremy Taylor tells us that to be good we must hate bad men; but he could devote his whole life to a sister who had killed her mother, and might at any time kill him. This he did for the sake of love; but surely it was the love of a strong man. It was a burden of forty years' endurance—an undertaking as truly heroic as any of the great deeds of the Elizabethan age.

Lamb an Elizabethan.

It was not only in his diction and mode of thinking that Lamb was Elizabethan. He had all the prejudices as well as the greatness of that age. He disliked foreigners and foreign lands, lawyers, and sectaries, but his humanity made him bless the grand old Puritans of Cromwell's time, who insisted on a fortnightly holiday for their hard-worked servants. Even his abhorrence of death finds a parallel in many passages of the Elizabethan writers:

> "On pain of death let no man name death to me,
> It is a word infinitely terrible."
>
> —Webster, *The White Devil*, v. 3.

But the men who wrote and felt so were the men who dared the overpowering force of the world-empire of Spain. They abhorred death but did not fear it.

His melancholy.

Even in the underlying melancholy of his character Lamb resembles many of the Elizabethans, for melancholy is a common accompaniment of habits of deep thought, but in Lamb's case his melancholy was due to a hereditary taint. His father's dotage and his sister's madness have been mentioned already, and, though no actual evidence of madness has been recorded of his brother John, we find Lamb writing on one occasion that he has fears for his mind. Lamb suffered only once from an attack of madness sufficiently serious to necessitate his confinement, but the gloominess noticeable in *New Year's Eve*, in *Witches and other Night Fears*, and in the *Confessions of a Drunkard*, as well as in many scattered passages, is strong proof of the disease latent in his nature. He can seldom

write gaily for any length of time, the darker side of life forces itself upon his attention.

His reading

He tells us somewhere that he had read large quantities of "dry divinity" to prevent his mind from dwelling on his misfortunes, but fortunately he found in the old strong writers who most interested him not merely a relief from sad thoughts, but the occasion of healthy thought also. He was no scholar in the modern sense of the word, his classical allusions, his references to the Bible, his quotations are hardly ever correct; but he had a full, intelligent, and loving acquaintance with all the great writers from the time of Spenser to his own; he knew Wordsworth as well as any of his modern worshippers; and, as shown by his quotations, he read nearly all that was of any interest in the light literature and drama of his day. This appreciation of all kinds of books seems to be due partly to the accident of his having had in his childhood free access to the large library of Samuel Salt, partly, possibly, to the accident of town life, which tends to excite in the mind a vivid interest in all classes of our fellow-creatures, and in what we can learn of them.

His shrewdness

His fondness for books was combined with a constant habit of observation, and hence, in spite of their light appearance, his works are full of wisdom, and Wordsworth was justified in saying of him that he

> "Poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
> Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears."

So we meet with sentences like, "Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength"; "Not child-

hood alone but the young man till thirty never feels practically that he is mortal"; "Competence to age is supplementary youth"; or, in an apparently casual manner, we find explained difficult questions like those of our ancestors' belief in witches, the peculiar effect of the schoolmaster's life upon his character, the supposed slyness of Quakers, and so with many other matters dealt with in the *Popular Fallacies*. In treating these questions he shows not a wayward pleasure in taking up a new and fantastic view of things, but that sympathetic insight which is necessary to enable us to see things as they really are, stripped of the colours bestowed upon them by our conventional prejudices.

A great critic.

It was this way of looking at things that made Lamb a great critic, for good criticism depends upon love of truth, contempt for conventionality, and the power of sympathy with the object of criticism. In the Essays the greater part of the criticism, as in *The Old Actors*, *The Sanity of True Genius*, *Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney*, and some of the *Popular Fallacies*, is sound, but his criticism on the *Artificial Comedy* has been objected to as paradoxical, and has the appearance of a piece of special pleading. In his *Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art* he is misleading, because he chooses for his comparison only such modern works as show the barrenness he wishes to prove; and possibly in one or two minor instances he fails to take the right point of view. Thus in his criticism of the feast which Satan presents to Christ in the wilderness he has, as De Quincey points out, omitted to notice the poetical beauty of contrast produced by the presentation of

the gorgeous feast in the loneliness of the desert; and in his criticism of Shakespeare for representing Prospero as submitting so tamely to his expulsion from his dukedom, when in his books of magic he had the means of revenge about him, Lamb seems to forget that one of the lessons of the play is the loss of presence of mind which results from neglect of worldly affairs and duties. In other cases his indignation masters him. People had dared to put Garrick on a level with Shakespeare, and Lamb, in his anger, declared that Shakespeare's plays—and here we must remember that Shakespeare was an actor as well as a play-wright—were quite unfit for scenic representation. These, however, are matters of little importance; a critic's real work consists not in the defects he finds but in the beauties, and it was Lamb who, while the whole literary world held that, with the exception of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, no really great writer had lived before the Restoration, discovered the great band of the Elizabethans, "maintained them against all impugners, and established them in the Temple of Fame." Of these we may mention two, the dramatist Webster, to whom he was attracted by a kindred gloom of thought, and Sir Thomas Browne, of whose *Urn Burial* he writes, "Coleridge will hardly maintain he knows more of that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties." Lamb boasts of one discovery, but he might have boasted of many.

Love of pictures.

Besides books Lamb loved pictures and prints. He constantly refers to them in his Essays. It is evident

that he was a good judge of them, and that the taste for them was a family one is shown by his reference in *My Relations* to his brother John's collection.

Poet and dramatist.

Besides his prose Lamb wrote many poems and a few dramatic works, but neither in Poetry nor in the Drama did he rise above the ordinary level. On the other hand the practice of versification gave him a wonderful command of prose, and the undeveloped dramatic instinct accounts for the vividness of characterisation which distinguishes the personages whose acts and sayings form the ground-work of most of the Essays.

Section III.

The Essay.

"The History of Essay-writing," says Henry Morley, "in modern literature begins with Montaigne and then passes to Bacon. Each used the word Essay in its true sense, as an assay or analysis of some subject of thought. Bacon's assay was of life, generally in many forms, with full attention to its outward circumstances. Montaigne's assay was of the inner life of man as it was to be found in the one man's life that he knew." The Essay Proper, or Literary Essay, is not merely a short analysis of a subject, not a mere epitome, but rather a picture of the writer's mind as affected for the moment by the subject with which he is dealing. Its most distinctive feature is the egotistical element.

Egotistical element of the Essay.

Montaigne tells us he chose himself for his subject because he was the only person whom he knew thoroughly, and therefore the only person he could

truly describe to the world. This is an egotism devoid of self-assertion, except in so far as it claims that the character of the writer is worth knowing, a claim quite consistent with modesty. Bacon's egotism shows itself at times, as in his treatment of *Friendship*, in a curious incapacity to take any view not based on his own experience. In Sir Thomas Browne egotism becomes as it were impersonal, he is to himself the type of the human race. It is an egotism of this kind which we find in Lamb, though mixed with a sweetness all his own. As Cowper thinks every trifling incident in his life will be interesting to his friend Unwin because of Unwin's love for him, so Lamb assumes the friendship of his reader, takes him into his confidence on all his private affairs, jokes with him, and mystifies him, exactly in the same way as he treated his actual friends. Like Montaigne, he might have said, "I speak unto paper as unto the first man I meet." At the same time he supposes the interest of his readers to be a healthy one, and not the result of a prying curiosity. They are to take his characters as ideal—"Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very names which I have summoned up before thee are fantastic, insubstantial, like Henry Pimpernel and old John Naps of Greece"; and they are to judge him fairly, not to take in earnest what may have been written in jest—"Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction it is you, not I, that are the April Fool." With these warnings carefully remembered we may read his Essays as a kind of autobiography; in one he describes his childhood in the Temple, in

another his school-days at Christ's Hospital, in others Blakesware in Hertfordshire where he spent his boyish holidays, in others his early poverty, his first literary beginnings, his Bohemian life in connection with the Press, his holiday trips to the sea-side with his sister Mary, his recovery from a serious illness, the drudgery of his office-work, and his relief when he finally retires from his official duties; and everywhere we come across numberless details about his friends. They all appear in his Essays, and he jokes and takes liberties with them there as he did in real life; but even when laughing at them, as in the case of Dyer, he has a curious art which makes us doubt the reality of the stories he tells us, and, when he says anything that might appear to be unkind, he immediately adds some pleasant trait of character to prevent our forming a wrong opinion. Of his relations he gives us full and living pictures—his brother John is the James Elia of *My Relations*; his sister Mary, never absent from his mind in life, is present throughout the Essays as Bridget Elia, and is most lovingly described in *Mackery End*; his father is the Lovel of the *Old Benchers*; his aunt is referred to in *My Relations*; his grandmother in *Dream Children*. Then coming to matters more personal he describes in various places his want of skill in figuring, his dread of novelty, his dislike of death, his imperfection of speech, his incapacity for music, his want of personal beauty, his short stature and unmilitary appearance, his ignorance of things generally known, his love of good cheer, his weakness for wine and tobacco. There is only one subject he is silent upon, and that is insanity. In *New Year's Eve*

he has occasion to refer to melancholy madness, and to do so inserts a long quotation from Burton.

Subject of the Essay.

Montaigne had very little but himself to write about, few books and hardly any society. Bacon was occupied with serious matters: he lived in a time when life was serious as well as vigorous. Steele and Addison in a purely literary age wrote for polite society: their satire was conventional, their subjects generally trifling. Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt had a wider range of subjects—the one essential being that the subject must be one of public interest—and they wrote for a large, educated, and thoughtful reading public. In Lamb's writings, as in Montaigne's, the subject is the writer himself—not, however, the mere individual Lamb, but Lamb as he was connected with his numerous friends, and as his sympathy identified him with the inhabitants of the great city in which he lived.

Method of the Essay.

When we study the Essay, that is the Literary Essay, we notice a number of peculiarities which differentiate it from other branches of literature:

(a) The Essay a short composition.

(*a*) The Essay is a short composition, one which can be easily read through in any interval of leisure, and retained easily in the mind as a whole.

(b) The subject should be pictured, not reasoned.

(*b*) It should be rather an assemblage of details carefully grouped than a system or theory worked out; it should suggest rather than prove, for in so short a work there must necessarily be much left undealt with. It is a picture, not a narrative or a thesis.

(c) The Essay must be an artistic whole

(*c*) It must be an artistic whole, that is the development of a single idea, and not an aimless or casual

wandering of the mind from one subject to another. Here some think that Lamb is defective. For instance, in the Essay on *Oxford in the Vacation* the greater part is concerned with Lamb's friend Dyer, and in *Old China* with a description of the early poverty of Lamb and his sister. In the former it would appear that the title of the Essay misleads us, the real subject being the influence of University life upon the characters of men studiously inclined, which he illustrates by a description of its effect upon himself in his short visits, and upon his friend Dyer, who has had the advantages which he himself had missed. In *Old China*, on the other hand, the fantastic reasoning with which Mary maintains the advantages of comparative poverty shows the same absence of perspective as the pictures of the Chinese artist. In all cases it is the human interest that appeals to Lamb; he describes not so much things as their effect upon, or illustration in, human character. The artistic completeness of his treatment is perhaps best seen in *The Old and New Schoolmaster*, where every detail bears upon the subject suggested by the title.

(*d*) The treatment must be light.

(*d*) The subject must be lightly handled; not frivolously, but without any appearance of wishing to force the writer's opinion upon the reader. It must appeal, like a poem, to the emotions and the heart rather than to the intellect. There need be no lack of wisdom in it, but this must be imparted by persuasion and not by argument; and here the egotism of the Essay justifies itself, for the writer's personal experience is always a ready example and illustration. Bacon effects this by his constant use of poetic imagery and simile;

for the simile is not a statement of fact, but a picture of the impression made by a fact upon the mind of the writer. Still the simile is not so effective for this purpose as the direct "I" of Lamb. This is well seen in the opening paragraphs of *Witches and other Night Fears*, where Lamb defends the wisdom of our ancestors, presenting his arguments as his personal feelings on the subject: "I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse."

(*e*) Lastly, the Essay must appear to be written, not without thought, but freely and openly without any after-consideration. This is what Montaigne means when he says, "I speak unto paper as unto the first man I meet." The same quality gives their charm to Addison's Essays; and Lamb, talking of the Essays of Elia, says: "Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things." It is not every man who can enjoy good company if he be poor, or sensible company if he be rich; and the attractiveness of the Essay is largely due to the fact that it provides company both good and sensible for the reader in his moments of leisure, at times when he thinks rather of relaxing his mind than of its improvement. When we remember how often many of Lamb's Essays were re-written, or, if not re-written, at least altered in many parts, we are surprised to observe the constant freshness which they retain. This is greatly due to his truthfulness. He might re-write or modify a passage for reasons of taste, but the opinions he expressed

(*e*) The Essay must have the appearance of impromptu.

were always really his, at any rate at the time of writing, and hence there is less alteration than one would expect to find. Again, the nature of his subjects—his constant reference to things never known by or forgotten by his readers, and yet connected with the town they lived in, or the nation they belonged to—produces the same effect as novelty. Then again he tells an old story, but with some slight modifications that quite change its effect. At other times an old idea running in his mind serves as the groundwork of a joke or pun; and lastly, in literary points, allusions, quotations, references, there is an amount of inaccuracy which we can hardly imagine to be possible in a carefully revised piece of writing.

Section IV.

We have now to consider certain peculiarities which characterise Lamb's writing, as illustrated in the Essays. These may be dealt with under the following headings: (1) *Style*, (2) *Dramatic characterisation*, (3) *Extensive use of quotation*, (4) *Humour*, (5) *Pathos*.

(1) Style. (1) There are many points in which Lamb imitates the Elizabethan writers: *e.g.*, in his love for word-coining, his fondness for alliteration, his use of compound words, his formation of adjectives from proper names, his frequent use of Latinisms. Then again he introduces many words now obsolete, and only to be found in Elizabethan writers, the result being a language which, like that of Spenser, could never have

been spoken at any time; but, besides this, he is so well acquainted with the Elizabethan writers that when he follows their veins of thought he seems insensibly to adopt their style and the very cadence of their writing. When reflective, as in *New Year's Eve* and the *Popular Fallacies*, his style resembles that of Sir Thomas Browne; when fantastic, as in the *Chapter on Ears*, that of Burton; when witty, as in *Poor Relations*, that of Fuller. The result of this is a kind of mannerism, which is not so much an affectation, though he calls it "a self-pleasing quaintness," as the natural effect of his preference for the ancient authors. His mind was so saturated with what he read that he could not avoid the use of their phraseology any more than a child brought up amongst his elders can avoid using what we call old-fashioned expressions. On rare occasions (Canon Ainger mentions *All Fools' Day*) he used this antique style where the subject was not capable of that deep thought and fine observation with which we are accustomed to associate it. On these occasions even his powerful fancy is unable to make it pleasing. But, generally speaking, he shows great skill in adapting his style to his subject. In dealing with matters purely modern, as in *Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*, his style is purely modern also; in his rural descriptions his tone is almost Wordsworthian. But whatever his style may be, his thoughts are his own, fresh and original, and his honest admiration of what was great in the past has done much, at least in literary circles, to check that conceit of the present, which is so common in a rapidly-advancing civilisation.

(2) Dramatic characterisation.

(2) Procter writes: "Some of his phantasms—the people of the Old South-Sea House, Mrs. Battle, the Benchers of the Middle Temple, . . . might be grouped into Comedies. His sketches are always (to quote his own eulogy of Marvell) 'full of a witty delicacy,' and if properly brought out and marshalled would do honour to the stage." This remark is true of almost all the characters in the Essays; and it is somewhat surprising that, with this power of characterisation, his two direct attempts at the drama, *John Woodvil* and *Mr. H——*, should have been such failures. It seems that he could harmonize a scene, but not arrange or work out a plot. But besides this power of characterisation, a certain dramatic effect is produced by the flexibility of his descriptive style, as may be seen in its rapid changes as he describes the different clerks in the South-Sea House.

(3) Use of quotation.

(3) As a rule, Landor rightly remarks, the use of quotation only marks the weakness of the writer, and in fact it is only justifiable when the quotation adapts itself to the context, and does not strike the reader with any sense of incongruity. There is no reason why a writer should avoid using an idea, or the form in which a previous writer expressed that idea, if he can make its setting correspond to it. This is the justification of Milton in his adaptation of passages from the Greek and Latin writers, and it is the justification of Lamb, who makes perhaps a more free use of quotation than does any other of our modern prose writers. Further, a careful perusal of his works will show that the quotations which he uses occur so repeatedly that they must have been constantly in his

mind, and not raked up for the occasion. Amongst others the student should note the following kinds of quotations:

(*a*) Pretended quotations, as

"Which mortals *caudle* call below."—*The Child Angel.*

(*b*) Quotations from his own works, as

"Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire."
—*My Relations.*

(*c*) Random quotations, or half-recollections, as

"those little airy tokens,"—*Popular Fallacies,*

from

"bracelets of hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats," etc.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream,* I. 1.

(*d*) Transformed quotations, as

"The note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice,"
—*My First Play,*

from

"O, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"—Wordsworth.

(*e*) Condensed quotations, as

"dart through rank and file traverse,"
—*The Imaginative Faculty,*

from

"He through the armed files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views."—*Paradise Lost,* I. 567.

(*f*) Combined quotations, as

"the last retreat and recess,"—*Ellistoniana,*

from

"my late, my last retreat,"—Swift, *Dean Smedley's Petition,*

and

"the temple's last recess."—Pope, *Dunciad.*

(*g*) Adapted quotations, as

"Prose hath her cadences,"—*Popular Fallacies*,

from

"Peace hath her victories."—Milton, *Sonnet to Cromwell.*

(*h*) Parodies, as that beginning

"Up thither like aerial vapours fly,"—*Shade of Elliston*,

from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III. 445.

(*i*) Single-word quotations, where a single word is marked with inverted commas, as "eterne" in *Detached Thoughts*, where the context shows a reference to Lady Macbeth's words:

"But in them Nature's copy's not eterne."

So "betossed" and "whereabout" in *The Sanity of True Genius* are to be referred, respectively, to *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3, 776:

"My betossed soul did not attend him,"

and to *Macbeth*, II. 1, 58:

"For fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout."

(4) Humour.

(4) The terms Wit, Humour, and Fun are often confused, but they are really different in meaning. The first is based on intellect, the second on insight and sympathy, the third on vigour and freshness of mind and body. Lamb's writings show all the three qualities, but what most distinguishes him is Humour, for his sympathy is ever strong and active. In *Poor Relations* the opening is sheer Wit, but we are more inclined to cry than to laugh when we read the story of Favel's flight from the University. "I do not know how," says Lamb, "upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital

so eminently painful"; but this is Lamb's way, he cannot even laugh at people without presently putting himself in their place and taking their view of the matter. Humour might be defined as extreme sensitiveness to the true proportion of things. We are so accustomed to exaggerate one or other side of a fact that the true proportion, when seen, strikes us with a sense of incongruity, and so excites laughter; but the laughter is really at our own previous misconceptions, and therefore borders on the painful. Wit, on the other hand, is an intellectual triumph, bringing things into connection that before appeared totally different. The laughter it causes is that of self-satisfaction, and may even be accompanied by cruel feelings towards others. Fun is, as Ollier says, the "creation of animal spirits and health"; it depends on the possession of sufficient vigour to forget ourselves for the moment and to look upon everything around us as formed for our amusement. We see this Fun in *All Fools' Day*, which is largely composed of mere pleasant nonsense like the idle talk when the wine is going round after dinner; and in *Roast Pig*, which is full of sheer absurdities. This same love of Fun is seen in Lamb's fondness for punning, which he indulged more freely in his conversation than in his writing. It may be remembered that punning was a characteristic of the Elizabethan writers. So, also, he frequently inserts absurd details. He has been long striving to learn "God save the King," but without much success, "Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached." Bigod has borrowed from every one he knows, "It has been calculated that he laid a tythe

Punning

Absurd details.

Inventions.

part of the inhabitants (of England) under contribution." Sometimes his details are mere inventions, as the discussion at St. Omer's, when he was a student there, of the lawfulness of beating pigs to death, and the story of the little chimney-sweep found sleeping on the state bed in Arundel Castle. So, also, the thorough-paced liar in *The Old Margate Hoy* can hardly have been any one but Lamb himself. Then, again, he takes

Improving upon facts.

the liberty of improving upon fact. In *Amicus Redivivus* he tells us that he drew his friend Dyer from the New River, whereas he was away from home at the time and arrived only after Dyer had been rescued and

Perverse interpretations.

put to bed. Sometimes he indulges in perverse interpretations. When his friend hears some one playing upon the piano and knows it cannot be the maid, (because, of course, she would not dare to take such a liberty), he pretends it was because of some subtle superiority in his own strumming, due to the fact that

Mystification.

he is an educated man. Another form taken by his Fun is the constant mystification to which he treats his readers. After speaking of real persons in the *South-Sea House* he pretends they have no existence, "I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent." In *Christ's Hospital* he begins in the character of Coleridge, but towards the end he speaks as himself. His *Memoir of Liston*, as has been mentioned before, was an absolute fiction, and he prides himself on the success of his imposition.

Startling metaphors.

There is a mixture of Fun and Wit in his metaphors and comparisons. The clerks of the South-Sea House remind him of the animals in a Noah's Ark; the sage who invented a less expensive way of roasting

pigs than that which necessitated the burning down of a house he compares to "our Locke." The cook in *The Old Margate Hoy* reminds him of Ariel.

His Fun passes into Humour when there is an admixture of reflection. He is fond of a kind of reversed irony. He makes a statement or uses a phrase which at first is unpleasing, but becomes pleasing when we consider it more carefully. For instance, he writes of "the rational antipathies of the great English and French nations." He says of himself and his sister, "We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations," and describes the coast-guard men as carrying on "a legitimated civil war in the deplorable absence of a foreign one." Irony.

The Essays are full of little hits at himself and others. He tells us that when at Oxford he is often mistaken for one of the Dons, but the mistake is made only by the dim-eyed vergers. Coleridge claims that the title to property in a book is in "exact ratio to the claimant's power of understanding and appreciating the same. Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?" He tells us he must touch gently upon the foibles of his sister, "for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults." He wishes his friend's wife, a Frenchwoman, had carried away from his library not the works of Margaret of Newcastle but "*Zimmerman on Solitude!*" Little hits

Everywhere in the Essays we find scattered little humorous touches. Mrs. Battle loses her rubber because she cannot bring herself to utter the common phrase, "Two for his heels." When Bobo is discovered Humorous touches.

eating the roast pigs by his father, and finds time to attend to his remonstrances and blows, he seizes a fresh pig and tears it into two parts, but it is the "lesser half" which he thrusts into the "fists" of his father.

Paradox and Oxymoron.

All our reflective writers have been fond of Paradox, and Lamb not less than others, so we observe many passages, such as, "Awoke into sleep and found the vision true," "Whom single blessedness had soured to the world," "The sophisticating medium of moral uses." Now and then we notice instances of Oxymoron, as "Fortunate piece of ill-fortune."

(5) Pathos.

(5) Humour is very nearly allied to Pathos. Our smiles and our tears are alike limited by our powers of insight and sympathy. Lamb's Humour was largely the effect of a sane and healthy protest against the overwhelming melancholy induced by the morbid taint in his mind. He laughed to save himself from weeping, but as has been mentioned above, he could not prevent his mind from passing at times to the sadder aspects of life. In *Rosamond Gray*, the description of his dead brother in *Dream Children*, the flight of Favel from the University in *Poor Relations*, the story of the sick boy who "had no friends," in the *Old Margate Hoy*, and in many other instances we have examples of true Pathos. In *New Year's Eve*, in *Witches and other Night Fears*, and the *Confessions of a Drunkard*, the feeling is so intense as to inspire rather terror than pity.

The object of the last three sections of this introduction is merely to indicate to the student what he may expect to find in his perusal of Lamb's Essays. No

attempt has been made to compare the value of Lamb's work with that of other writers, or even to weigh his faults against his beauties. Such discussion is generally idle and unprofitable; and one, if not the most important, lesson to be drawn from Lamb's own example is, that it is the duty of the student to look for beauties and not for defects. It was through following the contrary rule that our ancestors so long failed to appreciate the grandeur of our Elizabethan writers.

ESSAYS OF ELIA

BY CHARLES LAMB

DEDICATION

TO THE FRIENDLY AND JUDICIOUS READER

Who will take these Papers as they were meant; not understanding everything perversely in the absolute and literal sense, but giving fair construction as to an after-dinner conversation; allowing for the rashness and necessary incompleteness of first thoughts; and not remembering for the purpose of an after taunt words spoken peradventure after the fourth glass. The Author wishes (what he would wish for himself) plenty of good friends to stand by him, good books to solace him, prosperous events to all his honest undertakings, and a candid interpretation to his most hasty words and actions. The other sort (and he hopes many of them will purchase his book too) he greets with the curt invitation of Timon, "Uncover, dogs, and lap," or he dismisses them with the confident security of the philosopher, "You beat but on the case of — ELIA."

December 7, 1822.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

READER, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.[1]

This was once a house of trade—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes; imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings,

[1] I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate.—OSSIAN.

supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry ;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and subgovernors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty ;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated ;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama ! The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration : with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an "unsunned heap," for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.——

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least such it was forty years ago, when I knew it—a magnificent relic ! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battening upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfœtation of dirt !) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign ; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty peculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration and hopeless ambition of rivalry as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE ! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial.

Situated, as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the heyday of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet:—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of ciphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before;

humourists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy, sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry, ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp and expand over a muffin! How would

he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay—where Rosamond's pond stood—the Mulberry-gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of *Noon*—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwent-

water. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the bright solitary star of your lives,—ye mild and happy pair,—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours He sang, certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them (I know not who is the occupier of them now[1]), resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton and drank his punch and praised his ear. He sat like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental,

[1][I have since been informed, that the present tenant of them is a Mr. Lamb, a gentleman who is happy in the possession of some choice pictures, and among them a rare portrait of Milton, which I mean to do myself the pleasure of going to see, and at the same time to refresh my memory with the sight of old scenes. Mr. Lamb has the character of a right courteous and communicative collector.]

were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25 : 1 : 6) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they called them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young (he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days): but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity (his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising;

it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning or quittedst it in midday (what didst *thou* in an office?) without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" of the time:—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond—and such small politics.——

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend)—from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited

much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's Life of Cave. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.——

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable church-warden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.——

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent; else could I omit that strange creature Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations!*—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!——

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very *names*, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic—insubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece :——

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

Casting a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article —as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not), never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollet—methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, *Who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnise something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour, my fancy—in the fore-part of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation (and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place * * * * * and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books * * * * * *

not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally

the impression of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and ciphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation.—It feels its promotion. * * * * *

So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as when I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Baskett Prayer Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.—I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—"far off their coming shone."—I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a

saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded—but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or a curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls

deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer!. Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art everything! When thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses[1] are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages*? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning? Why is it we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to

[1] Januses of one face.—Sir Thomas Browne.

handle, to profane the leaves, their winding sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variæ lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculanean raker. The credit of the three wit-
10 nesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I
20 apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's Inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon
30 "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C——, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of

foundation. The ardour with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here or at C——. Your caputs, and heads of colleges, care less than anybody else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroken heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's Inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend M.'s in Bedford Square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fireside circle at M.'s—Mrs. M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty A. S. at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "certainly not to return from the country before that day week"), and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script)—his first name (scarce

dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition——or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, Reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing "immortal commonwealths"—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species——peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

[D. commenced life, after a course of hard study in the house of "pure Emanuel," as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at * * *, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend, he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. * * * would take no immediate notice, but after supper, when the school was called together to evensong, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with "Lord, keep Thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Agur's wish"—and the like—which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity, but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter's demand at least.

And D. has been under-working for himself ever since ;— drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,— wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning which commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the heart to sell themselves to the best advantage. He has published poems, which do not sell, because their character is unobtrusive, like his own, and because he has been too much absorbed in ancient literature to know what the popular mark in poetry is, even if he could have hit it. And, therefore, his verses are properly, what he terms them, *crotchets* ; voluntaries ; odes to liberty and spring ; effusions ; little tributes and offerings, left behind him upon tables and window-seats at parting from friends' houses ; and from all the inns of hospitality, where he has been courteously (or but tolerably) received in his pilgrimage. If his muse of kindness halt a little behind the strong lines in fashion in this excitement-loving age, his prose is the best of the sort in the world, and exhibits a faithful transcript of his own healthy, natural mind, and cheerful, innocent tone of conversation.]

D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam and the Isis are to him "better than all the waters of Damascus." On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains ; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

FIVE AND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

In Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school,[1] such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extraordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant (we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the

[1] Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

broth—our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon as being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm

days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them!—How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards night-fall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hopes of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*,

in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder.—The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruellest penalties, forbade the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts,—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood

that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume), praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

> To feed our mind with idle portraiture.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *goule*, and held in equal detestation. —— suffered under the imputation:

> . . . . 'Twas said
> He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable.

Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his schoolfellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery Lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest couple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy: and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!—The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT,

on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory.—I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence.—As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:—and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.[1] This was the penalty for the second offence.

[1] One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.—This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul) methinks I could willingly spit upon his statue.

Wouldst thou like, Reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire, all trace of his late "watchet-weeds" carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frightened features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L's favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*; not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the

scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier than *in* them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master, but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it "like a dancer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often staid away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—The Adventures of the Hon. Captain Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue-coat Boy—and

the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic and scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles*; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English," and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian*; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but

never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry.[1] His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holiday."

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was crampt to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes.[2]—He would laugh—ay, and heartily—but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*—— or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle.—He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer. J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him

[1] Cowley.

[2] In this and everything B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.—B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation.*

double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?"—Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school-room, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, sirrah" (his favourite adjuration), "I have a great mind to whip you,"—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—"*and I* WILL *too.*"—In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W——— having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned.* This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory*, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the Country Spectator doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him

better than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed: "Poor J. B.!—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.—First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T——e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors!—You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate subappearance of the other. Generally arm-in-arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitiâ*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!—Co-Grecian with S. was Th——, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th—— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks.—Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta), a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the Country Spectator) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe.—M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were

mild and unassuming.—Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems ; a pale, studious Grecian.—Then followed poor S——, ill-fated M——! of these the Muse is silent.

> Finding some of Edward's race
> Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—— while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*—Many were the "wit-combats" (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller), between him and C. V. Le G——, "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war: Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all times, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs ; or the anticipation of some more material, and peradventure practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou

didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "*bl*——," for a gentler greeting—"*bless thy handsome face!*"

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—— and F——; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca:—Le G——, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F——, dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T——, mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

The human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, *and the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I chose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and

suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages —Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective!—What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one half of the principle at least.

He is the true taxer who "calleth all the world up to be taxed;" and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the

penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but, when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who parted this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished, by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

> To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
> Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, "borrowing and to borrow!"

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honour of accompanying my friend, divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he

had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be "stocked with so fair a herd."

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that "money kept longer than three days stinks." So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes, inscrutable cavities of the earth;—or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorising reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how

great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little* men.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, Reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of nothing) once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre,—Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs,—itself an Ascapart!—*that* Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that "the title to property in a book (my Bonaventure, for instance) is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same." Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left-hand case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting-place of Browne on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself.—Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth

volume, where Vittoria Corombona is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates *borrowed* Hector. Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, in sober state.—There loitered the Complete Angler; quiet as in life, by some stream side. In yonder nook, John Buncle, a widower-volume, with "eyes closed," mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalised. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am.—I charge no warehouse-room for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K., to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?—Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

> Unworthy land to harbour such a sweetness,
> A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
> Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder!

——hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales? Child of the Green-room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part-French, better-part-English-woman!—that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brook—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle! *Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?*

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations, tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—(in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals) in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands.—I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Every man hath two birth-days: two days at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand anything in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by

king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed—

I saw the skirts of the departing Year.

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former years). I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived

novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W—n, than that so passionate a love adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself* without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humoursome; a notorious * * *; addicted to * * *; averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;—* * * besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that "other me," there, in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to his stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed!—Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—

and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or is it owing to another cause: simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favourite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, Reader (a busy man, perchance), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle." Those metaphors solace me not, nor

sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful-glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios; must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognisable face —the "sweet assurance of a look"?

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then we are as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again,

and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus' sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles:—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death unto my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death —— but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as an universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that "so shall the fairest face appear"?—why, to comfort me, must Alice W—n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "Such as he now is I must shortly be." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while

that turncoat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton.

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow
That all contracted seemed but now.
His revers'd face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;

Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason shou'd
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
And renders e'en Disaster sweet:
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next year she face about.

How say you, Reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries. And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them to you all, my masters!

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth,[1] and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another.[2] These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of

[1 This was before the introduction of rugs, Reader. You must remember the intolerable crash of the unswept cinders betwixt your foot and the marble.]

[2 As if a sportsman should tell you he liked to kill a fox one day and lose him the next.]

the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his Rape of the Lock her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners —a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the over-

powering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel: perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves. She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even

commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the mark of the suit would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

"But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualising would have kept out.—You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court-cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the 'hoary majesty of spades'—Pam in all his glory!—

"All these might be dispensed with; and with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless; but the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money), or chalk and a slate!"—

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favourite topic that evening I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence:—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*Go*," or "*That's a go.*" She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels.*" There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play.—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without

league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille.—But in square games (*she meant whist*), all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion;—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in back-

gammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, the hand-some excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard-head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal, He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends: quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment in these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits,

I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a tooth-ache, or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist.*

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise.

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

A CHAPTER ON EARS.

I HAVE no ear.—

Mistake me not, reader—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me. —I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided

with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel "quite unabashed,"[1] and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—*for music*. To say that this heart never melted at the concord of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel. "*Water parted from the sea*" never fails to move it strangely. So does "*In infancy*." But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S——, once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple—who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite for Alice W——n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising "*God save the King*" all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he

[1] ["Earless on high stood, unabashed, Defoe."—*Dunciad.*]

was engaged in an adjoining parlour,—on his return he was pleased to say, "*he thought it could not be the maid!*" On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts—had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note of music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to *say* I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol*, *Fa*, *Mi*, *Re*, is as conjuring as *Baralipton*.

It is hard to stand alone in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut,) to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions.—Yet, rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more

than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds, are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immoveable, or affecting some faint emotion—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment*; or like that

——Party in a parlour
All silent and all DAMNED.

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension.—Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*, and be

obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor and the oppression.—Like that disappointing book in Patmos; or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches:—"Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error.* A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at the last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habitated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions, they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist."

Something like this "SCENE TURNING" I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholic friend *Nov*——; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.[1]

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim Abbey, some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be *that*, in which the Psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other* which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me.—I am for the time

——rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive—impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "heavenly,"—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of *his* religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him

[1] I have been there, and still would go—
'Tis like a little heaven below.—DR. WATTS.

sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too,—tri-coronated like himself!—I am converted, and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person:—I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not? —till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and *you*, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum.* Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What! man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—*duc ad me—duc ad me*—how goes it?

> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he.

Now would I give a trifle to know, historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your cap a little further, if you please: it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part,

> ——The crazy old church clock,
> And the bewildered chimes.

Good master Empedocles,[1] you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Ætna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus![2] and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of plasterers at Babel,[3] bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Shinar. Or did you send up your garlic and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish-street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

> [1 ——He who, to be deem'd
> A god, leap'd fondly into Etna flames—]
>
> [2 ——He who, to enjoy
> Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea—]
>
> [3 The builders next of Babel on the plain
> Of Senaar—]

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams—— 'odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error.——

Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late.—Ha! Cokes, is it you?—Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you.—Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.—Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere.—You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day.—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R——, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories:—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago.—Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.—Good Granville S——, thy last patron, is flown.

> King Pandion, he is dead,
> All thy friends are lapt in lead.—

Nevertheless, noble R——, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada; for in true courtesy, in

gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either*, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels. * * *

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*—not guessing at the involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour: I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins.--I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted: or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallu-

cination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that "the foolisher the fowl or fish,—woodcocks,—dotterels—cods'-heads, etc., the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's received fools but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool.*

A QUAKERS' MEETING.

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermit's hallow'd cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb![1]

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone

[1] From "Poems of all sorts," by Richard Fleckno, 1653.

and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that "before the winds were made"? go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses.—Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels.—"Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud," do not with their interconfounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' Meeting.—Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another without interrup-

tion or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken;

> Or under hanging mountains,
> Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury compared with that which those enjoy who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness "to be felt."—The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions.

> ———Sands, ignoble things,
> Dropt from the ruined sides of kings—

but here is something which throws Antiquity herself into the fore-ground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

> How reverend is the view of these hushed heads,
> Looking tranquillity!

Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council, and to consistory!—if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when, sitting among you in deepest peace, which some outwelling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury.—I have witnessed that which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity,

inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you —for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scouring of church and presbytery.—I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remember Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the Judge and the Jury became as dead men under his feet."

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's History of the Quakers. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox and the primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a byword in your mouth)—James Naylor: what dreadful sufferings, with what patience, he endured, even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons, without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatised for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still! —so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others, again, I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings.—If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom, indeed, that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling, female, generally *ancient*, voice is heard—you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which "she thought might suit the condition of some present," with a quaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that anything of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty.—The men, for what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxian orgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced "from head to foot equipt in iron mail." His frame was of iron too. But *he* was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were unutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from. I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—it was a figure to set off against Paul preaching—the words he uttered were few, and sound—he was evidently resisting his will—keeping down his own word-wisdom with more mighty effort than the world's

orators strain for theirs. "He had been a WIT in his youth," he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession —understanding the term in its worldly acceptation— with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have scared away the Levities—the Jocos Risus-que—faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna.—By *wit*, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness.— O, when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present a uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—"forty feeding like one."—

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays, and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling. In everything that relates to *science*, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins, or country gentlemen, in King John's days. I know less geography than a schoolboy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van Diemen's Land. Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two Terræ Incognitæ. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles's Wain; the place of any star; or the name of any of them at sight. I guess at Venus only by her brightness—and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never deliberately sat down to a chronicle, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as *first* in my fancy. I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings. My friend *M.*, with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second. I am entirely unacquainted with the modern

languages; and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less Greek." I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers —not from the circumstance of my being town-born—for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it "on Devon's leafy shores,"—and am no less at a loss among purely town objects, tools, engines, mechanic processes.—Not that I affect ignorance—but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a *tête-à-tête* there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man, that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.—

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his clerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on. As we were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare; the civility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success—to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by

some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid—when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield? Now, as I had not seen it, and do not greatly care for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my declaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subject. However, he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Folgate, when the sight of some shop-goods *ticketed* freshened him up into a dissertation upon the cheapness of cottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the India market; when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me what song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, I might, with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a "wide solution."[1] My companion saw my embarrassment, and, the alms-houses beyond Shoreditch just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities; which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders; but, finding me rather dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetic associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike at Kings-

[1] Urn Burial.

land (the destined termination of his journey), he put a home thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole Expedition. While I was muttering out something about the Panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually seen), by way of parrying the question, the coach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance ; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemic disorder that had been rife about Dalston, and which my friend assured him had gone through five or six schools in that neighbourhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster ; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher.—He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake ; but that he was in some way bound to seek for knowledge. A greenish-coloured coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues ; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilys, and the Linacres : who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a sport ! Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days as in a grammar-school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies ; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood ; rehearsing continually the part

of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their *Flori-* and their *Spici-legia*; in Arcadia still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to king Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea; with the occasional duncery of some untoward tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Damœtas!

With what a savour doth the Preface to Colet's, or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's Accidence, set forth! "To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding of the tongues, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labour; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty; and no building be perfect whereas the foundation and groundwork is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame." How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon or Lycurgus") correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding clause, which would fence about grammar-rules with the severity of faith-articles!—"as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the King's Majesties wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favourably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoolmaisters." What a *gusto* in that which follows: "wherein it is profitable that he (the pupil) can orderly decline his noun and his verb." *His* noun!

The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar-rules.

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of everything, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of anything. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, etc., botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis.* You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education, addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields (those natural instructors), with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *mollia tempora fandi.* He must seize every occasion—the season of the year—the time of the day—a passing cloud—a rainbow—a waggon of hay—a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe—that Great Book, as it has been called—is to him, indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting schoolboys.—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country, to

a friend's house, or his favourite watering-place. Wherever he goes this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side than on the other.—Even a child, that "plaything for an hour," tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them, by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accents of man's conversation.—I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.—

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upward, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes. The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal or didactive hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society than the other can his inclinations. He is forlorn among his coevals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but *we* can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. *How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings!* my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men whom I have educated, return after some

years' absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart.—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation which all persons feel at revisiting the scenes of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence. My wife, too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster.—When I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—I expressed my fears that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not woman's love perform?—My house is managed with a propriety and decorum unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle *helpless* Anna! When we sit down to enjoy

an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other than the *master's wife*, and she looks up to me as the *boys' master*; to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this* my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it?"—For the communication of this letter I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in anything. Those natural repugnancies do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch.—*Religio Medici.*

That the author of the Religio Medici mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences; in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual; should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself—earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national

or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. The more purely-English word that expresses sympathy, will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or *fellow*. I cannot *like* all people alike.[1]

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that

[1] I would be understood as confining myself to the subject of *imperfect sympathies*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct antipathy. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

> ——We by proof find there should be
> 'Twixt man and man such an antipathy,
> That though he can show no just reason why
> For any former wrong or injury,
> Can neither find a blemish in his fame,
> Nor aught in face or feature justly blame,
> Can challenge or accuse him of no evil,
> Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's "Hierarchie of Angels," and he subjoins a curious story in confirmation, of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a king Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the king.

> ——The cause which to that act compell'd him
> Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him

nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His

riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. —He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book!"—said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Buncle,—"Did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book." Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. * * * * After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he

very gravely assured me, that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" (so he was pleased to say), "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him.—Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin.[1] The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another!—In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot even more than he would your contempt of

[1] There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. *Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.*

him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;" and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him.—Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven, for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis.—Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side,—of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between our and their fathers, must and ought to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candour, liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. He is least distasteful on 'Change—for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as all are beauties in the dark. I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of an affected civility. If *they* are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it is fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they keck at our cookery? I do not understand these half convertites. Jews christianizing

—Christians judaizing—puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative*. B—— would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of——Christians. —The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out, when he sings, "The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him. B—— has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not over-sensible countenances. How should they?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them.—Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them.—Some admire the Jewish female-physiognomy. I admire it—but with trembling. Jael had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls —these "images of God cut in ebony." But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good nights with them—because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening

the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) "to live with them." I am all over sophisticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel; my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth—oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received upon the

most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified by a more sacred example than is proper to be adduced upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered, in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those upright Justicers to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances.—I was travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with

his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbour, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?" and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS.

We are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be open, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them

in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony? —That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *à priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolised by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor. —That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple justice of the peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly headborough serving, a warrant upon them —as if they should subpœna Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What

stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet the history of the Bible by Stackhouse occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes; and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But, like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George

as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long-coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune which about this time befell me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds, the elephant and the camel, that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me. But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time, solitude, and the dark were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth

to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to this picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!)—I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of

goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own "thick-coming fancies;" and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

> ——Names, whose sense we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

> Like one that on a lonesome road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And having once turn'd round, walks on
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.[1]

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable

[1] Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence.

My night fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional nightmare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic, seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen and hardly have hoped to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace, and a day-light vividness of vision, that was all but being awake.—I have formerly travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they are objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the inner eye, to make out a shape, in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

> Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy

ran strong upon these marine spectra ; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*), and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea roughness to a sea calm, and thence to a river motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me in the wafture of a placid wave or two, alone, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine and a humorist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be, "Young man, what sort of dreams have you?" I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Archflamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between; who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy

tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! Like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and inter-cross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all forspent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment

to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door.* It "gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal commonplaces, which "having been will always be;" which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over-abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B——. E. B. lived opposite a young maiden whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C——e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a

temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation: and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed—a work, in short, of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice (O ignoble trust!) of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand the next morning he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by-and-by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a

specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.

MY RELATIONS.

I AM arrived at that point of life at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singularity, if he have either of his parents surviving. I have not that felicity—and sometimes think feelingly of a passage in "Browne's Christian Morals," where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. "In such a compass of time," he says, "a man may have a close apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may sensibly see with what a face in no long time OBLIVION will look upon himself."

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night poring over good books and devotional exercises. Her favourite volumes were, "Thomas à Kempis," in Stanhope's translation; and a Roman Catholic Prayer Book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to church every Sabbath, as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books

she studied ; though, I think at one period of her life, she told me, she had read with great satisfaction the "Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman." Finding the door of the chapel in Essex Street open one day—it was in the infancy of that heresy—she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine *old Christian*. She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind—extraordinary at a *repartee*; one of the few occasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only secular employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a china basin of fair water. The odour of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had none—to remember. By the uncle's side I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any—to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in her! But I have cousins sprinkled about in Hertfordshire besides *two*, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins *par excellence*. These are James and Bridget Elia. They are older than myself by twelve, and ten, years; and neither of them seems disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primogeniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventy-three, years old (I cannot spare them sooner), persist in treating me in my grand climacteric precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

James is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate; or, if we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yorick, and of none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire—those fine Shandean lights and shades, which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then—to the eye of a common observer at least—seemeth made up of contradictory principles. The genuine child of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence—the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine, is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and crier down of everything that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his fancy, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in everything, commends *you* to the guidance of common sense on all occasions.—With a touch of the eccentric in all which he does or says, he is only anxious that *you* should not commit yourself by doing anything absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to *say* so—for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art (whereof he hath amassed a choice collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell again—that his enthusiasm may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Domenichino hang still by his wall?—is the ball of his sight much more dear to him?—or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humours, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person upon principle,

as a travelling Quaker. He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover, —and has a spirit that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon his favourite topic of the advantages of quiet and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Murray's Street—where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight—a trying three quarters of an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgetiness,—"where could we be better than we are, *thus sitting, thus consulting?*"—"prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion,"—with an eye all the while upon the coachman,—till at length, waxing out of all patience, at *your want of it*, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily, that "the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant."

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending *you* in any chain of arguing. Indeed, he makes wild work with logic; and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as *reason*; and wondereth

how man came first to have a conceit of it—enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to *him*—when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall crow like chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world, and declareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds—*What a pity to think that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous—and in age he discovereth no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half way I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing.—It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye—a Claude—or a Hobbima—for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's and Phillips's—or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must* do—assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands—wishes he had fewer holidays—and goes off—Westward Ho!—chanting a tune, to Pall Mall—perfectly convinced that he has convinced me—while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant, again, to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honours of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. You must view it in every light, till *he* has found the best—placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers, to catch the aërial

perspective—though you assure him that to you the landscape shows much more agreeable without that artifice. Woe be to the luckless wight who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present!—The last is always his best hit—his "Cynthia of the minute."—Alas! how many a mild Madonna have I known to *come in*—a Raphael!—keep its ascendency for a few brief moons—then, after certain intermedial degradations, from the front drawing-room to the back gallery, thence to the dark parlour,—adopted in turn by each of the Carracci, under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall—consigned to the oblivious lumber-room, *go out* at last a Lucca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti!—which things when I beheld—musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below hath made me to reflect upon the altered condition of great personages, or that woeful Queen of Richard the Second—

> ———set forth in pomp,
> She came adornèd hither like sweet May;
> Sent back like Hallowmass or shortest day.

With great love for *you*, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierces the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old established play-goer, that Mr. Such-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theatres), is a very lively comedian—as a piece of news! He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, *knowing me to be a great walker*, in my own immediate vicinity—who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years!—He has not much respect for that class of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily sufferings exclusively—and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affected by the sight, or the bare supposition, of a

creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An over-loaded ass is his client for ever. He is the apostle to the brute kind—the never-failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned *alive*, will wring him so, that "all for pity he could die." It will take the savour from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that "true yoke-fellow with Time," to have effected as much for the *Animal* as *he* hath done for the *Negro Creation*. But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out, his coadjutors. He thinks of relieving, —while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of * * * * * because the fervour of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension and creeping processes of his associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the Elia family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid!—With all the strangenesses of this *strangest of the Elias*—I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every way consistent kinsman breathing.

In my next, reader, I may perhaps give you some account of my cousin Bridget—if you are not already surfeited with cousins—and take you by the hand, if you are willing to go with us, on an excursion which we made a summer or two since, in search of *more cousins*—

Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with

some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship, please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems, but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long-run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question.

Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of

our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St. Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollections, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that* which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

> But thou, that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination,
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation!

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon reconfirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every

outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her - it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if perad-

venture he shall read this on the far distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

MY FIRST PLAY.

At the north end of Cross-court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our

going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone-buildings, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather. He was also known to and visited by Sheridan. It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath—the beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge. From either of these connections it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orchestra and various avenues of that theatre—and he was content it should be so. The honour of Sheridan's familiarity—or supposed familiarity—was better to my godfather than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent, yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!), which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versâ*—but in those young years they impressed

me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicised, into something like *verse verse*. By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honours which St. Andrew's has to bestow.

He is dead—and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and, moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the road-way village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me, and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, "Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;"—chase *pro* chuse. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to Troilus

and Cressida, in Rowe's Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomede—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening.—The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!—The orchestra lights at length rose, those "fair Auroras!" Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old, and the play was Artaxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia.—It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams.—Harlequin's invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys.

The next play to which I was taken was the Lady of the Manor, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called Lun's Ghost—a satiric touch, I apprehend,

upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of Harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the Way of the World. I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for I remember the hysteric affectations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. Robinson Crusoe followed; in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story.—The clownery and pantaloonery of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe, I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

> Was nourished, I could not tell how—

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the

emblem, the reference, was gone!—The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present a "royal ghost,"—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell—which had been, like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them ; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelvemonths—had wrought in me.—Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons in Isabella. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene ; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry ; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally —hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares "she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer." Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer :—when the phrases "antiquated virginity," and such a one has "overstood her market," pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded —smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women ; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom

he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a

young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*),—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her hand-maid, or dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be

respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex.*

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountains, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot:—

> There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,
> The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whylome wont the Templer knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride.

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden; that goodly pile

> Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,

confronting with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the

cheerful Crown-Office-row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naïades! a man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

> Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial hand
> Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!

Shakespeare

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks

to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun;" and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sun-dials. He is speaking of sweet garden scenes:—

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.
Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.
Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.
How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;

> And, as it works, the industrious bee
> Computes its time as well as we.
> How could such sweet and wholesome hours
> Be reckoned, but with herbs and flowers?[1]

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips in the square of Lincoln's Inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not, then, gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must everything smack of man, and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures, that still flitter and chatter about that area, less Gothic in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one-half so refreshing and innocent as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?

They have lately gothicised the entrance to the Inner Temple-hall, and the library front; to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, which they do not at all resemble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former? a stately arms! and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianised the end of the Paper-buildings?—my first hint of allegory! They must account to me for these things, which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the

[1] From a copy of verses entitled "The Garden."

parade; but the traces are passed away of the footsteps which made its pavement awful! It is become common and profane. The old benchers had it almost sacred to themselves, in the forepart of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces betwixt you when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors. The roguish eye of J——ll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry?—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke; his invitatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palmful at once,—diving for it under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tinctured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen; the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt. They were coevals, and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a whig, and Coventry a staunch tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast out—for Coventry had a rough spinous humour—at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like cannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel Salt.

S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a case of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed it over, with a few instructions, to his man Lovel, who was a quick little fellow, and would despatch it out of hand by the light of natural understanding, of which he had an uncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application, in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner party but he forgot his sword —they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was anything which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it.—He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her execution;—and L., who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out schooled him, with great anxiety, not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlour, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of window, and pulling down his ruffles—an ordinary motion with him —observed, "it was a gloomy day," and added, "Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." Instances of this sort were perpetual. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of conduct—from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. He had the same

good fortune among the female world,—was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him—I suppose, because he never trifled or talked gallantly with them, or paid them, indeed, hardly common attentions. He had a fine face and person, but wanted, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with advantage to the women. His eye lacked lustre.—Not so, thought Susan P——; who, at the advanced age of sixty, was seen, in the cold evening time, unaccompanied, wetting the pavement of B——d Row, with tears that fell in drops which might be heard, because her friend had died that day—he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years—a passion which years could not extinguish or abate; nor the long-resolved, yet gently-enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mild Susan P——, thou hast now thy friend in heaven!

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contracted circumstances, which gave him early those parsimonious habits which in after life never forsook him; so that with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him, he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds; nor did he look or walk worth a moidore less. He lived in a gloomy house opposite the pump in Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. J., the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not, at this day. C. had an agreeable seat at North Cray, where he seldom spent above a day or two at a time in the summer; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch, as he said, "the maids drawing water all day long." I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. *Hic currus et arma fuêre.* He might think his treasures more safe. His house had the aspect of a strong box. C. was a close hunks—a hoarder rather than a miser—or, if a miser, none of the mad Elwes

breed, who have brought discredit upon a character which cannot exist without certain admirable points of steadiness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspect, so easily despise him. By taking care of the pence he is often enabled to part with the pounds, upon a scale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away 30,000*l.* at once in his lifetime to a blind charity. His housekeeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who came in and who went out of his house, but his kitchen chimney was never suffered to freeze.

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all—never knew what he was worth in the world; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of everything. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his "flapper," his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in anything without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L. could ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and "would strike." In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him, and pommelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bareheaded to the same person modestly to excuse his interference—for L. never forgot rank where something better was not con-

cerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage boards, and such small cabinet toys, to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits; and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Izaak Walton would have chosen to go a-fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—"a remnant most forlorn of what he was,"—yet even then his eye would light up upon the mention of his favourite Garrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes—"was upon the stage nearly throughout the whole performance, and as busy as a bee." At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln, to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery, to see her, and she blest herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was "her own bairn." And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

With Coventry and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm-in-arm in those days—"as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,"—but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other carrying a cane. P. was

a benevolent, but not a prepossessing man. He had that in his face which you could not term unhappiness; it rather implied an incapacity of being happy. His cheeks were colourless, even to whiteness. His look was uninviting, resembling (but without his sourness) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he *did* good acts, but I could never make out what he *was*. Contemporary with these, but subordinate, was Daines Barrington—another oddity—he walked burly and square—in imitation, I think, of Coventry—howbeit he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop. When the account of his year's treasurership came to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: "Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders." Next to him was old Barton—a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dine—answering to the combination rooms at College—much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of him.—Then Read, and Twopenny—Read, good-humoured and personable—Twopenny, good-humoured, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly succeeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child beginning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what occasioned it, I could never discover. It was neither graceful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than common walking. The extreme tenuity of his frame, I suspect, set him upon it. It was a trial of poising. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as Brother Lusty; but W. had no relish of a joke.

His features were spiteful. I have heard that he would pinch his cat's ears extremely when anything had offended him. Jackson the omniscient Jackson, he was called—was of this period. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarious knowledge than any man of his time. He was the Friar Bacon of the less literate portion of the Temple. I remember a pleasant passage of the cook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instructions how to write down *edge* bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He decided the orthography to be—as I have given it—fortifying his authority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the manciple (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet, perversely, *aitch* bone, from a fanciful resemblance between its shape and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand—but he was somewhat later. He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling-hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute before I was old enough to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconciled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power—somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses. Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George the Second, closes my imperfect recollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple.

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances, why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to me—to my childish eyes—the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw Gods, as "old men covered with a mantle," walking upon the earth.

Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,—extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling, in the heart of childhood there will, for ever, spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition—the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital—from every-day forms educing the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

used in classical sense.

P.S.—I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the erring notices of childhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a bachelor! This gentleman, R. N. informs me, married young, and losing his lady in childbed, within the first year of their union, fell into a deep melancholy, from the effects of which, probably, he never thoroughly recovered. In what a new light does this place his rejection (O call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P——, unravelling into beauty certain peculiarities of this very shy and retiring character! Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in truth, but shadows of fact—verisimilitudes, not verities—or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history. He is no such honest chronicler as R. N., and would have done better perhaps to have consulted that gentleman before he sent these incondite reminiscences to press. But the worthy sub-treasurer—who respects his old and his new masters—would but have been puzzled at the indecorous liberties of Elia. The good man wots not, peradventure, of the licence which *Magazines* have arrived at in this plain-speaking age, or hardly dreams of their existence beyond the *Gentleman's*—his furthest monthly excursions in this nature having been long confined to the holy ground of honest *Urban's* obituary. May it be long before his own name

shall help to swell those columns of unenvied flattery!—Meantime, O ye New Benchers of the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the kindliest of human creatures. Should infirmities overtake him—he is yet in green and vigorous senility—make allowances for them, remembering that "ye yourselves are old." So may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognizance, still flourish! so may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! so may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! so may the fresh coloured and cleanly nursery-maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing courtesy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! so may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

The custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing! when a belly-full was a wind-fall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts —a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?—but the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form, then, of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repast of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I

have sate (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for its own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice! helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or, if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temper-

ate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno anything but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall-feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the "Paradise Regained," provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

> A table richly spread in regal mode
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
> And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
> Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
> Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
> Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host. I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and

culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

> ——As appetite is wont to dream,
> Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

But what meats?—

> Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
> And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
> Food to Elijah bringing even and morn;
> Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought.
> He saw the prophet also how he fled
> Into the desert, and how there he slept
> Under a juniper; then how awaked
> He found his supper on the coals prepared,
> And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
> And ate the second time after repose,
> The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
> Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
> Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been the most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will

apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business of every description with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to Asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted -that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenor.—The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face

against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Charreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never-settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*? while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity.

whether he chose to *say anything*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice, —the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?"—significantly adding, "Thank G—." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread-and-cheese-suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,—till some one recalled a legend, which told how, in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trousers instead of mutton.

DREAM CHILDREN; A REVERIE.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room.

Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out sometimes in the spacious

old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother

Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb.—Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the

effects of speech : "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing ; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

IN A LETTER TO B. F., ESQ., AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

My dear F.—When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you have been transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far It is like writing for posterity ; and reminds me of one of Mrs. Rowe's superscriptions, "Alcander to Strephon in the shades." Cowley's Post-Angel is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard-street, and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trumpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yourself at one end and *the man* at the other ; it would be some balk to the spirit of conversation, if you knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosophist would take two or three revolutions of a higher luminary in its passage. Yet, for aught I know,

you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea—Plato's man—than we in England here have the honour to reckon ourselves.

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topics; news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter, I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously.—And first, for news. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I now send you for truth shall not, before you get it, unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P. is at this present writing—*my Now*—in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading—*your Now*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (*i.e.*, at hearing he was well, etc.), or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a laugh with Munden. You have no theatre, I think you told me, in your land of d——d realities. You naturally lick your lips, and envy me my felicity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday morning with you, and 1823 This confusion of tenses, this grand solecism of *two presents*, is in a degree common to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or Devizes, that I was expecting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence my full feast of fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smack, a relish left upon my mental palate, which would give rational encouragement for you to foster a portion, at least, of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce. But ten months hence, your envy or your sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, unessence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude

fiction, for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild improbable banter I put upon you, some three years since,——of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her—for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected; and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgment, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks, and spits, and mops, could, with propriety, be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking of them casually in our way; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs. William Weatherall being by; whether we should show more delicacy, and a truer sense of respect for Will's wife, by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential civility paid to Becky, as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favour to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous possibly of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony, which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs. Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can, with any prospect of veracity, conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length. Two prophets,

indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoch of the writer (Habakkuk) falling in with the true present time of the receiver (Daniel); but then we are no prophets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot, or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it?—or a rock?—no matter—but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey, 'tis likely, in a languid moment of his Lordship's hot, restless life, so took his fancy that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when, by a positive testamentary disposal, his remains were actually carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his Lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians - a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of Saint Gothard, save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!) but it has happily evaded a fishy

consummation. Trace it then to its lucky landing—at Lyons shall we say?—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village—waiting a passport here, a license there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment into a feature of silly pride or tawdry senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as quite seaworthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your puns and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigour is as the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the bystanders: or this last is the fine slime of Nilus—the *melior lutus*—whose maternal recipiency is as necessary as the *sol pater* to their equivocal generation. A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavour than you can send a kiss.—Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two days'-old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandize above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet

visnomy, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

I cannot image to myself whereabout you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades* of *Thieves*. I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. And tell me what your Sydneyites do? are they th**v*ng all day long? Merciful Heaven! what property can stand against such a depredation! The kangaroos—your Aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pick-pocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *à priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony. We hear the most improbable tales at this distance. Pray is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers, which spoils their scanning?—It must look very odd; but use reconciles. For their scansion, it is less to be regretted; for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists. Is there much difference to see, too, between the son of a th**f and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleach in three or in four generations? I have many questions to put, but ten Delphic voyages can be made in a shorter time than it will take to satisfy my scruples. Do you grow your own hemp?—What is your staple trade,—exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your locksmiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists.

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrows out of our old contiguous

windows, in pump-famed Hare Court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner?—Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms, from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk I think you hear me,—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

> Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores
> Hold far away.

Come back, before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come, before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have become sage matrons while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W—r (you remember Sally W—r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks whom you knew die off every year. Formerly, I thought that death was wearing out,—I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departure of J. W., two springs back, corrected my delusion. Since then the old divorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or mine.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the

peep-peep of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aërial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that "now, surely he must be lost for ever!"—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle, certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the "Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny,—it is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an

infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street—*the only Salopian house*—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race

of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artizan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'ernight vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artizan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three-halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accus-

tomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth ——— but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pieman—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shiny ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

> A sable cloud
> Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn

disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I had just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between

them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting-place.—By no other theory than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper, (all is not soot which looks so,) was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity, but remote enough not to be obvious

to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table, for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating"—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—"the King,"—"the Cloth,"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering; and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed,

"May the Brush supersede the Laurel!" All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

> Golden lads and lasses must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS,

IN THE METROPOLIS.

The all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear Mendicity from the metropolis. Scrips, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity, with all their baggage, are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is "with sighing sent."

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado, or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates uninvidious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel anything towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggrel rhymes and ale-house signs cannot so degrade or attenuate but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his beggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical writers (as dear

Margaret Newcastle would call them), when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer "mere nature;" and Cresseid, fallen from a prince's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar alms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and, with a converse policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the "true ballad," where King Cophetua woos the beggar maid? Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a Beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its "neighbour grice." Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him

for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementoes, dial-mottoes, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

> ———————Look
> Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall

of Lincoln's-inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet,- whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt halfpenny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs?—Have the overseers of St. L— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks and dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B— the mild rector of——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne,—most classical, and, at the same time, most English of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or, *Dog's Epitaph.* Reader, peruse it; and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passûs, vestigia tuta
Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, quâ prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.

Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpessus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
  Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum; prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
Etsi inopis, non ingratæ, munuscula dextræ;
Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque,
Quod memoret, fidumque Canem dominumque Benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,
That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
His guide and guard; nor, while my service lasted,
Had he occasion for that staff, with which
He now goes picking out his path in fear
Over the highways and crossings; but would plant,
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd
His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
Of passers-by in thickest confluence flow'd:
To whom with loud and passionate laments
From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd.
Nor wail'd to all in vain: some here and there,
The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
Prick'd up at his least motion; to receive
At his kind hand my customary crumbs,
And common portion in his feast of scraps;
Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent
With our long day and tedious beggary.
  These were my manners, this my way of life
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared.

Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident which brought him low took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his

hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—*is* a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two-years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured?—whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their *sight* for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent, at least, with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay, edifying way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?—

There was a Yorick once, whom it would not have shamed to have sate down at the cripples' feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."—

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made

by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five-hundred-pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the wayside in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking and looking up with his no eyes in the sun—

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions.* Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family

think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which

his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little

more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often

as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grew more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present —without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit

came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind——

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys—but a young and tender suckling under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument.

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so

passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! —wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite —and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is

better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate.—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who

might be a bad man for aught I knew ; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I —I myself, and not another —would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness ; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the

whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic ; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description ;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither : that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me ? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely ; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his

acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill-manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying, but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none: nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we, who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters!

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common——

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let *them* look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children;" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them,—some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room; they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. —— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging!

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing—any inanimate substance, as a keep-sake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character, and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must

love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly; they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. Oh! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us? That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage—if you did not come in on the wife's side—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations, they can endure that; but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their cur-

rency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways ;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose ;—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist, —a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way ; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony ; that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you, by never qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to the kindly level of moderate esteem—that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent

simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. ———, as a great wit?" If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. ——— !" One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. ——— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for, from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words), the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour; I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versâ*. I mean, when they use

us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. ——— did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ——

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

The casual sight of an old Play Bill, which I picked up the other day -I know not by what chance it was preserved so long—tempts me to call to mind a few of the Players, who

make the principal figure in it. It presents the cast of parts in the Twelfth-Night, at the old Drury-lane Theatre two-and-thirty years ago. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we *once* used to read a Play Bill—not, as now peradventure, singling out a favourite performer, and casting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name, down to the very mutes and servants of the scene; when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield, or Packer, took the part of Fabian; when Benson, and Burton, and Phillimore—names of small account—had an importance, beyond what we can be content to attribute now to the time's best actors.—

"Orsino, by Mr. Barrymore."—What a full Shakspearian sound it carries! how fresh to memory arise the image and the manner of the gentle actor! Those who have only seen Mrs. Jordan within the last ten or fifteen years, can have no adequate notion of her performance of such parts as Ophelia; Helena, in All's Well that Ends Well; and Viola, in this play. Her voice had latterly acquired a coarseness, which suited well enough with her Nells and Hoydens, but in those days it sank, with her steady, melting eye, into the heart. Her joyous parts—in which her memory now chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. It was no set speech, that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line necessarily following line, to make up the music—yet I have heard it so spoken, or rather *read*, not without its grace and beauty—but, when she had declared her sister's history to be a "blank," and that she "never told her love," there was a pause, as if the story had ended—and then the image of the "worm in the bud" came up as a new suggestion—and the heightened image of "Patience" still followed after that as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought springing up after

thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. So in those fine lines—

> Write loyal cantons of contemned love—
> Halloo your name to the reverberate hills—

there was no preparation made in the foregoing image for that which was to follow. She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Mrs. Powel (now Mrs. Renard), then in the pride of her beauty, made an admirable Olivia. She was particularly excellent in her unbending scenes in conversation with the Clown. I have seen some Olivias—and those very sensible actresses too—who in these interlocutions have seemed to set their wits at the jester, and to vie conceits with him in downright emulation. But she used him for her sport, like what he was, to trifle a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed, and she to be the Great Lady still. She touched the imperious fantastic humour of the character with nicety. Her fine spacious person filled the scene.

The part of Malvolio has, in my judgment, been so often misunderstood, and the *general merits* of the actor, who then played it, so unduly appreciated, that I shall hope for pardon, if I am a little prolix upon these points.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in Hotspur's famous rant about glory, or the transports of the Venetian incendiary at the vision of the fired city. His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiriting effect, of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affectation; and the

thorough-bred gentleman was uppermost in every movement. He seized the moment of passion with greatest truth; like a faithful clock, never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mountebank it; and betrayed none of that *cleverness* which is the bane of serious acting. For this reason, his Iago was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator, from his action, could divine more of his artifice than Othello was supposed to do. His confessions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the mystery. There were no by-intimations to make the audience fancy their own discernment so much greater than that of the Moor—who commonly stands like a great helpless mark, set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators, to shoot their bolts at. The Iago of Bensley did not go to work so grossly. There was a triumphant tone about the character, natural to a general consciousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuckles and cannot contain itself upon any little successful stroke of its knavery—as is common with your small villains, and green probationers in mischief. It did not clap or crow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other children, who are mightily pleased at being let into the secret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils against which no discernment was available, where the manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without motive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley with a richness and a dignity, of which (to judge from some recent castings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would

have dreamed of giving it to Mr. Baddely, or Mr. Parsons; when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theatre, John Kemble thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honour in one of our old roundhead families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity (call it which you will), is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honourable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling. His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal old, low steward of comedy. He is master of the household to a great princess; a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she "would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry." Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what?—of being "sick of self-love,"—but with a gentleness and considerateness, which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues. His rebuke to the knight and his sottish revellers, is sensible and spirited; and when we take into consideration the un-

protected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honour of the family in some sort in his keeping; as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery-hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke, in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers: "Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace." Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas, and philosophizes gallantly upon his straw.[1] There must have been some shadow of worth about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapour—a thing of straw, or Jack in office—before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting-errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule.

Bensley, accordingly, threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. He was starch, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bottomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in

[1] *Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

his conceit of the Countess's affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain! what a dream it was! you were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that can lay him open to such frenzies—but, in truth, you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion. O! shake not the castles of his pride—endure yet for a season, bright moments of confidence—"stand still, ye watches of the element," that Malvolio may be still in fancy fair Olivia's lord!—but fate and retribution say no—I hear the mischievous titter of Maria—the witty taunts of Sir Toby—the still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight—the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked—and "thus the whirligig of time," as the true clown hath it, "brings in his revenges." I confess that I never saw the catastrophe of this character, while Bensley played it, without a kind of tragic interest. There was good foolery too. Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was *it*, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain *in puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension, this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by

little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five-and-twenty years ago, that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crankles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character; their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks——taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious, thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of sub-indicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken.

But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognised but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows! Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with! The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot;—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens, almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks, probably, he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying, he "put on the weeds of Dominic."[1]

[1] Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length

If few can remember Dodd, many yet living will not easily forget the pleasant creature, who in those days enacted the part of the Clown to Dodd's Sir Andrew.—Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his life-time he delighted to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the cemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his nonage and tender years were dedicated. There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was "cherub Dicky."

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state: whether he had lost his good voice (his best recommendation to that office), like Sir John, "with hallooing and singing of anthems;" or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to "commerce with the skies,"—I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber out of which cathedral seats and sounding-boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind, and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of Motley, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe*.

of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a "Save you, *Sir Andrew*." Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an "Away, *Fool*."

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable.

He was the Robin Goodfellow of the stage. He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck, by his note—*Ha! Ha! Ha!*—sometimes deepening to *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession, derived, perhaps, remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype of—*O La!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O La!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The "force of nature could no further go." He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spider's strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter, a sigh have puffed him down; the weight of a frown had staggered him, a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Goodfellow, "thorough brake, thorough briar," reckless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

Shakspeare foresaw him, when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose and shambling gait, a slippery tongue, this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words, light as air, venting truths deep as the centre; with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest, singing with Lear in the tempest, or Sir Toby at the buttery-hatch.

Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the Children in the Wood—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He put us into Vesta's days. Evil fled before him—not as from Jack, as from an antagonist,—but because it could not touch him, any more than a cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burthen of that death; and, when Death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*O La! O La! Bobby!*

The elder Palmer (of stage trading celebrity) commonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which he did not quite fill out. He was as much too showy as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. In sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of *the footman*. His brother Bob (of recenter memory), who was his shadow in everything while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards—was a *gentleman* with a little stronger infusion of the *latter ingredient*; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the "Duke's Servant,"[1] you said, "What a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant!" When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute, you thought you could trace his promotion to some

[1] High Life Below Stairs.

lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his topknot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amlet was insuperable.

Jack had two voices, both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the *dramatis personæ* were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The *lies* of Young Wilding, and the *sentiments* in Joseph Surface, were thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience. This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially, where the absolute sense of reality (so indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The fact is, you do not believe in such characters as Surface—the villain of artificial comedy—even while you read or see them. If you did, they would shock and not divert you. When Ben, in Love for Love, returns from sea, the following exquisite dialogue occurs at his first meeting with his father:—

Sir Sampson. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been. Been far enough, an that be all. Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick and brother Val?

Sir Sampson. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true; Marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say—well, and how?—I have a many questions to ask you.

Here is an instance of insensibility, which in real life would be revolting, or rather in real life could not have co-existed with the warm-hearted temperament of the character. But when you read it in the spirit with which such playful selections and specious combinations rather than strict

metaphrases of nature should be taken, or when you saw Bannister play it, it neither did, nor does, wound the moral sense at all. For what is Ben—the pleasant sailor which Bannister gives us—but a piece of satire—a creation of Congreve's fancy—a dreamy combination of all the accidents of a sailor's character—his contempt of money—his credulity to women—with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verge of credibility to suppose *might* produce such an hallucination as is here described. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his character. But when an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief —which Bannister exhibited—displays before our eyes a downright concretion of a Wapping sailor—a jolly warm-hearted Jack Tar—and nothing else when instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose—he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full consciousness of its actions: thrusting forward the sensibilities of the character with a pretence as if it stood upon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone we feel the discord of the thing; the scene is disturbed: a real man has got in among the *dramatis personæ*, and puts them out. We want the sailor turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain, but in the first or second gallery.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The artificial Comedy, or Comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar show their heads once in seven years only, to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an occasional license of dialogue? I think

not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw everything up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of profligacy in a son or ward in real life should startle a parent or guardian. We have no such middle emotions as dramatic interests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality), and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the *dramatis personæ*, his peers. We have been spoiled with—not sentimental comedy—but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it, the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life; where the moral point is everything; where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy), we recognise ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies, the same as in life, —with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is *there* transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fire-side concerns to the theatre with us. We do not go thither like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. All that neutral ground of character, which stood between vice and virtue; or which in fact was indifferent to neither,

where neither properly was called in question ; that happy breathing-place from the burthen of a perpetual moral questioning—the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry—is broken up and disfranchised, as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images, or names, of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread infection from the scenic representation of disorder, and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience,—not to live always in the precincts of the law courts,—but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions—to get into recesses, whither the hunter cannot follow me—

> ———Secret shades
> Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
> While yet there was no fear of Jove.

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's—comedies. I am the gayer at least for it ; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy land. Take one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire ; because in a

modern play I am to judge of the right and the wrong. The standard of *police* is the measure of *political justice*. The atmosphere will blight it; it cannot live here. It has got into a moral world, where it has no business, from which it must needs fall headlong; as dizzy, and incapable of making a stand, as a Swedenborgian bad spirit that has wandered unawares into the sphere of one of his Good Men, or Angels. But in its own world do we feel the creature is so very bad?—The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants and the Lady Touchwoods, in their own sphere, do not offend my moral sense; in fact, they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land—what shall I call it?—of cuckoldry—the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays—the few exceptions only are *mistakes*—is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from his scenes—some little generosities in the part of Angelica perhaps excepted—not only anything like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effect is as happy as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his Way of the World in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuits of characters, for whom you absolutely care nothing—for you neither hate nor love his personages—and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any, that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations; and his

shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goshen would have only lighted to the discovery of deformities, which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his, and his friend Wycherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets,—the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action, or possible motive of conduct, is recognised; principles which, universally acted upon, must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced, in *their* world. When we are among them, we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings—for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained—for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted, no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong, —gratitude or its opposite,—claim or duty,—paternity or sonship. Of what consequence is it to Virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon or Dapperwit steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's or Sir Paul Pliant's children?

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at the battle of the frogs and mice. But, like Don Quixote, we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis, a scheme, out of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment.

We cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it should be now *acted*, though it continues, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice—to express it in a word—the downright *acted* villany of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness,—the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy, which made Jack so deservedly a favourite in that character, I must needs conclude the present generation of playgoers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are passages,—like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to a poor relation,—incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other—but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous; a mixture of Congreve

with sentimental incompatibilities; the gaiety upon the whole is buoyant; but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealise, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the deathbeds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to say have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Churchyard memory —(an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent cathedral, and almost coeval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the ghastly apprehensions of the former,—and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting-fork is not to be despised,—so finely contrast with the meek complacent kissing of the rod, taking it in like honey and butter,— with which the latter submits to the scythe of the gentle bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the apprehensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass, would not covet to meet half-way the stroke of such a delicate mower?—John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half reality, the husband, was overreached by the puppetry—or the thin thing (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethory? The fortunes of Othello and Desdemona were not concerned in it. Poor Jack has passed from the stage in good time, that he did not live to this our age of seriousness. The pleasant old Teazle *King*, too, is gone in good time. His manner would scarce have passed current in our day. We

must love or hate—acquit or condemn—censure or pity—exert our detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon everything. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain—no compromise—his first appearance must shock and give horror—his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come, of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the scene—for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart centre in downright self-satisfaction) must be *loved*, and Joseph *hated*. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings, while King acted it, were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage,—he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury—a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged—the genuine crim. con. antagonist of the villanous seducer Joseph. To realise him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbour or old friend.

The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin—those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth—must be ripened by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas; and Mrs. Candour—O! frightful!—become a hooded serpent. O! who that remembers Parsons and Dodd—the wasp and butterfly of the School for Scandal—in those two characters; and charming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy,

in this latter part---would forego the true scenic delight -the escape from life—the oblivion of consequences—the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection—those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours, well won from the world -to sit instead at one of our modern plays -to have his coward conscience (that forsooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals -dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be—and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficence, lives saved without the spectator's risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abington in Lady Teazle; and Smith, the original Charles, had retired when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but, I thought, very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a certain gaiety of person. He brought with him no sombre recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so opposite a tendency. But, as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humour. He made his defects a grace. His exact declamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley

—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in Love for Love, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His Macbeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him—the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in Hamlet—the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard—disappeared with him. He had his sluggish moods, his torpors—but they were the halting-stones and resting-place of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist—rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance,—the "lidless dragon eyes," of present fashionable tragedy.

ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN.

Not many nights ago I had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in Cockletop; and when I retired to my pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by me, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain I tried to divest myself of it, by conjuring up the most opposite associations. I resolved to be serious. I raised up the gravest topics of life; private misery, public calamity. All would not do.

> ——There the antic sate
> Mocking our state——

his queer visnomy—his bewildering costume—all the strange things which he had raked together—his serpentine rod swagging about in his pocket—Cleopatra's tear,

and the rest of his relics—O'Keefe's wild farce, and *his* wilder commentary—till the passion of laughter, like grief in excess, relieved itself by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But I was not to escape so easily. No sooner did I fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed me in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before me, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium—all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when I awoke! A season or two since, there was exhibited a Hogarth gallery. I do not see why there should not be a Munden gallery. In richness and variety, the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is!) of Liston; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down, and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion; not so much a comedian, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*: applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river-horse: or come forth a pewitt, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

I have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry in old Dornton—diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made

the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. I have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players. But in the grand grotesque of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began, and must end, with himself.

Can any man *wonder*, like him? can any man *see ghosts*, like him? or *fight with his own shadow*—"SESSA"—as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the Cobbler of Preston—where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him. Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table or a joint-stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primæval man with the sun and stars about him.

NOTES.

DEDICATION.

Page 2. line 5. **giving fair construction,** interpreting them fairly, assigning the meaning intended by the author, rather than the precisely literal sense: just as we make allowances for the effect of wine and good fellowship in friendly conversation after dinner.

8. **after the fourth glass,** after a moderate indulgence in wine.

11. **events,** results, issues.

12. **The other sort,** those who understood everything literally.

14. "**Uncover, dogs, and lap.**" Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, III. 6.

16. "**You beat but on the case of . Elia.** The allusion is to the utterance recorded of the philosopher Anaxarchus, who was ordered by Nicocreon, tyrant of Salamis, to be brayed alive in a mortar. During his execution he exclaimed, "Pound the body of Anaxarchus, for thou dost not pound his soul." You cannot affect me, the real author; you only assail my pseudonym, Elia. Elia was the name of one of Lamb's fellow-clerks at the India House.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

(*London Magazine*, August, 1820.)

Soon after leaving Christ's Hospital in 1789, at the age of fourteen, Lamb obtained a clerkship in the old South-Sea House, where his elder brother, John, was already employed. Here he remained till 1792, when he obtained a post in the accountant's office of the East India Company in Leadenhall Street. The

South-Sea Company was established in 1710, with the promise of a monopoly of the trade with the South American Colonies. Reckless speculation raised the stock of the company from 77½ per cent. to 1000. The crash came in 1720, when the shares fell faster than they had risen. Thousands were ruined. The estates of the directors of the company were seized. Ultimately a division of the stock was made among all the proprietors, the dividend realizing 33⅓ per cent. As to the subsequent history of the Company, Hughson, in his *Walks Through London* (1805), says: "Notwithstanding the terms of the charter by which we are to look upon this company as merchants, it is observable that they never carried on any considerable trade, and now they have no trade. They only receive interest for their capital, which is in the hands of the Government, and £8000 out of the Treasury towards the expenses attending the management of their affairs."

The suggestion, towards the close of the essay, that the names of the clerks here mentioned are merely fictitious, is an example of Lamb's fondness for mystifying his readers. With the exception of Elia, the colleague from whose name Lamb borrowed the title of the essays, the persons here described can be traced in the records of the South-Sea office.

Page 3. line 1. **Bank**, the Bank of England, in Threadneedle Street, City of London.

3. **lean annuitant**, a poor man who depends on a small annuity.

the Flower Pot, the inn from which the coaches started, next door to the South-Sea House; long since swept away and forgotten.

11. **a desolation like Balclutha's.** "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate" (Ossian, *Cuthon*). Lamb's quotation is slightly inaccurate. The two epics, *Fingal* and *Temora*, purporting to be the work of the ancient Gaelic bard, Ossian, were a literary imposture produced by a Highland schoolmaster, James Macpherson, 1762-1763.

13. **quick pulse of gain**, active excitement of money-making.

20. **in form**, ceremoniously.

21. **a dead dividend**, because there was no longer any real business done. See introductory remarks above.

Page 4. line 3. **the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty**, George I. and George II.

6. **soundings**, depths ascertained by the use of the lead.

8. **whose substance might defy**, etc., so strongly built that they would be proof against any lesser fire than that by which the world is finally to be destroyed.

10. pieces of eight, Spanish gold coins, worth eight reals, or about four shillings.

an "unsunned heap," Milton, *Comus*, 398. Compare Spenser's picture of Mammon, the incarnate spirit of avarice, *Faerie Queene*, II. 7, stanzas 3, 4, 5, and 20.

12. at the blast of the breaking of that famous Bubble. The rhythm is a reminiscence of *Psalm*, XVIII. 15, "at the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure."

18. the face of the sleeping waters. The lifelessness of the business is compared to that of a stagnant pond, the surface of which is undisturbed by any wind, and accumulates a thick overlaying scum.

20. battening, growing fat. The word is of Scandinavian origin: Icelandic *batna*, to grow better; from the root BAT, good, preserved in 'better, best.'

22. light generations, winged insects.

23. fretwork, the depredations of the moths cause the pages to resemble fretwork.

single and double entries, items in the company's accounts. Single and double entry are two different methods of bookkeeping.

24. superfœtation, a physiological term quaintly applied. It signifies the formation of a second fœtus in the womb before the first has been expelled by birth, hence the formation of layer upon layer of dust, none of the earlier layers having been removed.

29. hoax, imposture; the word is probably a corruption of the nonsensical conjurer's word, 'hocus.'

30. petty peculators, fraudulent promoters of commercial companies on a small scale.

33. Vaux's superhuman plot. The commercial frauds of the present day are as insignificant, in comparison with the South-Sea Bubble, as are the feeble efforts of modern conspirators in comparison with the gigantic scale of Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot. The Titans were the gigantic race that ruled in heaven before Zeus (Jupiter) succeeded Kronos (Saturn).

35. manes, spirit, ghost; a Latin dissyllabic substantive.

36. for a memorial, a Biblical phrase, *Joshua*, IV. 7.

Page 5. line 2. fret and fever, anxiety and excitement; the phrase is borrowed from Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*, l. 21:

> "And quite forget
> The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
> Here where men sit and hear each other groan."

3. 'Change, the Royal Exchange.

4. **heyday**, exultation, youthful high spirits. Originally an interjection of surprise, the word has been confused with 'high-day,' so came to mean 'frolicsome wildness.'

8. **almost cloistral**, like the easy-going, leisurely life that monks enjoy.

12. **with visionary pen in ear.** The place seemed to be haunted with the ghosts of former clerks, stiff and formal as they had been in life, each with a penholder stuck behind his ghostly ear. Pope has "visionary sword" in his *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Young Lady.*

13. An example of Lamb's love of mystification. He was of course a skilful accountant.

14. **figuring**, arithmetic, accounts.

Humorously parodying Homer, *Iliad*, xx. 285-288, where Æneas, in his fight with Achilles, easily brandishes and hurls an immense stone, "which not two strong men would carry of our age."

17. **rubric interlacings**, red lines crossing one another on the page.

in triple columniations, ruled in three columns for pounds, shillings, and pence.

23. **better**, heavenly; suggested by the white vellum covers.

24. **defunct dragons**, dead, harmless monsters, which do not inspire any such terror as the dead dragon in Spenser's *Faerie Queene.* See Book I., Canto XII., st. 9, 10, 11.

27. **Herculaneum.** The Roman cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried by the eruption of lava from Vesuvius A.D. 79. Excavations begun in 1711 have produced large quantities of objects of art, monuments, household utensils, and other memorials of civilized life.

28. **pounce-boxes**, for sprinkling pounce, a fine white powder, formerly used for the same purpose as the modern blotting paper.

36. **a reason mentioned before**, because the place itself was old-fashioned, or perhaps because they were unmarried.

Page 6. line 8. **Noah's ark**, a miscellaneous collection of creatures, *Gen.* VI. 19, 20.

Odd fishes, peculiar, singular characters: a colloquial expression.

13. **Cambro-Briton**, Welshmen. Cambria was the Latin name for Wales.

14. **choleric complexion**, irritable disposition. Complexion in this sense is obsolete.

16. at bottom, fundamentally, in reality.

19. **Maccaronies**, dandies. Ital. *Maccheroni* is a tubular paste made of wheaten flour, also a fool, a fop. The name was first applied to English fops about 1775.

beaux, gallants, exquisites, fine gentlemen; plural of French *beau*, fine.

20. **gib-cat**, a male cat, a tom cat. Gib is an abbreviation of Gilbert, the name of the cat in the old story of "Reynard the Fox," in the *Romaunt of the Rose*. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.* I. 2, "I am as melancholy as a gib-cat."

23. **hypochondry**, morbid melancholy, despondency; an old form of hypochondria. Hypochondria is so named from the spleen, which was supposed to be the cause of this mental disease, and lies under the cartilage of the breast-bone: Greek *hypochondria*, the parts beneath the breast-bone; *chondros*, grain, gristle, cartilage.

25. tristful visage, *Hamlet*, III. 4. 50.

26. **Anderton's**, a coffee house in Fleet Street, London, where he used to dine daily at two o'clock.

30. **meridian**, mid-day, brightest period. Cf. *Henry VIII.* III. 2. 24.

35. **forte**. French *fort*, Italian *forte*, Lat. *fortis*, strong point, that in which one excels; not generally used of time.

36. **chirp and expand over a muffin**, chatter gaily, and throw off his reserve at the tea-table.

Page 7. line 1. **Pennant.** Thomas Pennant, a Welsh naturalist and antiquarian, published in 1790, *Some Account of London*.

4. **Rosamond's pond**, called "Rosamond's lake" in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, 776, was at the south-west corner of St. James's Park. It derived its name probably from being the haunt of lovers. "Fair Rosamond" was the mistress of Henry II. The pond was filled up in 1770, on account of the number of suicides which took place there.

5. **Mulberry-gardens**, part of the grounds of Goring House, which formerly occupied the site of Buckingham Palace. The trees were planted by James I.

the Conduit in Cheap. The great conduit in Cheapside was a cistern of lead, erected in 1285. The water was brought thither from Tyburn.

7. **Hogarth.** William Hogarth, 1697-1764, the celebrated painter-satirist. He was also an excellent engraver.

9. **confessors.** The word confessor indicates one who openly professes his religion and suffers persecution for it, short of martyrdom. In Fuller's account of Ridley's death the word is employed antithetically to martyr.

10. **Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons.** The Edict of Nantes, 1598, by which Henri IV. of France had promised toleration and security to the French Protestants, was revoked by Louis XIV. in 1685. The persecution of the Huguenots which followed drove numbers of them to take refuge in England.

12. **Hog Lane, Seven Dials.** Hog Lane, now Middlesex Street, Whitechapel, and Seven Dials, at the boundary of St. Giles's parish, where formerly a column stood with seven sun-dials facing the seven streets which branched from it, were notorious as disreputable localities.

14. **Thomas Tame**, deputy cashier in 1793.

21. **strained to the height**, etc., *Paradise Lost*, VIII. 455.

25. **a saw**, a maxim, a proverb; lit. a saying. A.S. *sagu*, allied to A.S. *secgan*, to say. 26. **state of white paper**, *i.e.* state of blankness or ignorance. Locke has the comparison, *Of the Human Understanding*, II. 1. 2.

35. **at this time of day**, at the present time, so long afterwards.

36. **unfortunate house of Derwentwater.** The Earls of Derwentwater were devoted partisans of the House of Stuart. The two last earls were executed for complicity in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 respectively.

Page 8, line 2. **Bright solitary star.** Cf. Wordsworth's

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky,"

and Keats'

"Bright star...in lone splendour hung athwart the night."

4. **in the night of intellect**, in the blank darkness of your ignorance and intellectual incapacity. 9. **Decus et solamen**, glory and consolation; Vergil, *Æneid*, x. 859.

10. **John Tipp**, accountant from 1792. He was succeeded as deputy-accountant by John Lamb, Charles's brother.

12. "**thought an accountant**," etc., quoted, with a difference, from Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, III. 5, where Parson Adams entertains the same opinion of schoolmasters.

15. **hobby**, or hobby-horse, properly a piece of wood painted to resemble the upper part of a horse's body, on which boys pretend to ride; then a favourite pursuit, 'ruling passion.' The latter usuage was made current by Sterne in his *Tristram Shandy*.

vacant hours, leisure time. The recreation of his leisure hours was playing on the violin.

16. **with other notes**...lyre, very differently to Orpheus, when he sang to the accompaniment of his lyre; *i.e.* 'My friend's music was very far from charming.' The words are quoted from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III. 17.

17. **scream and scrape**, make excruciating noises on his violin.

21. **I know not**, etc. An example of Lamb's love of mystification. His brother John occupied the rooms.

23. **sweet breasts**, properly, musical voices, here musicians; cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. 3. 20, "The fool has an excellent breast," and Middleton, *More Dissemblers than Women*, III. 2, "Ay, and a sweet breast, too, my Lord, I hope."

26. **punch**, a compound of five ingredients—sugar, lemon, and spice, with spirits and water (from the Hindi *panch*, five).

27. **his ear**, his musical taste, power of accurately distinguishing between different tones.

like Lord Midas, a wealthy but foolish patron; there is here also a sly allusion to the attempt of Midas to play the musical critic. Midas was a king of Phrygia, whose touch turned everything to gold. He asserted that Pan was a better musician than Apollo, and was punished by Apollo for his presumption, his ears being changed into those of an ass; cf. Pope, *Dunciad*, III. 324:

"Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays."

Page 9. line 4. **writing off dividend warrants**, copying written authorizations to receive dividends, to be sent to shareholders.

5. **striking of the balance**, finding out the difference between the credit and debit sides of an account.

8. **deadness of things**, dulness of business, commercial inactivity.

15. **The fractional farthing**, etc. He thinks accuracy as important in calculating minute fractions of a penny, as in dealing with thousands of pounds.

20. **less erring**, *i.e.* more infallible. His integrity was as conspicuous as his clerical accuracy. Cowley, *On the death of Vandyke*, 17, "Nor was his head less erring than his heart."

30. **a little on this side of the heroic.** Which we will characterize as scarcely reaching the standard of heroism.

Page 10. line 1. **it sees a lion in the way** Cf. *Proverbs*, XXVI. 13, *i.e.* it conjures up imaginary dangers.

2. **greatly find quarrel in a straw**, "where honour's at the stake" (*Hamlet*, IV. 4). Be sufficiently high-spirited to resent even a small injury, when one's honour is concerned.

8. **for lucre, or for intimidation**, he was never bribed or bullied into forsaking a friend, or acting unconscientiously.

10. **dusty dead**, cf. "dusty death," *Macbeth*, V. 5.

12. **Henry Man**, deputy-secretary from 1793.

14. **what didst thou in an office.** What business had a literary man like *you* to be in an office?

15. **quirk**, smart retort, repartee, lit. a quick *turn* of wit.

17. **two forgotten volumes.** *Miscellaneous Works in Verse and Prose of the late Henry Man*, published 1802.

18. **Barbican**, a street running at right angles to Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

20. **gone by**, antiquated, out of date.

21. **staled**, rendered obsolete. Cf. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 2, "Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

"**new-born gauds**," fresh objects of popular interest. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. 3. 176. Gaud, an ornament, toy, bauble, is from Latin *gaudium*, joy.

22. **used.** Strict grammar would require 'usedst', which is less euphonious.

Public Ledger, a commercial newspaper, first published 1759. *The Morning Chronicle*, a liberal journal, was started in 1772.

23. **Chatham**, etc. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Shelburne, and the Marquis of Rockingham, Prime Ministers of the day. Howe as Admiral, Burgoyne and Clinton in command of our land forces, prosecuted the war in America. Admiral Keppel was accused of misconduct by his subordinate, Palliser, tried, and acquitted. Bull was Lord Mayor, 1773; Sawbridge, 1775; Wilkes, 1774. John Dunning was counsel for Wilkes at his trial for libel; afterwards created Earl of Ashburton. John Pratt, Chief Justice of Common Pleas, before whom Wilkes was brought, 1763, declared general warrants illegal; afterwards became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Camden. The Duke of Richmond, who took a leading part in the debates on the American war, was intimately connected with Lord Rockingham's party.

28. **politics**, politicians, an obsolete usage.

30. **rattling**, chattering. A rattle is used colloquially of a noisy senseless talker. Rattle-headed is giddy, wild, hare-brained.

Plumer. Richard Plumer became deputy-secretary in 1800.

31. **right line**, straight line, legitimate descent.

lineal pretensions, etc. His claim to be a man of good family, like his claim to be thought good-looking, favoured the notion that there was something of the bend sinister in his family shield. The bend sinister is a term of Heraldry, denoting a line drawn across the shield diagonally, from right to left as seen by a beholder. By "bend sinister" illegitimacy is commonly signified.

33. **Plumers.** It was in their family dower-house, Blakesware, near Widford, Herts, that Lamb's grandmother, Mary

Field, lived as housekeeper for fifty years. The name is pronounced Plummer.

Page 11 line 1. **In Italy, noted for its prosperity.** Cf. *As You Like It*, IV. i. 36, and Roger Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, The Bringing up of Youth.

2. **bachelor uncle.** A mistake of Lamb's; he was a married man. The "fine old whig" is William Plumer, of Blakesware, M.P. for Appleby.

6. **summoned before the House of Commons.** In 1763 Cass, Clerk of the Franks in the House of Commons, was asked to appear before the House for having raised an objection to a frank which W. Plumer had given to the Duchess of Marlborough.

7. **franks,** signatures on the outside of the envelope which exempted letters from the payment of postage. Government officials and members of Parliament formerly had the privilege of franking letters.

15. **pastoral M——,** pure and simple mutton like a shepherd in a poem of rural life. Maynard was chief clerk of the Old Annuities and Three per Cents. from 1778 to 1793. He committed suicide by hanging himself.

a Siren's **creaturing** etc., the mellow notes of a Siren being less exquisitely soft than your lyric melodies. Arcadia, a rural district of southern Greece, is often used to express the country as idealized by poets.

17. **song sung by Amiens.** The song of Amiens in the Forest of Arden; Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II. vii. 174:

23. **unfortunate in my ending,** referring to his suicide.

24. **swan like ending to a sweet voice.** This is an allusion to the supposition, encouraged by poets, that dying swans utter wildly beautiful melodies. Cf. *Don Juan*, C. iii. 85, "Have swan like, let me sing and die"; Tennyson, *The Dying Swan*; also Shakespeare, *King John*, v. vii. 21, *Othello*, v. 2. 247, *Merchant of Venice*, III. 2. 44, "He makes a swan like end, fading in music." The latter passage was probably in Lamb's mind. The notion is derived from the classical poets; cf. Ovid, *Met.* XIV. 427 ff., Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 1445. "To sing the swan melody" was a proverbial expression in Greek for "to make a last appeal."

25. **Much remains to sing.** Cf. Thomson, *Summer*, 1802, "much yet remains unsung."

27. **to the top of his bent.** Cf. *Hamlet*, III. 2. 30, "They fool me to the top of my bent." To his heart's content, to the full extent of his inclination.

28. **existed in trying the question.** Whose interest in life lay in legal contests.

29. **bought litigations**, purchased the claims of those who were involved in law suits, for the mere pleasure of trying the question at issue.

30. **gravity .... gravitation**, a pun on the two senses of gravity, (1) seriousness, (2) weight, heaviness.

34. **night's wheels**, etc., the wheels of the chariot of night, imagined by poets, which was drawn by coal-black steeds. The expression means "the night is far advanced." Cf. Spencer's *Fairie Queene*, I. v. 20, "Her yron charet...and cole blacke steedes."

35. **solemn mockery**, quoted from Ireland's play, *Vortigern and Rowena*, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er."

Page 12. line 4. **Henry Pimpernel**, etc., *i.e.* imaginary personages, invented for the occasion. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. II. 95.

> "Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid...
> And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernel."

OXFORD IN THE VACATION.

(*London Magazine*, October, 1820.)

Cf. Lamb's Sonnet "I was not trained in Academic bowers," and see Introduction, p. xxi.

Page 12. line 8. **connoisseur**, art critic; Fr. *connaisseur*, O.F. *connoisseur*, from *connoistre*, to know.

with cursory eye, with a rapid glance.

10. **quis sculpsit**, the signature of the engraver; the Latin expression means "Who was the engraver?"

11. a **Vivares or Woollet**. An engraving of Vivares or Woollet. François Vivares was a noted French engraver of the eighteenth century. William Woollet was an English rival of the same period.

17. **college**, brotherhood, guild, company, *i.e.* of the same profession. Cf. Coleridge, *The Devil's Thoughts*:

> "He peeped into a rich bookseller's shop,
> Quoth he, 'We are both of one college.'"

a notched and cropt scrivener. Like a quill pen with its feathers nicked and cut short. Clerks and scriveners dressed in black and wore their hair close cut. Cf. Ford, *Lady's Trial*, IV. 2. "A crop-eared scrivener." 'Notched and cropt' signifies 'having the hair cut very short and unevenly trimmed.' In Lyly's *Midas*, v. 2, the barber Motto has in the list of his debts, "Item, a broken pate owing me by one of the cole-house for notching his beard like a chess-board."

18. **sucks his sustenance ... through a quill.** Gains his livelihood by the use of his pen. Persons who are unable to take solid food are sometimes fed with liquid nourishment by means of a quill tube.

20. **agnise**, admit, acknowledge. An archaic word, employed by Shakespeare in a single passage, *Othello*, I. 3. 232:

"I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity.'

Lamb's fondness for obsolete or archaic words, of Latin derivation, is due to the influence of his favourites, Sir Thomas Browne and Fuller. Other examples in these essays are *arride*, *reluct*, *indivertible*, *sciential*, *recognitory*, *additaments*, *engendure*, *defiliations*, *reduce* (=bring back), *cognition*.

21. **it is my humour**, my whim, my caprice. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, IV. 1. 43.

22. **your man of letters**, the literary man, you know. For this colloquial use of *your* see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 221. Frequent examples of the usage will be found in these essays.

24. **abhorrent from**, repugnant to. The Latinistic construction, 'abhorrent *from*,' is obsolete.

26. **raw**, unmanufactured, not spun.

piece-goods, goods sold by the piece, *i.e.* in certain fixed quantities.

flowered, ornamented with imitations of flowers.

27. **In the first place ...** This trick of disjointed sentences and aposiopesis was a favourite artifice with Sterne. The whole passage is a playful imitation of the style of *Tristram Shandy*; cf. page 42, lines 17 to 19.

Page 13. line 2. **parings of a counting-house, etc.**, the waste scraps of a business office provide the necessary stock in trade for an author. Cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*. III. 1. 102.

3. **enfranchised**, set free from the drudgery of office work.

4. **plodded among the cart-ruts**, toiled through the wearisome labours of an accountant, like a cart-horse along a rutty road.

5. **frisks and curvets**, revels in its freedom like a spirited steed.

13. **Joseph's vest**, the "coat of many colours" (*Genesis*, XXXVI. 3). I am aware of the defects which an acute fault-finder might detect in this situation so full of varied charms.

15. **consolatory interstices, etc.**, holidays.

17. **red-letter days.** In the old calendars holidays or saints' days were marked with red letters.

18. **dead-letter days.** A dead letter is one which has remained unclaimed for a long time. That which has lost its force or authority is called a dead-letter; obsolete, disregarded.

20. A free quotation from Milton, *Par. Reg.* II. 7, "Andrew and Simon, famous after known."

22. **Christ's,** Christ's Hospital.

23. **by the same token,** memento, reminder; because we had holidays on these saints' days. "By the same token" was used for the modern 'that reminds me,' or 'moreover.'

Baskett Prayer Book. An illustrated prayer book published by John Baskett in 1749.

24. **in his uneasy posture.** According to tradition he was crucified head downwards.

Bartlemy, Bartholomew, one of the twelve Apostles.

25. **after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.** In imitation of the famous picture of Marsyas being flayed by Apollo, painted by the Spanish artist, Spagnoletti, in the seventeenth century. Marsyas was a musician who challenged the God of Song to a contest of singing and playing, and his death was the penalty of defeat in his presumptuous rivalry.

27. **defalcation of Iscariot,** the embezzlement of Judas Iscariot, in allusion to *St. John*, XII. 6, "Because he was a thief, and had the bag." His defection deprived the calendar of a holiday.

29. **grudged at,** etc. Murmured at the two saints having only one holy day between them, viz., the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude." The better Jude is Jude, or Judas, the Apostle.

30 **clubbing their sanctities,** combining the holiness of each, as if neither was sufficiently sacred to have a saint's day to himself. Cf. Fuller's complaint of the number of saints in the calendar "jostling one another for room, many holding the same day in a co-partnership of festivity" (*Worthies of England*, ch. III.).

31. **gaudy-day,** festival, an Oxford University man's expression. Gaudy is gay, festive; cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. 13. 183, "Let us have one other gaudy night."

32. **the dispensation,** divine scheme or system; here the English Protestant Church.

36. Quoted from *Paradise Lost*, VI. 768.

Page 14. line 2. **the Epiphany.** A church festival, which commemorates the Epiphany or Manifestation of Jesus Christ to the heathen. It is celebrated on the twelfth day after Christmas, and therefore falls sometimes on one day of the week, sometimes on another, and occasionally on Sunday. In the latter case—this "periodical" misfortune—there would be no holiday.

4. **little better than one of the profane.** In later life I have become as ignorant of Church festivals as an infidel. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 106.

9. **sounded**, consulted; if their opinions had been ascertained. An aposiopesis. The ellipse may be supplied: 'It would have been more becoming.'

wading out of my depths, struggling with problems too deep for my capacity.

11. **No Selden nor Archbishop Usher.** John Selden was a famous lawyer of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. For his *History of Tithes* he was cited before the Ecclesiastical Court of High Commission. James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, was a friend and contemporary of Selden. In several of his numerous works he deals with the relations of Church and State.

14. **Bodley.** The University library is called the Bodleian, after Sir Thomas Bodley of Merton College (1544-1610), its founder.

20. **pat**, conveniently, opportunely, exactly. This sense appears to be derived from the Dutch *pas*, fit, convenient. The usage is frequent in Shakespeare. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. Prologue.

23. **ad eundem**, for *ad eundem gradum* (Latin), admitted without examination to the same degree; a privilege mutually granted by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

fetch up, overtake; *i.e.* "make up for lost time," as we say.

25. **Sizar or a Servitor.** The name given to poor students at Cambridge and Oxford respectively. Sizar is from Old English *size*, rations, daily allowance; a student who had to distribute the daily rations or "commons," as they are now called. Servitor is a Latin word meaning servant. Servitors formerly waited at table.

26. **peacock vein**, proud humour.

Gentleman Commoner. Formerly rich students, by paying higher fees, could be admitted to the high table and dine with the Fellows of the College. They enjoyed also certain other privileges, and were called Gentlemen Commoners.

27. **proceed**, advance to the degree of, a technical usage.

29. **vergers and bed-makers.** Vergers are the attendants in chapels, churches, and cathedrals. Bedmakers at Cambridge are the elderly females that look after the rooms of the residents.

32. **Christ Church reverend quadrangle.** Christ Church chapel is the cathedral church of Oxford.

33. **to pass for**, etc., to be taken for nothing less dignified than a D.D., or Doctor of Divinity. The Italian divine, St. Bonaventura, Bishop of Albano in the thirteenth century, was called "The Seraphic Doctor." With this passage compare Lamb's *Sonnet*, No. XII.

36. **Christ's ... Magdalen.** Christ Church and Magdalen (pronounced Maudlin) College, Oxford.

Page 15. line 2. **devoir**, duty; "pay a devoir" means pay a tribute of reverence to.

3. **that should have been ours**, who ought to have been the founder or benefactress of my college, if fate had not deprived me of a University career.

4. **over-looked beadsman**, neglected dependent on your bounty. Beadsman is a poor inmate of an almshouse required to pray for the soul of its founder. Bead is A.S. *bed* or *gebed*, prayer; thence a perforated ball used for counting prayers was called a bead.

6. **butteries**, rooms where liquor and fresh provisions are kept; the word is a corruption of 'botelerie,' a place for bottles.

redolent of antique hospitality, their immense size smacks of the generous entertainments of olden days.

10. **Not the meanest minister.** There is no kitchen servant here, however humble, that is not dignified in my eyes by Chaucer's poem, and the college cook becomes a steward or purveyor, like the famous Manciple described in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, 567-587.

14. **being nothing, art everything**, having no existence, art all-important in our eyes.

17. **flat, jejune, modern.** Men who lived in the times that we term antiquity, regarded them as uninteresting, barren, and modern, and looked back with fond regret to a remoter past, which they called antiquity. Jejune is Latin *jejunus*, fasting, starved; hence meagre, barren, poor.

18. **retroversion**, looking backward.

19. **half Januses.** What Sir Thomas Browne, *Christian Morals*, § 22, calls "Januses of one face," *i.e.* 'looking to the past only.' The Roman god Janus was represented with two faces, as seeing both past and future at the same time

23. **dark ages.** The period of mediæval barbarism we call the Dark Ages, when art, learning, and civilization were submerged for centuries by the immigration of barbarous tribes.

24. **got him, betook himself, went.** Cf. *Psalm*, CIV. 22 and 23, "The sun ariseth and they get them away together ... Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening."

26. **palpable obscure**, darkness that may be felt; *Paradise Lost*, II. 406.

29. **Oxenford**, a corruption of the old Ouse-na-ford, Ouse being an old name for the Thames.

arride, please, gratify. See note, page 12, line 20.

34. **Bodleians**, libraries ; cf. page 14, line 14.

35. **middle state**, a condition half way between this world and the world to come. Sir T. Browne, *Religio Medici*, calls cemeteries and churches "the dormitories of the dead."

Page 16. line 1. winding sheets. The leaves of these large volumes are compared to the grave-clothes in which a corpse is wound.

2. **dislodge a shade**, drive a ghost from its haunt.

5. **sciential apples**, apples of knowledge, the fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil," which grew in the Garden of Eden (*Genesis*, II. 17, and III. 3-6). Cf. *Paradise Lost*, IX. 836.

7. **variæ lectiones**, Latin for 'various readings,' divergences of word or phrase from the received text of old writers, found in other manuscripts.

more erudite palates, taste of scholars.

9. **Herculanean raker**, antiquarian explorer, like those who have excavated Herculaneum. This ancient Roman city was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79. The first discovery was made in 1711.

The credit of the three witnesses, etc. The genuineness of the manuscript reading about the three witnesses might have continued to be accepted without cavil, as far as I am concerned. Lamb alludes to a verse in the *First Epistle of John*, chap. v., verse 7, "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost ; and these three are one." This text was, of course, an important authority for the doctrine of the Trinity. Porson first exposed its unauthentic character. It is now recognized by all scholars to be a spurious addition, and is altogether omitted in the Revised Version of the New Testament.

11. **Porson and G. D.** Richard Porson, a famous classical scholar and critic, and Professor of Greek at Cambridge at the close of the last century, and *George Dyer*, a scholar and antiquarian, educated at Christ's Hospital and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to whom Lamb was much attached. He published a *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, and *The Privileges of the University of Cambridge*.

13. **rummaged**, hunted, ransacked. To rummage is to search vigorously, or to find by vigorous search, among things stowed away. The earlier form was 'roomage,' from room, space; originally a nautical term meaning to stow away packages in a ship.

14. **Oriel**, Oriel College, Oxford.

16. **new-coat him in russia**, give him a fresh binding of Russia leather.

17. **mustered for a tall Scapula**, passed muster for, been taken for a tall volume of Scapula's *Lexicon*. Johann Scapula, sixteenth century, was a German philologist and lexicographer.

21. **Clifford's Inn**, one of the London Inns of Court, legal societies; now abolished.

a **dove on the asp's nest**, an innocent creature among malignant reptiles. Cf. *Matthew*, x. 16; *Isaiah*, xi. 8.

23. **apparitors, promoters**, process-servers, and promoters of quarrels and lawsuits; "makebates" (quarrel-makers), as they were formerly called.

24. **in calm and sinless peace**, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 425.

30. "strike an abstract idea." We have been unable to find the source of this quotation.

34. **C——**, Cambridge.

Page 17, line 4. **caputs**, councils, ruling bodies; Latin *caput*, a head.

5. **suck the milky fountains**, etc., suck the breasts of their foster-mothers, the Universities, *i.e.* derive their incomes from University endowments. Fuller and Farquhar speak of sucking the breasts of their Alma Mater in the sense of imbibing its learning.

6. **Alma Maters**, foster mothers. Lat. *almus*, means literally 'nourishing,' hence Lamb's metaphor of "the milky breasts.' The motto of Cambridge University is "Alma Mater Cantabrigia," and a student is called an alumnus or foster-child of the University.

12. **unbroken**, untamed, not subdued to the plough. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. 11. 9.

13. **A priori**, Latin, presumptively, from considerations previous to experience. It was *antecedently* improbable that they should meet there.

18. **watchings at the midnight oil**, sitting up late to study by lamp-light.

20. **M.** Basil Montagu, Q.C., or Queen's Counsel, an able barrister, and editor of *Bacon*; well known as a philanthropist.

22. **enters me his name**, the colloquial use of the personal pronoun, common in Elizabethan writers. In such cases the pronoun has become merely enclitic, a particle of emphasis, employed to secure the attention of the hearer in a narrative.

Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, III. 1. 147, and 1 *Henry IV.* II. 4, 233, and see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 220.

26. **his walking destinies**, the fate which guided his wanderings.

29. **a Queen Lar**, a ruling goddess of home. The Lares and Penates were the household gods of the Romans.

30. **A. S.** Anne Skepper, Mrs. Montagu's daughter, afterwards the wife of Bryan Waller Procter, the well-known poet and man of letters, who wrote under the pseudonym of 'Barry Cornwall.'

36. **re-script** here means duplicate signature; properly a rescript is a written answer given by an authority to one who has consulted him, as by the Emperors of Rome formerly, or by the Popes in modern times. The peculiarity of usage is marked by a hyphen.

Page 18, line 1. **like another Sosia**, an allusion to the 'comedy of errors' which arises in Plautus's *Amphitryon*, in which Mercury assumes the form of Sosia, the slave of Amphitryon, and Jupiter that of Amphitryon. The idea and title of the play were borrowed by Molière, 1668, and Dryden, 1690.

6. **to be absent from the body**, etc., his absent-mindedness is often the result of absorption in religious meditation. Cf. 2 *Corinthians*, v. 6 and 8.

7. **not to speak it profanely**, *Hamlet*, III. 2. 31.

10. **starts like a thing surprised.** A combination of *Hamlet*, I. 1. 148, "Started, like a guilty thing," and of Wordsworth, *Intimations*, 147, "Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

11. **on Mount Tabor**, a mountain a few miles to the east of Nazareth. It was erroneously supposed to have been the scene of the transfiguration of Christ. See *Matt.* XVII. 1, 2.

Parnassus, a mountain of Phocis in Greece, sacred to the Muses and to Apollo, god of poetry. Cf. Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, 78. **He is absorbed in Greek poetry.**

co-sphered with Plato, deep in the sublime philosophical speculations of Plato. Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 88, etc:

> "Where I may ... unsphere
> The spirit of Plato to unfold
> What worlds or what vast regions hold
> The immortal mind that hath forsook
> Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

12. **with Harrington.** James Harrington (1611-1677), political writer and philosopher, author of the political romance, *Oceana*, an imaginary republic.

12. "**immortal commonwealths.**" Toland, in his *Life of Harrington*, remarks that the author was firmly persuaded that his commonwealth must prove immortal. Milton, in his *Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, writes, "But a commonwealth is held immortal," etc. The expression occurs in Harrington's *Oceana*, Part II.

19. "**pure Emanuel.**" Quoted from Corbet's *The Distracted Puritan*:

> "In the house of pure Emmanuel
> I had my education."

Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was a stronghold of Puritanism.

23. **pleasant**, humorous, amusing.

24. **staring out at his ragged knees**, manifested by the holes in his ragged trousers.

25. **against the modesty of his nature**, in spite of his natural diffidence.

27. **evensong**, evening service, evening prayers.

32. **Give me Agur's wish.** *Proverbs*, xxx. 8, "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me."

36. **quarter's demand**, his claim for that quarter's salary. In England salaries are generally paid in four instalments on the Quarter-days, viz., Lady-day, March 25; Midsummer day, June 24; Michaelmas day, September 29; and Christmas day, December 25.

Page 19, line 1. **under-working**, working for less than the market rates; what is now called "being *sweated*."

6. **have not the heart**, etc., are not spirited enough to insist upon the best price for their labours.

10. **popular mark**, characteristics of popular poetry; literally, the popular target, at which to aim.

12. **crotchets**, whims, oddities; properly a term in music, a figure signifying a musical note sounded for a certain time. French *crochet*, a small hook; *croc*, a grapple or hook, which is the same word as English 'crook.'

voluntaries, impromptus, extemporary compositions. The term is applied properly to the musical preludes or interludes of an organist during the church service, which are often of an extemporary character.

16. **pilgrimage**, his earthly pilgrimage, his life. Cf. *Genesis*, xlvii. 9, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage"; *Hebrews*, xi. 13, "Strangers and pilgrims on the earth"; *Psalm*, xxxix. 12.

muse of kindness, kindly offerings of verse.

17. **halt a little behind**, lag behind, are less vigorous than.

17. **the strong lines, etc.** The "Byronic fever" was then at its height. Cf. Walton, *Compleat Angler*, ch. IV., "They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age." But Lamb may use "strong lines" to mean blank verse as opposed to rhymed verse, a technical use of 'strong' which was formerly common. This is probably the sense in which Walton employs the word in the passage quoted above. Cf. the Epilogue to Heywood's *Royal King and Loyal Subjects*:

> "We know (and not long since) there was a time
> Strong lines were not look'd after, but, if rime,
> O then 'twas excellent."

25. **The Cam and the Isis.** The rivers of Cambridge and of Oxford.

"**better than all the waters of Damascus,**" 2 *Kings*, v. 12, slightly altered.

26. **the Muses' hill,** Parnassus; here "the seats of learning," the Universities.

27. **the Delectable Mountains.** Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, "These mountains are Immanuel's land, and they are within sight of his city" (*i.e.* Heaven). The Shepherds were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere.

30. **the Interpreter** (*Pilgrim's Progress*), who showed Christian the man in the iron cage and other spiritual allegories.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO.

(*London Magazine*, November, 1820.)

Page 20, line 2. **eulogy on my old school.** Recollections of Christ's Hospital originally appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1813, and was republished in a collected edition of Lamb's Works, which appeared in 1818.

5. **nearly corresponding with his.** Coleridge, though two years senior to Lamb, was his contemporary and friend at Christ's Hospital.

10. **L.,** Lamb. Lamb assumes the personality of Coleridge, and affects to describe Coleridge's experiences, while he really gives us chiefly his own. From page 33 onwards he drops the pretence.

16. **The present worthy sub-treasurer,** Randal Norris, a constant friend of the Lambs, father and son (see page 133, line 14).

18. **battening**, growing fat: said ironically. Cf. p. 2, l. 20.

19. **crug**, a slang word for food, applied by Christ's Hospital boys only to bread.

attenuated small beer, weak beer, adulterated with water.

20. **piggins**, also spelt *peggings*, a small wooden vessel bound with hoops like a pail. The word is Celtic, Gaelic *pigean*, Irish *pigin*, Welsh *picyn*, a small pail.

smacking of the pitched leathern jack, tasting of the leathern jug coated with pitch. This sense of jack comes from the resemblance of the jug or pitcher to a jack boot. It was also called a black jack.

26. **banyan days**, days when we had no meat, vegetarian days. The term is in use among sailors, and is derived from the Banians, the Anglo-Indian name for the Banyas, Hindu traders whose caste rules enjoined abstinence from the use of meat.

27. **endeared**, reconciled, made agreeable.

double-refined, best loaf sugar.

28. **to make it go down the more glibly**, to enable it to be swallowed more easily.

29. **half-pickled Sundays**, Sundays when we had the beef partially salted, or pickled in brine.

30. **strong as caro equina**, coarse in taste as horse-flesh.

Page 21, line 1. **scrags**, bony pieces of meat.

2. **grudging**, scanty, meagre.

3. **rotten-roasted or rare**, over-roasted, so that the meat was tumbling to pieces, as if rotten, or else underdone, half-raw. Rare, also spelt *rear*, is obsolete or provincial; Anglo-Saxon *hrēr*, half cooked, probably allied to raw; Latin *crudus* and Sanscrit *krūra*, sore, cruel, hard.

6. **griskin**, the back of a hog, an obsolete word; provincial *grise* or *grice*, a hog; Icelandic *griss*, Greek χοῖρος, Sanscrit *grish-vis*, a boar.

exotics, foreign, strange delicacies. The word is commonly used of foreign plants or shrubs.

7. **the paternal kitchen**, etc., his father's kitchen, where the meat would be well cooked—an important matter.

8. **the good old relative**, Lamb's Aunt Hetty, to whom he was much attached. See his lines *Written on the Day of my Aunt's Funeral*, where he speaks of her kindness to him in his childish days, and of the "schoolboy's scanty fare."

9. **Love forbade pride**. Cf. Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, II. 2. 3.

11. of higher regale, *i.e.* of better regalement, refreshment; more appetizing.

cates, delicacies, dainties.

which the ravens ministered, etc., with which the ravens fed the prophet Elijah (1 *Kings*, XVII. 4 and 6). Cf. *Paradise Regained*, II. 266-270.

17. **stony fences**, obdurate, perverse obstacles. Daniel has "Pity, breaking all those bands of shame" (*The Queen's Arcadia*, II. 1).

22. **forced notice**, constrained civility, shown reluctantly or perfunctorily.

23. **had the grace**, were conscientious enough.

30. **unfledged years**, period of callow youth; immature, boyish days. The metaphor is taken from young birds not yet able to fly.

33. **sweet Calne in Wiltshire**, a gratuitous mystification, such as Lamb delights in, for Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, the home of young Coleridge.

Page 22, line 2. **whole-day leaves**, whole holidays.

4. **upon our own hands**, left entirely to our own resources.

6. **the New River**, an artificial channel conveying water to London from a spring near Amwell, in Hertfordshire.

10. **wanton**, play, sport.

22. **print shops**, shops at which engravings are displayed and sold.

27. **the Lions in the Tower**. Near the western gate of the Tower of London there was formerly a menagerie; it was removed to the Zoological Gardens in 1831.

levée, reception, especially the reception given by a sovereign: appropriately used of the 'king of beasts.' The word is French.

by courtesy immemorial, by a civility of very old standing. It had been customary for a period longer than any one could remember to allow admission, as a favour, to Christ's Hospital boys, owing to the royal foundation of the school.

29. **L.'s governor**, Samuel Salt, the Bencher, described p. 126 in *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*. He had used his interest to procure a presentation to Christ's Hospital for Charles Lamb. Lamb was actually presented by a Mr. Timothy Yeats.

presented us to the foundation, made us scholars of the Institution. The boys at this school are educated almost free of expense to their parents.

30. **in a manner**, in a certain sense. In fact it was his father, John Lamb, and his family, who lived under the roof of Samuel Salt, not *vice versâ*. John Lamb was confidential clerk, and his wife housekeeper to Salt.

34. **monitors**, elder boys entrusted with certain powers for the preservation of order. In some schools they are called prepostors or prefects.

Page 23, line 14. H., Hodges.

15. **hulks**, old battered ships, used as convict prisons. Properly the word denotes a merchantman, Greek ὁλκάς (holcas).

17. **Nevis ... or St. Kitts**, adjoining islands of the British West Indies. St. Kitts is an abbreviation of St. Christopher's.

18. **Tobin**, one of a family of West Indian planters, who had an estate in the island of Nevis; probably James Tobin, the lawyer.

24. **flame**, sweetheart.

25. **leads**, flat portion of the roof covered with sheets of lead.

27. **better than**, a common colloquialism for 'more than.'

28. **but he must cry roast meat**, without proclaiming his good fortune; cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Monsieur Thomas*, III. 1, "not content to fare well, But you must cry out roast meat."

Caligula's minion, the Emperor Caligula's favourite; a horse which he made high priest and consul, pampering it with wine served in golden goblets, and housing it in marble stables adorned with precious stones.

30. **waxing fat and kicking**, becoming pampered and insolent. τίκτει τοι κόρος ὕβριν, 'satiety engenders insolence,' says Theognis. The allusion here is to *Deuteronomy*, XXXII. 15, "But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked."

33. **blew such a ram's horn blast**, brayed so loudly that he destroyed the security of his refuge, as the blast of Joshua's horns caused the walls of Jericho to fall; cf. *Joshua*, VI. 5.

35. **client**, protegé, dependant, *i.e.* the ass.

36. **certain attentions**, civilities, used ironically for 'blows.'

Smithfield, the London cattle-market.

Page 24, line 2. **L.'s admired Perry**. Perry was steward of Christ's Hospital. A sketch of his character is given in Lamb's *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*.

3. **facile**, good natured, easy-going.

10. **paintings "by Verrio and others."** In the *Recollections*, Lamb speaks of the "stately dining-hall, hung round with

pictures by Verrio, Lely, and others." Antonio Verrio was a sixteenth century Italian artist. A large picture of his, in the hall of Christ's Hospital, represents James II. receiving the mathematical pupils of the school.

12. **blue-coat**, the boys of the school are so called from the dark blue gowns which they all wear. Blue was formerly the colour of the dress of servants.

15. **harpies**, ravenous monsters, like the harpies of classical mythology. Cf. page 137, line 3.

with the Trojan, like Æneas, as he contemplated the sculptures illustrating the Trojan war.

17. A translation of Vergil's "Animum pictura pascit inani" (*Æn.* I. 464).

23. **goule**, ghoul, a demon that preyed on dead bodies; a Persian word, Persian *ghōl*, Arabic *ghūl*.

25. A free alteration of: "It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh, Which some did die to look on" (Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. 4. 6).

31. **settle**, properly a bench with a high back; here a box, the lid of which formed the seat.

Page 25, line 2. **check**, chequered, also variegated.

3. **the accursed thing**, the stolen and concealed thing; there is here an allusion to Achan, who, when Jericho and all that it contained were accursed and devoted to destruction, secreted a portion of the spoil in his tent (*Joshua*, VII. 13, etc.).

8. **excommunicated**, cut off from communion (properly, with the church). Here it is equivalent to what schoolboys call "being sent to Coventry," and Irish agitators "boycotted."

pale, bounds, limits (of intercourse).

10. **negative punishment**, indirect punishment, which consists in the *absence* of friendly intercourse.

16. **let out to various scales of pauperism**, rented by tenants of various degrees of habitual poverty.

18. **four flights**, four sets of stairs, *i.e.* to the fourth landing, story, or floor.

19. **wicket**, a small door.

20. **suspicion**, etc. Wordsworth, *Peter Bell*, Part I., st. 47, has, "suspicion ripened into dread."

23. **the then steward**, who was steward at that time. This convenient usage, by which an adverb can be converted temporarily into an adjective, is commoner in Greek than in English. Compare the expression, "My quondam friend."

31. **this young stork.** The attachment of the young stork to the parent birds is proverbial. Cf. Drayton, *Noah's Flood*:

> "The careful stork . . . .
> That his parents naturally doth feed,
> In filial duty as instructing men."

34. **present relief,** immediate succour, *i.e.* a sum of money.

Page 26, line 4. **with a cast in his eye,** having a slight squint.

6. **did not do quite so well by himself,** was less successful in his exertions on his own behalf than he had been on behalf of his parents. In modern English we should use 'for,' not 'by,' in this sense.

9. **hypochondriac,** subject to morbid melancholy.

12. **initiation,** introduction into a new society.

barely turned of seven, scarcely advanced beyond seven, only just seven years old.

17. **Bedlam cells,** cells like those of a lunatic asylum. 'Bedlam' is a corruption of Bethlehem, the London hospital for the insane, originally the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, established under Henry VIII., 1547.

27. **of nights,** during the nights, in the night time; so often in Shakespeare: "There sleeps Titania sometime *of* the night" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 1. 253). See Abbott, § 176.

34. **a sprout of Howard's brain,** an invention of Howard.

35. **saving the reverence due to Holy Paul,** were it not for the reverence due to the sacred building of St. Paul's Cathedral. John Howard, the famous prison-philanthropist, has a statue in St. Paul's.

Page 27, line 5. **auto da fé,** execution of the Spanish Inquisition, at which heretics were burned alive. The correct form is "auto de fé," both in Spanish and Portuguese, meaning "act of faith." The victim on these occasions was arrayed in a hideous yellow garment, with figures of devils painted on it, called a "san benito."

7. "watchet-weeds," blue garments. Quoted either from Drayton, *Polyolbion*, v. 13. "She in a watchet weed, with many a curious wave"; or from Collins, *The Manners*:

> "Or him whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore
> In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,"

where the poet refers to Le Sage, author of *Gil Blas*.

10. **divestiture,** stripping of his ordinary clothes.

12. **some of those disfigurements in Dante.** Dante, *Inferno*, C. XXVIII., XXIX., XXX. In these cantos several notorious evil-doers are presented, their bodies horribly mutilated: one ripped

up from head to foot, another carrying his dissevered head in his hand, and so forth.

14. **L.'s favourite state-room.** See note page 24, line 10.

21. **by choice or charter**, either voluntarily, or because the provisions of the charter required their presence.

22. **Ultima Supplicia**, extreme punishments; Latin. Its proper meaning is capital punishment.

27. **mysteries**, awful ceremony, the flogging.

28. **lictor**, the officer that attended a Roman high official; here the beadle.

34. **San Benito.** See note above, line 5.

35. **runagates**, fugitives, runaways; the original sense of the word was 'apostate,' or 'villain,' and it is a corruption of Old French *renegat*, the same word as our 'renegade.' It was confused with English 'run,' Middle English 'rennen,' and 'gate,' a way; hence comes the sense 'runaway.' Both runagate and renegade are from Low Latin *renegatus*, one that denies the faith.

Page 28, line 15. **accidence**, an elementary Latin grammar, book of inflections.

16. **for form**, for the sake of appearances.

17. **verbs deponent**, verbs having the passive inflection, but an active meaning.

20. **a brush**, a mild cuff or blow.

24. "**like a dancer.**" *i.e.* for ornament, not for use. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. 11. 36:

> "Yes, my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
> His sword e'en like a dancer."

26. **easy**, good-natured, easy-going; *cf. Henry VIII.* III. 2, "Good easy man."

33. **beholden**, indebted.

34. "**insolent Greece or haughty Rome.**" Ben Jonson, *Discoveries*, "He who hath performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome." Again, in his famous *Elegy on Shakespeare*, he has:

> "Or when thy socks were on,
> Leave thee alone for the comparison
> Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

35. **Peter Wilkins.** *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, a romance which appeared in 1750, written by one Robert Paltock. The hero is shipwrecked upon an island of flying men and women. The style, and, in part, the plan, are imitated from Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.

35. **The Adventures of the Hon. Captain Robert Boyle**, by W. R. Chetwode, 1828.

36. **the Fortunate Blue-coat Boy**, published 1788.

Page 29, line 1. a turn, an aptitude, talent.

3. **cat-cradles**, a variety of figures made by interlacing a circle of string by means of the fingers. The string is passed round each hand between the fingers and the thumb, and the hands are held with the palms turned towards each other, and are slightly curved; hence the term "parentheses," from the resemblance of the hands in this position to marks of parenthesis. 'Cat-cradle' is a corruption of 'scratch-cradle,' in which 'scratch' is French *créche*, a manger; the word is therefore originally 'a manger-cradle,' in allusion to the infant Christ. The making of these cats' cradles is a common amusement with young children.

5. "**French and English**," the old name for what is now called the tug-of-war.

7. **mixing the useful with the agreeable**, a rendering of part of a well-known line of Horace, *Art of Poetry*, 343:

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,"

'All votes he gains who can unite profit with pleasure,' *i.e.* instruct as well as amuse.

8. Thoroughly delighted Rousseau and Locke. Both wrote treatises on education, and were in favour of giving a more practical turn to the training of children. "Teach nothing by verbal lesson; all instruction should be left to experience" are maxims of Rousseau in his *Emile*.

10. **divines**, here simply 'clergymen.'

15. **episcopal levée**, social reception of a bishop.

20. **fables of Phædrus**. Phædrus, a freedman of the Emperor Augustus, translated the fables of Æsop into Latin iambic verse. As they are written in simple, pure, and elegant Latin, the fables are commonly used as a first Latin book.

26. **Helots to his young Spartans**, terrible examples of moral depravity to warn his severely trained pupils. Lamb alludes to the custom of introducing drunken Helots (the slave class of Laconia) as objects of derision at the public repasts, in order to inspire the young Spartans with a contempt for drunkenness.

29. **Sardonic**, sarcastic, sneering. Latin *sardonicus*, Greek *σαρδόνιος*, probably from *σαρδόνιον*, a Sardinian plant, which was said to contort the face of the eater.

31. **battering their brains**, puzzling their heads with difficulties.

32. **the Samite**, the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, who did not allow his pupils to speak till they had listened to his lectures for five years. He was a native of Samos.

33. **our little Goshen**, refuge, harbour of safety. Goshen was the district allotted to the Israelites for their residence in Egypt. While Pharaoh and his people suffered from the plagues of Egypt, Goshen remained untroubled. Cf. *Exodus*, VIII. 22, IX. 23-26, XI. 8.

36. **thunders**, angry outbursts.

Page 30, line 1. **Gideon's miracle**, in which a fleece exposed on the ground was drenched with dew, while the surrounding earth remained dry (*Judges*, VI. 37, 38). Lamb appears to have forgotten that 'Gideon's miracle' embraced also the opposite case of a dry fleece lying on ground drenched with dew, verses 39 and 40. Cf. Cowley, *The Complaint*, stanza IV.

8. **Elysian exemptions**, heavenly privileges, delightful freedom from all care and evil. Elysium was the dwelling-place of pure souls in the Greek Hades.

9. "**playing holiday.**" 1 *Henry IV.* I. 2. 228:

> "If all the world were playing holidays,
> To sport would be as tedious as to work."

13. **Ululantes**, the shrieking (the damned); here "the victims of the rod." Cf. Vergil, *Æn.* VI. 557.

Tartarus, the Greek Hell, place of torture for accursed spirits.

rabid, extravagant, fanatical.

15. **Easter anthems**, hymns in verse which he composed for Easter.

16. **flights**, poetic soarings.

grating as scrannel pipes, harsh as squeaking pipes. Scrannel means poor, lean, thin. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 124:

> "And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw."

17. **Flaccus's quibble about Rex.** Horace's play on the word Rex (king). The poet's full name was Quintus Horatius Flaccus. In his *Satires*, Book I. VII. 33, he puns upon the word Rex, used as a surname, like our King:

> "Per magnos, Brute, deos te
> Oro, qui reges consueris tollere, cur non
> Hunc Regem jugulas?"

> "Zounds! Cromwell, trained to patriotic things,
> Why don't you cut this blatant throat of *Kings*?"

18. **tristis severitas in vultu.** Terence, *Andria*, v. 2. 16, "There's *puritanic gravity in his face*, conviction in his words," says the roguish slave Davus, describing the bringer of important information, which he hoped would be believed and extricate him from a scrape.

18. inspicere in patinas. Terence, *Adelphi*, III. 3. 74:

"Postremo, tanquam in speculum, in patinas Demea
Inspicere jubeo, et moneo, quid facto usus sit."

The worthy old bore, Demea, has been describing his customary admonitions to his son: "I bid him gaze into the lives of men, as in a looking-glass" (that he might note what to imitate, what to avoid). The impudent slave Syrus parodies Demea's admonitions in his instructions to his subordinates in the kitchen. "Lastly, I bid them *gaze into the stewpans*, as in a looking-glass, and school them in their duty."

20. vis, a Latin word, force, power. The metaphor implied by "broaching" is 'strength,' 'intoxicating power of liquor.'

move a Roman muscle, make his face relax into a smile.

24. caxon, a rough kind of wig, the hair of which was not smoothed and combed.

26. No comet expounded surer, no comet was a more certain omen of coming misfortune. Comets were thought to portend disaster. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. 2. 30; *Paradise Lost*, II. 708-711.

29. the antipodes, the exact opposite of his colleague.

30. digging his brains, etc., ransacking his wits in order to compose unpolished anthems of no literary value. "Pig-nut," or pea-nut, is here used for something of trifling value. Cf. *The Tempest*, II. 2. 154.

31. more flowery walks of the Muses, pleasanter forms of literary composition.

34. David Garrick, the famous actor and theatrical manager.

36. too classical for representation, so classical in form and spirit that it was unsuited to the modern stage. As dramas are usually intended to be *acted*, and not merely read, this was a double-edged compliment.

Page 31, line 2. **the maternal milk**, etc., hardly yet weaned from his mother's breast. Cf. Rowe, *Ulysses*, IV. 1, "The nurse's milk yet moist upon his lip."

3. set your wits at me, argue with me. Cf. "Who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. 1. 123).

6. Od's my life, an oath; lit. 'As God is my life.'

11. piecing out, etc., completing the sense of his unfinished sentence.

12. some Devil's Litany, some devilish form of prayer. A litany is a form of supplication, in which the petition read by the clergyman is completed by the response of the congregation, *e.g.* "From envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; to which the congregation respond, "Good Lord, deliver us."

12. **expletory**, expletive, filling up the sense.

14. **rabidus furor**, raging frenzy: a reminiscence of Catullus, 63. 38, "Abit in quiete molli rabidus furor animi" ('Sinks in soft repose the raging frenzy of the soul'); or, perhaps, of Vergil, *Æneid*, VI. 102, "Ut primum cessit furor, et rabida ora quiêrunt" ('Soon as her frenzy ceased and her frantic accents died away').

16. **the Debates**, the reports in the newspapers of Parliamentary debates.

27. **forewarned**, declared to be against rules.

35. "**Country Spectator**," a periodical started by Bishop Middleton; see below, page 32, line 26.

doubts not, does not hesitate.

Page 32, line 4. **cherub**, child-angel. Cherubs are commonly depicted by artists as beautiful child-faces, with wings, but without bodies.

no bottoms to reproach, etc., to remind him in Heaven of his earthly weakness for flogging.

6. **sound**, genuine, thorough.

7. **Grecian**. The highest class at this school consists of older boys, many of whom afterwards go up to Oxford and Cambridge; these are called "Grecians," *i.e.* Greek scholars.

9. **Dr. T——e**, Dr. Trollope, who succeeded Boyer as Upper Master.

11. **anti-socialities**, unsociable relations.

13. **subappearance**, closely following, successive appearance.

18. **fasces**, rod of office, *i.e.* the birch-rod. To lay down the fasces is therefore "to retire from the scholastic profession." The fasces, a bundle of rods with an axe in the centre, were carried by lictors before Roman magistrates, as a symbol of authority.

20. **Cicero De Amicitiâ**, Cicero's philosophical treatise "On Friendship."

22. **burning to anticipate**, eager to realize in boyhood.

23. **Th.**, Thornton (afterwards Sir E. Thornton, envoy and plenipotentiary to the Courts of Portugal and the Brazils). Observe the intentional mystification, "at the northern courts."

25. **saturnine**, gloomy, or phlegmatic; the word is one of many remnants in English of the former belief in astrology. Persons born under the influence of the planet Saturn were supposed to have this character.

26. He was consecrated in 1814, and died in 1822.

30. **against Sharpe**, combating the views of Sharpe. Granville Sharpe, the real author of the Anti-Slavery Movement, wrote a treatise entitled *Remarks on the Uses of the Definite Article in the Greek Testament.*

bear his mitre high, use his episcopal authority with a high hand.

31. **regni novitas**, a quotation from Vergil, *Æneid*, I. 563, translated by Conington:

> "*An infant realm* and fortune hard
> Compel me thus my shores to guard."

A *newly established authority* must be rigorous.

33. **Jewel or Hooker.** John Jewell, 1522-1571, Bishop of Salisbury, wrote *An Apology for the Church of England.* He was a learned, pious, and modest divine. Richard Hooker, 1544-1594, was the author of *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, a masterpiece of English prose.

34. **diocesans**, clergy or people of a diocese.

36. **watered**, nourished in the faith; an allusion to 1 *Corinthians*, III. 6, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

Page 33, line 4. **S——**, Scott, who died in Bedlam.

M——, Maunde, expelled from the school.

6. Adapted from Prior's *Carmen Sæculare for* 1700, stanza VII:

> "Janus, mighty deity,
> Be kind, and as thy searching eye
> Does our modern story trace,
> Finding some of Stuart's race
> Unhappy, pass their annals by."

Christ's Hospital was established by Edward VI., 1553. By "Edward's race" Lamb means Christ's Hospital boys.

8. **dayspring of thy fancies**, dawn of youthful imagination.

9. **hope like a fiery column**, etc. See *Exodus*, XIII. 21, 22. Before the "pillar of cloud," melancholy and disappointment, oppressed you.

14. **Mirandula**, the Italian "Admirable Crichton." Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, 1463-1494, was a young Italian nobleman, precocious in talent, learning, and memory. He enjoyed the friendship of Lorenzo de Medici, and of Politian, the famous scholar.

16. **Jamblichus or Plotinus.** Jamblichus was a Neo-Platonic philosopher of the fourth century, A.D., a follower of Plotinus. He wrote a life of Pythagoras, an exhortation to philosophy, and a treatise against Porphyry's letter on the mysteries of the

Egyptians. He was a great favourite of the Roman Emperor, Julian, and died in the same year as the latter. Plotinus, a Greek philosopher, was the founder of the Neo-Platonic school, 203-270 A.D. He settled at Rome, A.D. 244. His system was mystical, a combination of Platonism with Oriental notions.

17. **waxedst not pale**, etc. Horace, *Epp.* I. 3. 9:

"Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus."

'Who palèd not at draughts of Pindar's spring.'

19. **Grey Friars.** The school was established on the site of the Grey Friars' Monastery.

20. "**wit-combats.**" This, and the quotation which follows, are adapted from a passage in Thomas Fuller's *Worthies of England*, in which he describes contests of wit between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

21. **C. V. Le G——**, Charles Valentine Le Grice was a very good friend to Lamb in after life, especially at the time of his mother's death. He became a clergyman, and held a living in Cornwall, his native county.

22. **galleon**, a huge vessel with three or four decks, and elevated stem and stern.

25. **with**, like.

26. **tack about**, shift his course.

32. **cognition**, perception.

33. **more material**, less abstract, less intellectual.

35. **Nireus formosus**, the handsome boy, the 'Adonis.' In Homer's *Iliad*, II. 673, Nireus, King of Samos, is "most beautiful of all the warrior Greeks at Ilium, save Achilles only."

36. **waggery**, facetiousness.

Page 34, line 4. "**bl——**," blast, used as an imprecation.

7. **junior Le G.**, Samuel Le Grice, younger brother of Charles. He went into the army, and died in the West Indies.

F——, Captain Samuel Favell, killed at the battle of Salamanca, 1812. In another essay, *Poor Relations*, Lamb says he was killed at San Sebastian.

10. **Sizars.** See note, *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 14, line 25.

11. **exchanged their Alma Mater**, etc., left the university for active service in the army.

15. **height**, stateliness, magnanimity.

16. **Fr——**, Franklin, Master of Hertford College, Oxford

17. **T——**, Thompson.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN.

(*London Magazine*, December, 1820.)

Page 34, line 24. **All the dwellers**, etc. *Acts*, II. 9.

30. "**He shall serve his brethren.**" *Genesis*, IX. 25, "A servant of servants, shall he be unto his brethren."

Page 35, line 4. **Alcibiades**, etc., the brilliant but profligate Athenian statesman and commander, B.C. 450-404.

Sir John Falstaff, the fat, witty, dissolute old knight in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *King Henry IV.*

Sir Richard Steele, the famous essayist, and editor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, died 1729. He was fond of the bottle, and perpetually in debt.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the brilliant wit, parliamentary orator, and dramatist. In his private life he was improvident and intemperate, and was deeply involved in debt. He died in 1816. **6. even**, calm, self-possessed.

7. **gills**, properly the breathing apparatus of fishes; here used for the flesh under or about the chin.

8. **no more thought than lilies**, an allusion to *Matthew*, VI. 28.

10. **no better than dross**, mere "filthy lucre" (*i.e.* vile, sordid money), an allusion to *Philippians*, III. 8.

pedantic distinctions. Mere schoolmaster's distinctions of 'mine' and 'yours'; *i.e.* what a noble disregard for the principle of private property.

12. **beyond Tooke**, carrying the simplification further even than Tooke did. John Horne Tooke, in his *Diversions of Purley*, 1786 and 1805, proved that all words were originally borrowed from the objects of external perception.

13. **one clear**, etc., *i.e.* "mine."

15. **primitive community**, the early Christians' community of goods, see *Acts*, II. 44. The borrower, however, only recognizes that his neighbours' property is his, and does not apply the converse of the proposition.

17. "**calleth all the world up to be taxed**," *Luke*, II. 1.

18. **one of us**, a lender, like you and me.

19. **Augustan Majesty**, Augustus Cæsar.

20. **obolary**, assessed to pay an obolus, *i.e.* poor. The obolus was a small silver coin among the Greeks, of the value of about 1½d.

it, to the Augustan Majesty.

tribute-pittance, a petty contribution to the Roman Treasury.

22. **sour parochial or state-gatherers**, surly parish or government tax-collectors.

23. **ink-horn varlets**, etc., official menials or underlings. Inkhorn is an obsolete form of ink-bottle. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry VI.* III. 1. 99, has, "disgraced by an inkhorn mate," *i.e.* by a book-worm. Their morose expression shows that they know themselves to be unwelcome.

25. **set**, fixed, definite.

26. **Candlemas**, etc. Candlemas Day, February 2nd, is the feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, and, in Scotland, is one of the four quarter days, or term days. In the Roman Catholic Church the priests at this festival bless the candles, which are afterwards carried in procession; in allusion to the words of St. Simeon, Luke II. 32, "A light to lighten the Gentiles." The custom is supposed to be originally derived from the Roman worship of Februus (whence February), to whom candles were offered. For the reflection, compare Browne, *Christian Morals*, § VI., "The Almighty rewarder who observes no Ides, but every day for his payment." Michaelmas Day, September 29, is an English quarter day.

27. "**lene tormentum**," gentle spur, mild stimulus, quoted from Horace, *Odes*, III. 21. 13, where it is applied to the warming, enlivening influence of wine.

29. **for which sun and wind contended**, an allusion to Æsop's fable of *The Sun and the Wind*, who endeavoured to make a traveller doff his cloak. The violent gusts of the north wind failed, but the gentle warmth of the sun succeeded.

30. **the true Propontic which never ebbeth**. The Propontic sea, or Propontis, was the classical name for what is now the Sea of Marmora. This sea is not subject to tides, but a current runs through it from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. Cf. Shakespeare, *Othello*, III. 3. 453.

> "Like to the Pontic sea, ...
> To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

31. **delighteth to honour**. Cf. *Esther*, VI. 6.

35. **with**, together with, besides.

36. **the reversion promised**. Cf. *Matthew*, VI. 19, and *Proverbs*, XIX. 17, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

Page 36, line 1. **Lazarus and Dives**, the beggar and the rich man (*Luke*, XVI. 19-31). Do not lose your happiness both on earth and in the life to come.

4. **Strain not courtesies**. To "strain courtesy" is to "insist on the precedence of others," to "decline to go first," hence it

means here, "to hang back," "to be reluctant." Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. 4. 55, "My business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy" (*i.e.* remain behind).

6. **Ralph Bigod, Esq.** John Fenwick, editor of the *Albion*, of whom further mention is made in *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers* and in *Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*.

9. **mighty ancestors of that name.** The Bigods, Earls of Norfolk from the reign of Stephen to that of Edward I.

18. **furnished by the very act of disfurnishment**, supplied, equipped (for borrowing), by the very act of depriving himself of his means.

19. **cumbersome luggage**, embarrassing impediment; cf. Horace's "Divitias operosiores" ('Wealth more cumbersome') (*Odes*, III. 1. 48), and Milton's "Riches ... The Wise Man's cumbrance" (*Par. Reg.* II. 453).

21. *Paradise Regained*, II. 455.

24. "**borrowing and to borrow**," like "conquering and to conquer" (*Revelation*, VI. 2).

25. **periegesis**, tour, circuit, a Greek word. Ben Jonson calls Drayton's *Polyolbion* his "admired periegesis or universal circumduction."

26. **laid a tythe part ... under contribution.** Made one-tenth of the whole people lend him money.

35. **feeders of his exchequer**, replenishers of his purse.

Page 37, line 3. **with**, like Comus, sharing his sentiments.

4. "**stocked with so fair a herd**," Milton, *Comus*, 151:

> "I shall ere long
> Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
> About my mother Circe."

7. "**money kept longer**," etc., like corpses. Cf. *John*, XI. 39.

10. **toss-pot, toper, boon companion.**

15. **which ... paid no interest**, punning on the two senses of bank (1) a mound of earth, (2) a banking house.

17. **as Hagar's offspring**, like Ishmael, cast out with Hagar his mother, at the bidding of Sarah, by Abraham (*Genesis*, XXI. 9 15).

18. **sweet, fresh, good**; used in this sense generally of food.

19. **fisc, treasury, exchequer, purse**; Lat. *fiscus*, originally 'a basket,' then 'money-basket, purse, state treasury, public revenue,' and, in imperial times, the 'Emperor's privy purse.'

23. **undeniable way**, a manner of asking, which made it impossible to refuse him.

24. **touched with grey (cana fides)**, just streaked with a few grey hairs (hoary pledge of truth). Quoted from Vergil, *Æneid*, I. 292, where Faith or Truth is personified: "Cana Fides et Vesta ... jura dabunt."

27. **put it to**, ask, put the question to.

untheorising, practical.

31. **petitionary rogue**, cringing mendicant.

your. See note, page 12, line 22.

32. **mumping visnomy**, woe-begone face. 'To mump' is originally 'to mumble,' then 'to cheat, deceive, play the beggar.' 'Visnomy' was a colloquial contraction of 'physiognomy' commonly used by Elizabethan writers.

36. **ideal**, full of theories and ideas.

Page 38, line 1. **great at the midnight hour**, entertaining at late carouses.

3. **idle ducats**, worthless coins. A ducat, Italian *ducato*, was originally a coin struck in the dominions of a duke. The gold ducat was worth about nine shillings, the silver half that amount.

5. **cased in leather covers**, *i.e.* books.

7. **alienators**, confiscators, euphemistic for 'thieves.'

10. **Comberbatch**, Coleridge. Silas Titus Comberback was the name adopted by Coleridge when he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons in 1793. He assumed the name with playful reference to his bad riding, *i.e.* 'cumber-back.'

odd, detached, having its companion volumes missing.

13. **eye-tooth**, also called *canine* or *dog-tooth*, one of the teeth in the upper jaw.

15. **Switzer-like tomes**, gigantic volumes; like the tall Swiss guards of the Vatican at Rome.

Guildhall giants. Two colossal figures of the giants Gog and Magog, said to represent a Saxon and an ancient Briton, stand under the west window of the London Guildhall. The old figures were replaced in 1708, having been destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

16. **guardant of**, guarding. "Guardant" is the heraldic 'gardant.'

17. **Opera Bonaventuræ**, the works of Bonaventura. See page 14, line 33, note.

18. **school divinity**, divinity of the schoolmen, or scholastic philosophy, begun in the schools founded by Charlemagne, A.D. 800, and prevalent in Europe till the fifteenth century. Their

system was based on Aristotle's logic, and concerned itself largely with points of nice and abstract speculation.

19. **Bellarmine and Holy Thomas.** Robert Bellarmine was a North Italian divine, cardinal, and Jesuit of the sixteenth century. St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227-1274, an Italian divine of much learning and piety, was the author of a theological treatise entitled *A Summary of Theology*, in which he maintained the doctrines of grace and predestination.

20. **showed,** appeared. **an Ascapart,** a giant, **thirty feet high, conquered by St. Bevis of Southampton.**

30. **whilom,** formerly. A.S. *hwilum*, at times, dative plural of *hwil*, a time. **Browne on Urn Burial.** The *Hydriotaphia*, a treatise on Urn Burial of Sir Thomas Browne, the quaint writer and learned physician of Norwich, seventeenth century.

34. **mistress,** sweetheart.

35. **carry her off,** win her affections, make her his wife.

36. **Dodsley,** a footman, who became an author and bookseller under Pope's auspices, author of *The Muse in Livery*, *The Toy Shop*, and other plays, and publisher to Dr. Johnson. He brought out in 1744 *A Select Collection of Old Plays*.

Page 39, line 1. **Vittoria Corombona,** *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy by John Webster, first printed 1612. Lamb has some criticisms of this play in his *Notes to the Specimens of the English Dramatists*.

2. **Priam's refuse sons,** etc., the unconsidered remnant of Priam's fifty sons, whom he regarded not when his one darling son Hector was slain. Lamb alludes to the famous scene in *Homer, Iliad*, XXIV., in which Priam, King of Troy, comes by night to beg the body of his son Hector from Achilles, his slayer. He speaks slightingly of all his other sons, nine of whom still remained. Of Hector he says:

"He that was of all *my only joy*, and Troy's sole guard."

3. **Anatomy of Melancholy,** the chief work of the English divine, Robert Burton, 1576-1640.

4. **Complete Angler,** the famous work on the "gentle craft" or art of fishing, by Izaak Walton, 1593-1683.

5. **John Buncle,** a work of Thomas Amory, English humorist of the eighteenth century, entitled *The Life of John Buncle, Esq.*, described as "a prodigious hand at matrimony, divinity, a song, and a peck." He married seven wives.

6. **eyes closed.** John Buncle says that when one of his wives died he remained four days "with his eyes shut," on another similar occasion "two days." **widower-volume, stray, odd volume,** which has lost its companion.

6. **mourns his ravished mate**, a reminiscence of a line in Cuthbert Shaw's *Evening Address to a Nightingale*:

> "Say, dost thou mourn thy ravished mate,
> That oft enamoured on thy strains has hung."

11. **under-collection**, minor, subsidiary collection (in addition to my regular library).

13. **odd**, diverse, various, detached.

14. **twice-deserted**, by their original owners, and by the borrower, Coleridge.

15. **proselytes of the gate**, stranger converts. The term is derived from the frequently occurring description in the Jewish Law, "the stranger that is within thy gates." Alien converts were only half admitted to Judaism, and were not bound by circumcision and the other special laws of the Mosaic code. Such converts stood in a very different position to the "Proselytes of Righteousness," who were recognized as true Israelites.

16. **naturalised**, those adopted into citizenship or nationality.

18. **warehouse-room**, fee for storage.

19. **deodands**, a legal term, which signifies properly 'any chattel which has caused the death of a human being, and is therefore forfeited to charitable uses'; *deodandum*, to be devoted to God. It has here the sense of 'waifs, strays, foundlings.'

24. **K.**, James Kenney, the dramatist, who wrote *Raising the Wind*, *The Sicilian Vespers*, and many other plays. He had a French wife, and lived for many years at Versailles, where Lamb visited him in 1822.

27. **thrice noble Margaret Newcastle**, Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, 1624-1673, a prolific authoress, who, besides many poems and philosophical works, wrote a life of the Duke of Newcastle her husband, and an autobiography. Horace Walpole speaks slightingly of her writings, but Lamb had a high opinion of her *Life and Letters*. 'Thrice,' as an intensive or superlative, is obsolete.

32. **worst cut of all**, most cruel blow; a slight alteration of Shakespeare's "most unkindest cut of all" (*Julius Cæsar*, III. 2. 179).

Gallican land, France.

34. **Unworthy land**, etc. The expression, "thy sex's wonder," occurs in Cyril Tourneur's *Atheist's Tragedy*, III. 4.

Page 40, line 3. **quips**, repartees, gibes, sarcasms.

Child of the Green-room, etc., actor or playwright. The green-room is the room reserved for the actors and actresses behind the stage of a theatre.

4 **of thee, by thee,** on thy part.

7. **Fulke Greville, Lord Brook,** the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney, poet and philosopher, 1554-1628. He wrote a life of Sidney, a tragedy, and some miscellaneous works. His tragedies *Alaham* and *Mustapha* are criticized by Lamb in his *Specimens*. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reign of James I.

10. **Zimmerman on Solitude.** Johann Georg von Zimmerman, 1728-1795, physician and moralist, was court physician to George III. in Hanover: also to Frederick the Great. His chief work was *On Solitude*, 1784, which became popular throughout Europe.

12. **shy of,** reluctant to, chary of.

14. **S. T. C.,** Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

15. **with usury,** with large *interest* superadded.

19. **Daniel,** Samuel Daniel, poet and dramatist, 1562-1619, author of *The Civil Wars between the two Houses of Lancaster and York*, *The Complaint of Rosamond*, *Hymen's Triumph*, etc.

Burton ... Browne. See page 38, line 31, and page 39, line 3.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(*London Magazine*, January, 1821.)

Page 40, line 26. **desuetude,** discontinuance.

30. **cake and orange,** the little delicacies of their birthday feasts.

31. **pretermitted,** passed over, neglected.

Page 41, line 3. **nativity of our common Adam,** birthday of the human race, of our common humanity. The name of the first man, Adam, is applied in theological language to the instincts of human nature, especially in the phrase "the old Adam," *i.e.* 'the unregenerate nature.'

5. **the music nighest bordering upon heaven,** cf. Lamb's poem *The Sabbath Bells*.

7. **rings out the Old Year.** It is the custom in many churches, as the hour of midnight strikes on New Year's Eve, December 31st, to 'ring out' the old year, and welcome in the new with a peal of bells. Compare the beautiful stanzas in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, cv.

8. **concentration,** etc., a mental summary of my experiences.

12. **takes a personal colour,** becomes a real personage to my imagination.

flight, conceit, fancy.

14. Coleridge, *Ode to the Departing Year*, stanza I.

22. Pope's translation of Homer, *Odyssey*, Bk. xv. 84.

24. **mental twist,** intellectual perversity or eccentricity.

25. **face the prospective,** confront the future.

26. **in the prospects of other years,** when I revive by recollection the hopes and aspirations of my earlier years.

28. **pell-mell,** violently, in noisy conflict; Old French *pelle*, Latin *pala*, a shovel; and Old French *mesler*, Low Latin *misculare*, to mingle. The original signification was 'stirred up with a shovel.'

29. **armour-proof,** armed with impenetrable armour, *i.e.* securely protected by the knowledge of subsequent events.

31. **for love,** without stakes (only for the sake of the game).

games for which I once paid so dear. I recall the pursuits and interests which once cost me such bitter pangs of anxiety and disappointment.

Page 42, line 1. **pined away ... my goldenest years,** wasted in unavailing longing my most precious years of youth and early manhood.

3. **Alice W—n.** Alice Winterton, the name under which Lamb disguises Ann Simmons, his early love, the "Anna" of his *Sonnets*, and the heroine of his *Rosamund Gray*. See further notes in *Blakesmoor* and *Dream Children*. For the sentiment of the passage compare the often-quoted lines of Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, XXVII.:

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

5. **Dorrell,** a rascally lawyer. Lamb alludes to him again as a "cheat and a will forger," in his poem *Going or Gone*.

7. **in banco,** banked, standing to my credit; Italian, lit. 'in bank.'

9. **In a degree beneath manhood,** to a somewhat unmanly extent.

10. **Do I advance,** etc. Is it paradoxical to affirm that a *retrospective* conceit, or self-love, is morally permissible? It is wrong to be fond of our present selves, but not of our former selves, as we were forty years ago.

14. **whose mind is introspective,** whose mind is self-conscious who broods over and examines his thoughts.

17. **a notorious ...** The blanks are left to be filled up with bad qualities and vices, as the malice of enemies, or the good-nature of 'candid friends' may suggest. The passage is written in imitation of Sterne. See page 12, line 27, note.

20. **lay it on**, etc., apply the lash freely ; I deserve it all.

22. **lay at his door**, impute to him, accuse him of.

"**other me**," other self, my young self. A Latin phrase for a very intimate friend is *alter ego*, 'other *I*,' *i.e.* a second self.

25. **changeling**, substitute. The belief formerly prevailed that human infants were carried away from their cradles by fairies, and fairy imps substituted ; cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 1. 20-23, and Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. 10. 65 :

"From thence a faery thee unweeting reft,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left ;
Such, men do changelings call, so chaunged by faeries' theft."

32. **colour, tinge, semblance.**

God help thee, Elia, etc. An echo of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. 1. 109, "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated."

33. **sophisticated**, become worldly wise ; you have lost your early innocence and simplicity.

34. **for a weakling**, considering its physical weakness.

35. **From what have I not fallen**, cf. Lamb's *Sonnet*, No. X.

Page 43, line 1. **dissembling guardian**, guardian angel assuming his personality ; cf. Longfellow's poem, *King Robert of Sicily*.

5. **sickly idiosyncrasy**, morbid personal peculiarity.

7. **project myself out of myself**, think of others, shake off egotism.

9. **my own early idea**, the mental image which I have of myself as a child.

12. **tread out of the way of thy sympathy**, if my speculations lie outside the range of your sympathies.

13. **singularly conceited**, possessed of peculiar notions.

14. **phantom cloud of Elia**, the disguise of my assumed name. Wounded heroes in Homer's narrative are withdrawn from the dangers of the battle-field at critical moments by protecting deities, enshrouded in mist or cloud.

26. **brings it not home to himself**, does not fully realize or apply the knowledge to his own case.

27. **in a hot June**, etc. Cf. *Richard II.* I. 3. 294 :

"O who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
. . . . . .
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?"

29. **audits**, seasons of reckoning when we examine our past lives, and, as it were, make up our accounts. Latin *auditus*, a hearing.

33. **lessen and shorten**, grow fewer in number and pass more rapidly.

set more count upon their periods, attach greater value to their revolutions.

34. **lay my ineffectual finger**, etc., vainly try to stop the rolling of the great wheel of time.

35. "**like a weaver's shuttle.**" *Job*, VII. 6, "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."

Page 44, line 1. **sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality**, make the distasteful liability to death any more endurable. The metaphor is taken from the custom of administering to children disagreeable medicines disguised by being sweetened with sugar.

2. **the tide**, etc. Cf. Wordsworth, *Prelude*, "the great tide of human life."

3. **reluct**, etc., recoil from; another archaic word.

6. **set up my tabernacle**, make my permanent dwelling-place. See *Mark*, IX. 5.

9. **weaned by age.** Compare Swift's saying, "The troubles of age were intended to wean us gradually from our fondness of life."

drop, like mellow fruit. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, XI. 535:

> "So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
> Into thy mother's lap";

and Dryden, *Œdipus*, IV. 1.:

> "Fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long."

12. **my household-gods**, etc., I am deeply attached to my home and cannot remove from it without anguish.

14. **seek Lavinian shores**, remove to strange countries, as Æneas, by the command of the gods, migrated with his followers after the sack of Troy to Lavinium in Italy. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, I. 2.

15. **staggers me**, confuses my faculties.

17. **delicious juices**, etc. The frank candour of this confession is delightfully characteristic, and prepares us for the Epicurean raptures of the essay on *Roast Pig*.

18. **cheerful-glass**, of wine or spirits.

21. **shake his gaunt sides**, *i.e.* with hearty laughter.

22. **pleasant**, witty, humorous. Lyly, *Alexander and Campaspe*, has:

"Shall I be a little pleasant with him?
You may, but he will be very perverse with you."

29. **point me to**, indicate to me, direct me to.

30. "sweet assurance of a look." Quoted from Matthew Roydon's *Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney*.

34. **such poor snakes as myself**, men like myself, who love to bask in the sunshine like snakes, forget our liability to death. The annual sloughing of the skin in snakes gave rise to a notion that they were immortal.

35. **burgeon**, literally bud, sprout. We enjoy a larger and more vigorous existence.

36. **as strong again**, twice as strong as before.

Page 45, line 5. **Phœbus' sickly sister**, the moon is called the sickly, *i.e.* pallid, sister of Phœbus Apollo, the sun-god.

6. **that innutritious one**, etc., the barren sister mentioned in the *Song of Solomon*, VIII. 8, "We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" A quaintly unexpected allusion.

7. **none of her minions**. I am no favourite of the moon-goddess, like Endymion. Shakespeare has, "minions of the moon" (*Henry IV.* I. 2).

I hold with the Persian, I share the views of the Persian, *i.e.* I am a sun-worshipper.

10. **humours**, morbid fluids in the body, such as cause skin-eruptions.

11. **capital**, chief, principal.

13. **port of refuge**. Cf. James Hurdis:

"A quiet haven, where his shattered bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past."

"Their pillow-stones, their sheets of lead,"

and James Montgomery:

"There is a calm for those who weep, ...
Low in the ground."

15. **wooed death**. Cf. Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale,"

"For many a time ..
To take into the air my quiet breath."

out upon thee. Shame upon thee!

16. **with Friar John**, in the words of Friar John. He is one of the characters in Rabelais's satirical romance *Gargantua*, a valiant friar of Seville, who swore terribly. His favourite execration, as he despatched his enemy was, "I deliver thee to all the devils in hell."

20. **Privation**, negation; whether regarded merely as the negation of existence, or positively as the principle of destruction.

23. **frigid**, cold, insipid.

24. "**lie down with kings**," etc. A reminiscence perhaps of a passage in Brown's *Hydriotaphia*, ch. v., "What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead and slept with princes and counsellors," where the author was thinking of *Job*, III. 13-15, "For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest, with kings and counsellors of the earth."

26. "**so shall the fairest face appear.**" Mallet, *William and Margaret*, a ballad.

27. **Alice W—n.** See note, page 42, line 3.

34. **Know thy betters!** Recognize your superiors, the living.

Page 46, line 1. **turncoat**, traitor, renegade. The name is given to one who forsakes his principles or his party.

4. **Mr. Cotton.** Charles Cotton, 1630-1687, the poet, best remembered for his intimate friendship with Izaak Walton.

9. **Janus.** See note, page 15, line 19.

12. **that way**, in that direction.

14. **'gainst ourselves to prophesy**, forebode misfortune to ourselves.

15. **the prophetic fear of things**, anticipation of evil is worse than the worst evils are, when they come.

18. **mischiefs can**, calamities that can happen.

22. **contracted**, frowning.

23. **revers'd face**, the face that looks backward to the past.

24. **ills are**, ills which are.

30. **exact discoverer**, the sun which reveals all things clearly.

32. **revolution**, turn of the year.

35. **So smiles**, that so smiles.

36. **speaks us good**, etc., promises us good fortune on his very first day.

38. **make better proof**; turn out better when it is tested.

Page 47, line 1. **brush'd through**, made our way through, in spite of difficulties—as men force their way through the tangled undergrowth of a wood.

7. **fall**, happen, befall.

The argument is: Bad luck is no more perpetual than good luck; and, moreover, the encouraging effect of good luck lasts longer than the discouraging effect of bad luck.

16. **brimmers of the best**, overflowing glasses of the best liquor.

19. **the Princess**, Good Fortune.

20. **line ourselves with sack**, fill ourselves with wine, as a defence against care. Sack was a name given to various dry Spanish wines; French *sec*, Latin *siccus*, dry.

22. **face about**, turn round, become propitious again.

26. **concoction**, process of digestion.

27. **puling**, whining, childish.

30. **genuine Helicon**, real poetry. Helicon was a mountain in Bœotia, sacred to the Muses. Old English writers frequently speak of it as if it were itself a fountain. It had two sacred springs, Aganippe and Hippocrene.

Spa, tonic, curative; properly, a spring of mineral water, so called from Spa, a town in Belgium celebrated for its mineral waters.

hypochondries, fits of melancholy. Cf page 6, line 23, note.

31. **the generous**, the generous, stimulating wine.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

(*London Magazine*, February, 1821.)

It is uncertain whether Mrs. Battle is a purely imaginary character, as Procter asserts, or a study from real life. In the latter case we might hazard a guess that the original was one of the Plumer family, as Lamb speaks of the room in which Mrs. Battle died at Blakesware in his essay on *Blakesmoor, in Hertfordshire*. In any case we may be quite sure that the suggestion of some commentators who seek to identify her with Lamb's grandmother, Mrs. Field, is wide of the mark. The sketch of Mrs. Field which Lamb gives in his poem *The Grandame* is a sufficient refutation of their theory.

Page 48, line 1. **a clean hearth**, etc., a hearth swept clear of cinders, and a game played strictly according to the rules.

2. **now with God**, now in heaven, deceased; a pious phrase formerly in common use.

5. **half-and-half**, half-hearted, not in earnest.

6. **to make up a rubber**, to complete the quartette, the number of four players necessary for whist.

10. **slipped**, played by mistake, let fall from his hand.

12. **One of these flies**, etc. A single player of this kind will spoil a game of whist as effectually as a single fly will spoil the contents of a whole pot of ointment. Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, x. 1.

14. **play at playing**, make a pretence of playing.

18. **thorough-paced**, thorough-going, doing one's utmost for success.

20. **made a revoke**. A player is said to make a revoke when he fails to play a card of the suit led, though he has one or more of the suit in his hand.

22. **fought a good fight**, etc., fought courageously, with determination; like a swordsman cutting with the edge or thrusting with the point of his sword. The expression is taken from the *Second Epistle to Timothy*, iv. 7, where it is also used metaphorically.

23. "**like a dancer**," *i.e.* for ornament not for use. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 11. 36. Cf. page 28, line 24.

bolt upright, unbendingly erect; literally, like a bolt, straight.

25. **blind side**, weakness, weak spot.

26. **under the rose**, in strict confidence. From the rose given by Cupid to Harpocrates, god of silence, to bribe him not to betray Venus, the flower became a symbol of silence.

Page 49, line 2. **snuff**, trim the wick of a candle to make it burn brighter.

6. **cards were cards**, *i.e.* cards were a serious pursuit.

7. **last-century**, high-bred, refined.

13. **wound up her faculties**, on which she brought her best energies to bear, concentrated her powers.

16. **unbent her mind**, found relaxation, recreation.

20. **Ombre**, a Spanish game of cards; Spanish *hombre*, a man.

22. **tradrille**, a game of cards for three players.

24. **Mr. Bowles**. William Lisle Bowles, the poet, edited Pope's works in 1807.

27. **Quadrille**, a French game of cards, played by four persons with forty cards, the tens, nines, and eights being eliminated.

32. **Spadille**, the ace of spades, the highest card in this game. It is the only ace ornamented with a crown and garter.

35. **taking**, captivating, attractive.

Page 50, line 1. **Sans Prendre Vole**, a French term for a deal at Ombre or Quadrille which wins the highest amount possible. To play solo or *sans prendre* is to play without discarding any cards from the hand originally dealt. To win the vole is to win all the nine tricks, thus taking all the stakes on the board.

7. **snatches**, broken fragments, scraps.

10. **alliances**, the combinations, or temporary partnerships.

12. **petty ephemeral embroilments**, trivial short-lived quarrels.

13. **Machiavel.** Nicolo Machiavelli, the famous sixteenth century historian and political philosopher of Florence.

14. **sugared**, flattered, caressed. Shakespeare has "curled darlings," *Othello*, I. 2, and "sugared words" in several passages. Lamb may have fused the two expressions into one after his manner. 20. **the nob.** Scoring by simply playing the knave of trumps. The score can only be made by saying, when the card is played, "One for his knob," *i.e.* 'I count one for the knave's head.' The spade is an emblem of the grave, the club of slaughter.

21. **flushes.** Scoring through having a given number of cards of the same colour in one's hand.

26. **solecism**, impropriety, absurdity. The word comes through Old French from Latin *solœcismum*, Greek σολοικισμος and σολοικίζειν, to speak incorrectly. The Greek adjective σόλοικος, speaking incorrectly, is formed from Σολοι (Soli), a town in Cilicia colonized by Athenian emigrants, where the Attic dialect had become corrupted.

29. **colours**, externals, outward appearances.

32. **red jackets**, the scarlet uniform of the British infantry.

Page 51, line 2. **the turn of the card.** The trump suit is decided by turning face upwards the last card in the pack when dealing.

6. Lamb is supposed to be here replying orally to the old lady's arguments for simplifying the form of playing cards.

10. **quaker**, puritan.

11. **unsensualising**, depriving of all sensual attractions, of all that charms the senses.

14. **Vandykes.** Pictures by Vandyke, a celebrated Dutch artist of the seventeenth century, knighted by Charles I.; he was greatest as a portrait painter.

Paul Potters. Paulus Potter, 1625-1654, was a Dutch artist, celebrated as a painter of cattle and as a brilliant colourist.

18. **antic habits**, quaint costumes.

19. **deadly killing**, strongly contrasting. One colour is said to *kill* another when it counteracts its effect. But Lamb may merely mean 'destructive.'

20. '**hoary majesty of spades**,' the venerable king of spades; quoted from Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, III. 56.

20. **Pam**, the knave of clubs. This is the highest card in the game of Loo. Cf. *Rape of the Lock*, III. 61 and 62:

> "Mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
> And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu."

23. **drab pasteboard**, dull grey card. Originally the name of a particular kind of woollen cloth, French *drap*, cloth; drab has now come to be used adjectively

27. **drum head**, the parchment stretched over one end of a drum.

28. **nice verdant carpet**, the green baize cloth which covers a card-table. Pope has one or two similar expressions describing a card-table in the third canto of his *Rape of the Lock*.

30. **jousts and turneys**. The sportive encounters of the cards are compared to the mock combats of knights in the days of chivalry.

32. **as profanely slighting**, etc. The Chinese artizan who makes the ivory markers is as ignorant of their true meaning, or as irreverently contemptuous about their intended use, as the most rascally craftsman of Ephesus that manufactured the silver shrines for the worship of the goddess Artemis. The allusion is to the riot raised at Ephesus by these silversmiths who found their trade interfered with by the preaching of Christianity (*Acts*, XIX. 24, 25).

Page 52, line 9. **do not least value**, value fully as much as the legacy of money. 10. **religious**, scrupulous, reverential.

14. **go**, a state of the game; said when by playing a card the player raises the total score above 31.

16. **pegging**, marking the score with little pegs which fit into holes made round the edge of the board.

17. **a five-dollar stake**, on the issue of which a stake of twenty-one shillings depended.

20. "**two for his heels.**" Cf. page 50, line 20, note.

25. **pique—repique—capot**, French terms used in the game. A 'pique' is the scoring of thirty points before the opposing player has scored at all. A 'repique' is the scoring of thirty points from the combinations of cards in one's hand, before the adversary has scored or a card been played. The 'capot' is made by a player who wins all the tricks.

Page 53, line 10. **They are a theatre to themselves**, they provide in themselves both actors and spectators. Compare Bacon, *Advancement of Learning*, I. III. 7, and *Essay* X., where he quotes as a saying of Epicurus, "Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus" ('We are to each other audience enough').

18. **by taking off the invidiousness**, by removing that which excites a feeling of ill-will, *i.e.* the sense of personal humiliation.

20. **close butchery**, hand-to-hand fight; the encounter of cards.

21. **channels**, outlets for the feeling.

22. **civil**, civilized. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VI. 667:

"War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar."

25. **for nothing**, without stakes, or 'for love,' as it is often expressed; see page 55, line 1.

30. **size ace**, six and one, a throw of the dice which is generally a lucky one at the game of backgammon. The old names for the points on the dice, taken from the French, were ace, deuce, trey, quatre or quater, cinque, and sice or size.

Page 54, line 6. **combination-faculty**, power of combining his pieces, talent for tactics.

7. **mock-engagement**, sham fight at a military review.

9. Cards were cards. A game was improperly so called, unless the enlivening element of chance entered into it.

handsome, ample.

12. **ennui**, a French word, practically adopted into our language, meaning weariness, disgust.

15. **hard-head**, purely intellectual.

20. **a gaming animal**, a creature addicted to gambling.

29. **disproportioned ends**, objects comparatively trivial.

30. **innoxious**, used instead of the common word innocuous, harmless.

31. **serious games**, the pursuit of love, ambition, wealth, etc.

Page 55, line 2. **my cousin Bridget**. Lamb's sister, Mary, is always so designated in these essays.

3. **sneaking**, mean-spirited, pusillanimous.

7. **sick whist**, whist adapted for invalids; he means 'piquet.'

9. **I grant it is not the highest style of man**. I admit that it is a somewhat undignified part for a man to play.

deprecate the manes, entreat the pardon of the spirit, or ghost, of Sarah Battle. 'Deprecate,' Latin *deprecor*, is properly, to pray *off*, to pray against, or seek to remove by prayer. Latin *manes* is the spirit of a deceased person.

13. **tierce or quatorze**, French card-terms used at piquet, signifying a sequence of three or four cards of the same suit, as king, queen, knave, or 10, 9, 8, 7.

16. **capotted**, won all the tricks against her; an addition of forty points is made to the score of the player who wins the capot.

19. **shade**, shadow, semblance.

20. **pipkin**, earthen pot for boiling water.

22. **lenitive**, a soothing compress, or medicinal application for the purpose of easing pain.

24. A homely idyll that recalls Keats's lines in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*:

> "She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
> For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

A CHAPTER ON EARS.

(*London Magazine*, March, 1821.)

Page 55, line 26. **no ear**, no musical ear, no power of discriminating musical tones.

28. **exterior twin appendages**, pair of outward adjuncts to the body, the ears.

29. **volutes to the human capital**. Volutes are spiral scrolls of stone used in ornamenting the capitals, or tops of columns. They are the chief characteristic of the capitals in the Ionic order of architecture, but are used also in the Corinthian in a smaller form.

30. If I really had no ears, it would have been better for me never to have been born.

Page 56, line 1. **conduits**, channels for sound.

2. **for his plenty**, in allusion to the large size of a mule's ears.

the mole. Moles have minute ears, but acute hearing.

4. **side-intelligencers**, subsidiary means of information, *i.e.* in addition to the direct means of sight.

5. **with Defoe**, like Defoe. Daniel Defoe, the immortal author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was fined and put in the pillory for his sarcastic pamphlet, *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, a satire on the High Church party, 1703.

7. **draw upon assurance**, have recourse to impudence.

"**quite unabashed**," quoted from Pope's *Dunciad*:

> "Earless on high stood, unabashed, Defoe."

8. **upon that article**, about his ears, or rather the absence of them.

my stars, my fortune; one of the many surviving remains in English usage of the belief formerly prevailing in astrology. So 'disaster, in the ascendant, influence, jovial, mercurial, saturnine,' and many other words and phrases.

9. **if I read them aright**, if I interpret my fortune in life correctly.

13. **melted at the concord of sweet sounds.** Quoted from the famous passage in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 83:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
> . . . . . .
> Let no such man be trusted."

14. **"Water parted from the sea."** This song occurs in Act III. Sc. 1 of *Artaxerxes*, an opera from the Italian of Metastasio, adapted by Arne.

15. **"In infancy."** From Act II. Sc. 1. of the same opera. As *Artaxerxes* was the first play Lamb ever saw acted, his love of these two songs does not go far to prove his musical taste.

16. **harpsichord**, a rudimentary kind of piano.

19. **Mrs. S——**, Mrs. Spinkes.

21. **even in his long coats**, even in the days of childhood, when he still wore long frocks—before promotion to the dignity of breeches.

22. **not faintly indicated**, etc., clearly suggested the dawn of love.

27. **organically**, by my natural constitution.

30. **within many quavers of it**, *i.e.* I am still very inaccurate in my rendering of the tune. A quaver is a rapid note in music.

34. **thrumming**, strumming, playing in a rude fashion.

35. **my friend A.'s.** William Ayrton, musical critic, 1777-1858.

Page 57, line 3. keys, the notes of the piano.

7. **technically deficient**, etc., untaught in the art of playing, but instructed in a more lofty way by refined taste—the discriminating selection of the beautiful, which is the mark of all the arts—had guided the notes of the instrument into a strain of music such as Jenny could never have won from them.

16. **soprano**, the high treble voice of a woman or boy.

16. tenor, the higher man's voice.

17. thorough-bass, the deeper man's voice.

21. by misnomers, using wrong terms to describe what I hate.

22. Sostenuto and adagio, Italian musical terms, meaning 'sustained' and 'slow.'

23. Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, the names given to four of the notes in the musical scale in singing, corresponding to G, F, E, D.

24. Baralipton, a meaningless word formerly employed in the *Memoria Technica* of the figures of the syllogism. It indicated the first mode of the first figure of the syllogism.

28. Jubal stumbled upon the gamut, accidentally discovered the musical scale. Jubal is the reputed inventor of musical instruments. See *Genesis*, IV. 21. Gamut comes through the French from the Greek letter *gamma*, used to represent the first note of the scale.

29. singly unimpressible to, the only man uninfluenced by.

30. stroke, effect.

34. cried-up, praised, belauded.

Page 58, line 1. **midsummer madness**, cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. 4. 61, "Why this is very midsummer madness." Intense heat was supposed to cause melancholy madness.

unset, not put into regular musical form.

2. measured, methodical, systematic.

3. willingly enduring stripes, suffering gladly. Cf. 2 *Cor.* xix. 19 and 23. 6. **thrid**, thread, traverse: an obsolete word revived by Tennyson in his *Dream of Fair Women*, "thridding the sombre boskage."

7. hieroglyphics, the sacred picture-writing of the ancient Egyptians; Greek *Hieros*, sacred, and *gluphein*, to carve.

8. **Italian Opera**, a drama illustrated by music in which the parts of the actors are sung, not spoken.

11. **follow**, keep my attention on, —in order to discover what the music is intended to express.

14. **the purgatory**, etc., the confused inharmonious noises of the street are infernal torture to the genuine musician—to me they become a heavenly delight. In his picture of the "Enraged Musician" Hogarth depicts the torture caused to a musician by a street band.

15. **Oratorio**, a sacred musical drama.

17. **the pit**, part of the ground floor of the auditorium, removed a little distance from the stage. Here are the seats in which regular, but not well-to-do, theatre-goers are to be found.

17. **Hogarth's Laughing Audience**, a picture by William Hogarth, the English satirist-painter of the eighteenth century. See Dowden's description, *Shakespeare—His Mind and Art*, pp. 338, 339.

24. Quoted from the original edition of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*. The lines were omitted in subsequent editions.

26. **concertos**, concerted pieces for several instruments, in which one instrument takes the leading part, the rest accompanying it.

29. **battery**, cannonade; the assault of musical sounds on the ear is compared to the attack of artillery.

to be long a dying, to suffer protracted agony. Charles II. on his death-bed apologized to his attendants for being "such an unconscionable time a-dying."

30. **a rack of roses**, delicious torture; a fanciful oxymoron.

to keep up languor, etc., to maintain by painfully concentrated attention—exhaustion, instead of pleasure.

31. **pile honey upon sugar**, add sweetness to sweetness (of musical sounds.

32. **to fill up sound with feeling**, etc., to complete the meaning of the music by emotion.

36. **all stops**, in which there is nothing but punctuations, no words.

Page 59, line 3. **mime**, comedian, comic actor; Latin *mima*.

9. **that disappointing book in Patmos**. *Revelation*, x. 10. "And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up, and it was *in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter*."

12. **melancholy given**, inclined to melancholy.

15. **amabilis insania**, fond ecstasy. Horace, *Odes*, III. 4. 5.

16. **mentis gratissimus error**, delightful hallucination. Horace, *Epistles*, II. 2. 140.

17. **build castles in the air**, to construct visionary projects, indulge in day-dreams.

20. **toys**, trifles, idle amusements.

23. **will hardly be drawn from them**, can with difficulty be persuaded to leave them.

29. **subcusticus pudor**, loutish kind of shyness; the expression occurs in Cicero's letters, *Ad Fam.* v. 12. 1.

Page 60, line 3. **Nov——**, Vincent Novello, organist and composer, 1781-1861.

6. minor heavens, alluding to the lines of Dr. Watts:

"I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below."

9. Abbey, Westminster Abbey.

10. waking a new sense, arousing in me for the first time the religious sense. **12. the Psalmist**, David, king of Israel.

12. the Psalmist, David, king of Israel.

13. wisheth to himself dove's wings, the anthem of the German composer Mendelssohn, "O for the wings of a dove!" The words are adapted from *Psalm*, LV. 6.

15. inquireth by what means, etc., an anthem taken from *Psalm*, CXIX. 9, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" Anthems to these words were composed by Benjamin Cook, 1739-1793, organist of Westminster Abbey, and by William Boyce, composer, and organist of the Chapel Royal, 1710-1779.

17. Quoted by Izaak Walton in his *Complete Angler*, Part I., chapter IV.:

"I was for that time lifted above earth,
And possessed joys not promised at my birth."

19. the spell, the magic charm of music.

laid a soul prostrate, completely subdued my spirit.

22. "earthly"..."heavenly." worldliness, grossness...heavenliness. 1 *Corinthians*, XV, 48. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VIII. 473...479.

24. inexhausted German ocean, inexhaustible sea of music. Germany is the home of instrumental music, and most of the great composers have been Germans.

25. dolphin-seated, riding on dolphins like two Arions. Arion, according to Greek mythology, was a musician of Lesbos. On a voyage from Corinth to Lesbos, he was threatened with robbery and murder by the sailors, but escaped to land on the back of a dolphin, which he had attracted by the sweetness of his playing on the lyre. Haydn and Mozart were two of the leading German composers.

26. Tritons, sea-deities, half men, half fishes.

Bach, Beethoven, in modern opinion second to none as composers of instrumental music—both Germans. Rubinstein, in his *Music and its Masters*, styles Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert "the highest summits in music."

28. stagger...reeling to and fro at my wits' end, *Psalm*, CVII. 27.

31. dazzle, here used intransitively, gleam confusedly.

the genius of his religion, the spirit of Roman Catholicism.

32. **shadowy triple tiara**, a visionary triple crown, like that worn by the Pope of Rome.

33. **he is Pope**, *i.e.* he becomes so to my confused imagination.

Page 61, line 1. **the anomaly of dreams**, the incongruity characteristic of dreams.

a she-Pope, a female Pope: his wife, Mrs. Novello.

tri-coronated, wearing the triple crown or tiara.

3. **malleus hereticorum**, hammer of heretics, the title of a theological treatise written by Johann Faber, 1478-1541. He was Dominican Bishop of Vienna, and opposed Luther and Zwingle, the Protestant Reformers.

grand heresiarch, arch chief of heretics.

5. **Marcion, Ebion, Cerinthus.** I imagine myself to be guilty of several quite incongruous heretical opinions, all at once. Marcion of Sinope in Pontus, first century A.D., rejected the teaching of the *Old Testament*, and regarded Paul as the only true apostle. Ebion was the founder of the Ebionites, a sect of the Nazarenes. The Ebionites again were divided into two sects, one of which accepted orthodox Christianity, but added the ceremonies of the Jew; the other denied the divinity of Jesus Christ. Cerinthus, a Jew of the first century A.D. His system was a mixture of Judaism and pagan philosophy with Christianity.

Gog and Magog, fabulous giants. In early British legend Gogmagog was an Albion giant overthrown by Corineus, a follower of Brute, the Trojan.

what not? anything you please, *i.e.* all kinds of wild and disordered imaginations possess me.

6. **dissipates the figment**, scatters the idle imagination.

7. **Lutheran**, Protestant. Luther's fondness for beer is the subject of frequent literary allusion. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Epigram*, 101.

9. **rationalities**, reasonable doctrines of Protestantism.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

(*London Magazine*, April, 1821.)

Page 61, line 13. **first of April.** All Fools' Day, on which it is the custom in England to send simpletons on absurd errands, and to play various practical jokes. The origin of the custom is uncertain. The most probable explanation appears to be that which refers it to the time when March 25 was New Year's day. A week's merriment and frivolity then began, and closed on what is now April 1. This supposition is confirmed by the

old custom in Paris of holding a Fools' Festival on January 1st, the present New Year's day.

14. **Many happy returns**, etc., the common birthday salutation.

15. **put a long face upon**, frown on, look gloomy at.

17. **that same**, the quality we all know—folly.

18. **the motley**, the fool. Professional fools, or jesters, used to wear a parti-coloured dress. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. 7. 13, "A motley fool," and III. 3. 79, "Will you be married, motley?"

20. **sneakers**, mean fellows.

21. **free of the corporation**, admitted to the rights and privileges of the guild of fools. The whole of this passage is imitated from Rabelais' *Gargantua*, Bk. I., ch. III., "Let us sing, let us drink; now for a catch, dust it away, where is my noggin? ... There is no enchantment or charm there; every one of you hath seen it, my prenticeship is out; I am a free man at this trade."

22. **meets me in the forest.** Cf. *As You Like It*, II. 7. 12:

> "A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
> A motley fool."

wise-acre, a wise man, or one who makes pretensions to wisdom. Old Dutch *wijs-segger*, German *weis-sager*, a soothsayer; a popular corruption of M. H. G. *wizago*, a prophet; formed from M. H. G. *wizan*, A.S. *witan*, to see.

23. **stultus sum**, I am a fool (Latin).

take the meaning of it, apply its meaning.

25. **All the world, at least, are fools.**

27. **gooseberry.** Gooseberry wine was a common production of good housewives in the last century. See Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. I. The liquor suggested here is appropriate owing to its name, the goose being a proverbially foolish bird, though the 'goose' here is for 'grose,' O.F. *groselle*, a gooseberry, and has nothing to do with the foolish bird. In his *Retaliation*, Goldsmith himself appears as "a gooseberry fool." Gooseberry is now used ironically for champagne, a great deal of spurious champagne being really gooseberry wine.

28. **politic**, the drink of the statesman.

29. **troll**, sing in parts, or in succession, as in a round or catch.

the catch of Amiens, etc. Lamb quotes the parody of Amiens' song, given by Jacques (*As You Like It*, II. v. 50). Cf. *The Tempest*, III. 2. 126, "Will you troll the catch?"

Page 62, line 3. **give him in a bumper**, toast him, drink to his health in a full glass of wine.

4. **the party**, the person in question, the greatest fool, viz., himself—or, possibly, the reader.

6. **Remove your cap**, etc., supposed to be spoken to his neighbour at the feast of fools. A cap with little bells upon it, and a short stick with its head carved into ass's ears—called a bauble—were part of the equipment of a fool or jester.

7. **bestride his hobby**, mount his hobby-horse, or, metaphorically, indulge his eccentric humour.

8. **dust away**, shake, rattle.

10. Wordsworth, *The Fountain, a Conversation.*

13. **a salamander-gathering**, in search of fire-proof lizards. In mediæval superstition a salamander was a spirit whose element was fire. Empedocles, a Greek philosopher of the fifth century B.C., is said to have thrown himself down the crater of Etna. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, III. 473.

14. **samphire**, a herb that grows chiefly on cliffs along the sea-coast. The occupation of gathering it is, of course, very dangerous. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. 6. 15.

by some odds, very considerably.

16. **Cleombrotus**, a youth of Ambracia, mentioned by Cicero and Ovid, who drowned himself in the sea after reading Plato's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul.

18. **Calenturists**, persons under the influence of the calenture, or hot fever, which attacks sailors in the tropics, causing them at times to leap into the sea, fancying they see green fields and trees there. Compare the lines in Wordsworth's poem, *The Brothers*:

> "And, when the regular wind
> Between the tropics filled the steady sail,
> . . . . . .
> He, thus by feverish passion overcome,
> Even with the organs of his bodily eye,
> Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
> Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed
> On verdant hills."

Cf. also Dryden, *Conquest of Granada*, Part II.

disinterested, because their experiments act as a warning for others.

19. **Gebir, my old free-mason**, etc. The connection of the name of Gebir with the building of the tower of Babel (*Genesis*, XI. 1–10) is curious. Gebir is Jabir ibn Haijan, an Arabian alchemist of the eighth century A.D., said to have been born in Mesopotamia. But Landor has a poem entitled *Gebir*, which he took from Clara Reeve's *Progress of Romance*, where the story of Gebir is said to have been derived from the ancient history of Egypt. Moreover, Landor's prince, Gebir, tries to build a city,

but finds his labours destroyed "not by mortal hand." These two data appear to have been sufficient warrant, in Lamb's mind, for turning the historic Jabir into Gebir, builder of the tower of Babel, and founder of the world-wide society of freemasons. The freemasons have a tradition that their society originated at the building of the tower of Babel.

20. **Grand.** Grand Master, the president of a lodge or habitation of freemasons.

21. **patron of stammerers.** Because the work of the builders of the tower of Babel was interrupted by a sudden confusion of tongues (*Genesis*, xi. 6-10). Lamb humorously alludes to his own personal defect, a slight stammer.

22. **if I remember Herodotus,** an audacious mystification. Herodotus, the "father" of Greek history, does not mention the tower of Babel.

23. **toises.** Toise is a French measure, equivalent to six and a half English feet.

25. **nuncheon,** luncheon. Nunchion is M.E. *nonechenche*, from *none*, *noon*, and *schenche*, a pouring out or distribution of drink; A.S. *scencan*, to pour out. The corruption of *nunchion* into *luncheon* is due to a confusion with Prov. English *lunch*, a lump of bread.

26. **Shinar,** or Sennaar, the Jewish name for Babylonia. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, iii. 466.

27. **I am a rogue if,** a sort of humorous asseveration. Cf. *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 137.

28. **Monument.** The monument of London, a column over 200 feet high, built by Sir Christopher Wren, 1671-1677. It was erected as a memorial of the great fire of London.

29. **somewhat,** rather a fine building; we are rather proud of it.

Page 63, line 1. **cry, baby,** etc. A fragment of a nursery rhyme;

> "Cry, baby, cry;
> Put your finger in your eye."

2. **another globe.** Alexander the Great is said to have lamented "that there were no more worlds left to conquer."

3. **moppet,** pretty little dear! Moppet is properly a puppet made of cloth, a doll; thence it came to be a pet name for a girl. Cf. Dryden. *Spanish Friar*, i. 1.

4. **Adams.** Parson Adams, a famous character in Fielding's novel, *Joseph Andrews*. **'odso,** a favourite oath of Parson Adams; in this and similar oaths, 'od is a corruption of God. **coat,** black coat, *i.e.* your clerical profession.

6. **Slipslop**, a woman of light character in the same novel.

8. **irrelevantly and impertinently**, inappropriately. At the feast of fools, "those things do best please that befal prepos terously."

10. **Raymund Lully**, a native of Majorca. He was a chemist and philosopher of the thirteenth century, and disciple of Roger Bacon.

12. **Duns**. Duns Scotus, another famous schoolman of the thirteenth century, called "The subtle doctor." The word 'dunce' preserves his name in uncomplimentary fashion. The minute and often absurd distinctions of the schoolmen are proverbial.

fine you a bumper, order you to drink a glass of wine, or to give us a paradoxical saying, as a penalty. Cf. Sheridan, *School for Scandal*. III. 3, "No, no, that won't do. Mr. Premium, you have demurred to the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper."

14. **logical forms**, etc., a pun on the concrete and abstract senses of the word 'form,' which is used to mean a long wooden bench, as well as in the ordinary sense. The two senses are humorously confused throughout the whole sentence. The forms of syllogistic reasoning are as likely to baffle a weak understanding as a long bench in your way is likely to trip you up and break your leg.

17. **Stephen**, the 'country gull' (simpleton) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

Cokes, Bartholomew Cokes, a simpleton in his *Bartholomew Fair*.

18. **Aguecheek**, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a cowardly fool in *Twelfth Night*.

devoir, a French word, meaning duty, respects.

19. **Shallow**, a foolish country justice in *Merry Wives* and 2 *King Henry IV*.

to command, at your service.

20. **Silence**, a country justice in 2 *King Henry IV*.

Slender, Shallow's cousin.

21. **it shall go hard if**, etc., I shall do my utmost to squeeze you in; it will be odd if we can't find room for so thin a man.

24. **R.**, Ramsay, who kept the "London Library" in Ludgate Street.

25. **time out of mind**, longer than any one can remember.

Bless thy doublet, a humorous expletive.

26. **threadbare**, worn out, staled by use, as your stories are by repetition.

28. **bed-rid**, or bed-ridden, sick, decrepit, confined to their beds.

30. **hawk**, sell in the streets, carrying goods round as pedlars do.

Granville S., the famous philanthropist, Granville Sharp, the protector of slaves and untiring advocate of the abolition of slavery, 1735–1813.

32. Quoted from the verses on a nightingale, beginning "As it fell upon a day," by Richard Barnfield, an Elizabethan poet. The lines were formerly ascribed to Shakespeare.

33. **lapt in lead**, enclosed in their leaden coffins.

35. **Armado**, a pompous Spanish don in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Quisada, Don Quixote, the hero of Cervantes' famous romance. See *Don Quixote*, chapter I.

Page 64, line 2. **ornature**, adornment. The whole sentence is written in the stilted style which was called Euphuistic.

4. **nothing, not at all**, no whit.

6. **Macheath**, Captain Macheath, the highway-robber who is the hero of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. His song expresses his embarrassment at finding himself with two sweethearts at once, one on each side—

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away."

8. **formal love**, ceremonious wooing.

10. **Malvolian**, Malvolio-like, fatuously complacent. Malvolio is the vain steward in *Twelfth Night*, who is tricked into the belief that his mistress, Olivia, is in love with him.

His acting of the part of Macheath was so full of chivalrous courtesy that it reminded one rather of Don Quixote than of Gay's hero-ruffian. For "mirror of courtesy" cf. *Henry VIII.* II. 1. 52, "The mirror of all courtesy"; also *Hamlet*, III. 1. 161.

14. **goodly-propertied**, etc., gifted with such charms, and of such equal merit.

20. **dived not below the surface**. Only perceived the literal meaning.

22. **involved wisdom**, allegorical interpretation.

23. *Matthew*, VII. 24.

26. *Luke*, XIX. 12-28.

27. **somewhat unfeminine**. Such caution is not natural, I thought, to women.

29. **tendre**, a French word, tenderness, affection. The allusion is to the Parable of the Ten Virgins (*Matthew*, xxv. 1-13).

31. **answered**, realized expectations, proved satisfactory.

33. **obliquity**, deviation from the normal, *i.e.* stupidity or eccentricity.

36. **palpable hallucination**. A man who is the victim of an obvious delusion is not likely to betray or cheat me.

Page 65, line 1. **out of season**, inopportune, malapropos, as the French term has it.

4. **much worse matter**, *i.e.* knavery.

8. **received**, etc., accepted, regarded as fools by the world.

whereof the world is not worthy. *Hebrews*, xi. 38.

11. **white boys**, favourites. Cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon*, vii. 81, "Henry's white son." Dr. Busby, of Westminster School, used to call his favourite scholars his "white boys," *i.e.* good boys.

wrest beyond their fair **construction**. Pervert by misinterpretation, by pressing the literal meaning too far. Cf. Dedication, lines 1 and 2.

A QUAKERS' MEETING.

(*London Magazine*, April, 1821.)

Page 65, line 14. **Still-born**, properly, dead at the birth; said of an infant. Here it means speechless. The lines are quoted from Richard Flecknoe's *Love's Dominion* (1654), and are not quite accurately given.

15. **Flood-gate of the deeper heart**, the outlet for our deeper feelings and emotions.

17. **Frost**, etc., repressing speech, but releasing pent-up thought.

20. **speaking'st**, most eloquent. An abashed and admiring silence is more eloquent than words.

29. **possess .. thine own spirit in stillness**. Adapted from *Luke*, xxi. 19, "In your patience possess ye your souls." Lamb means—'Do you wish to enjoy, undisturbed, the profoundest self-communing?' Cf. Browne, *Urn Burial*, ch. iv., "Inferior creatures, who in tranquillity possess their constitutions," and Walton, *Compleat Angler*, ch. v., "Possess ourselves in quietness."

Page 66, line 2. **to keep thee in countenance**, to support you by their presence, to prevent you from feeling discomposed.

5. **"before the winds were made."** Apparently a fusion of scriptural expressions, such as those which occur in *Psalm*, XC. 2, and *Proverbs*, VIII. 23-25, with a passage in Davenant's poem, *To the Queen*:

> "Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
> Ere tides began to flow or winds were heard."

8. **pour wax**, etc., stop up your ears with wax as timorous Ulysses did. According to Homer, Ulysses stopped the ears of his companions with wax, and caused them to bind him fast to the mast, when his ship was passing the island of the Sirens (Homer, *Odyssey*, XII. 173-180).

11. *Psalm*, XXXIX. 2.

16. "Boreas, and Caecias, and Argestes loud." *Paradise Lost*, X. 699. The north, north-east, and north-west winds.

17. **interconfounding**, mutually disturbing.

18. **blown Baltic.** Quoted from Collins, *Ode to Liberty*.

19. **clubbed**, combined, united.

22. **deeps that call unto deeps.** *Psalm*, XLII. 7.

Negation itself, etc. There are degrees even of the absence of a quality or property. The positive 'dark'—negation of light—admits of more or less dark. Thus, when we shut our eyes, even the darkness of midnight seems more intense.

25. **wounds**, sorrows.

32. **Carthusian.** The Carthusian order of monks, an offshoot from the Benedictines, was founded A.D. 1086 by Bruno of Cologne at Chartreuse, near Grenoble, in France. The rules of the order were very austere, including an unbroken silence.

agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness, sociable silence.

36. **if that be probable**, a sly hit at feminine loquacity.

Page 67, line 2. **gabble**, aimless, meaningless chatter.

4. **Zimmerman.** See page 40, line 10, note.

6. **time-stricken**, venerable, mouldering.

7. Quoted, not quite accurately, from Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* for 1708.

11. *Exodus*, X. 21.

15. From *Lines on the Tombs in Westminster Abbey*, by Francis Beaumont.

17. **throws ... into the fore-ground**, makes it appear modern by comparison.

19. **old Night.** According to the early cosmogony of the Greeks —"In the beginning dwelt Chaos and Night in the infinite gulfs of Erebus" (Aristophanes, *Birds*). The expression occurs in *Paradise Lost*, I. 543.

22. "How reverend is the face of this tall pile
Looking tranquillity."—Congreve, *Mourning Bride*, II. 1.
The quotation is adapted by Lamb to his purpose in characteristic fashion.

24. Unlike ecclesiastical assemblies generally, which are the scene of plots, cabals, and mischief-making ... you Quakers teach a lesson to the intrigues and rivalries of clerical ambition in high places, by your innocence and peacefulness.

32. **Fox and Dewesbury.** George Fox, 1624-1690, was the founder of the Society of Friends, popularly known as Quakers. In his youth he was apprenticed to a grazier, and afterwards to a shoemaker. He first began to preach in 1648. He was frequently imprisoned, but befriended by Cromwell. In 1666 Charles II. released him from confinement, and he organized his followers into a united society. William Dewesbury was one of his early converts.

Page 68, line 4. **off-scouring, scum, refuse**; a scriptural word. *Lamentations*, III. 45, and 1 *Corinthians*, IV. 13.

church and presbytery. The Quakers were disowned and persecuted, both by the orthodox members of the English Church, and by the victorious Presbyterian party.

5. **reeling sea-ruffian, drunken seaman.**

6. **receptacle, meeting-house.**

9. **Penn,** William Penn, 1644-1715, founder of the Quaker settlement of Pennsylvania, United States. He was the son of Admiral Sir William Penn, and obtained the grant of land for his settlement from Charles II., 1681, as a set off for a debt of the Crown to his father. He was imprisoned for his tract *Sandy Foundations Shaken*, in 1668. He was tried before the Privy Council on charges of political and religious intrigues in 1693, but was acquitted.

before his accusers. At the celebrated trial of Penn and Mead at the Old Bailey in 1670.

10. **bail dock,** a small room cut off from a corner of the court of the Old Bailey, and left open at the top, in which accused persons were often placed.

14. **Sewel.** William Sewell, 1650-1725, published his *History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Quakers*, 1722. He was the son of an English weaver at Amsterdam, and compiled a Dutch and English dictionary.

18. **Wesley.** John Wesley, 1703-1771, was the founder of Methodism, a Puritan revival which aimed at making religion more spiritual.

stagger, shock your feelings.

22. **James Naylor**, 1616-1660, a crazy fanatic who imagined that he was Jesus Christ. He was barbarously punished by Parliament in 1656 for blasphemy in imitating Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

29. **first grounds**, original principles.

31. **apostatize all**, repudiate their old beliefs entirely.

33. **saving**, redeeming.

35. **John Woolman**, 1720-1772, an American Quaker and ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery, by trade a tailor. The writings to which Lamb alludes are—*A Journal of the life, Gospel labours and Christian experiences of that faithful minister of Jesus Christ, John Woolman.*

Page 69. line 3. Judge of Spirits, God.

5. **the dove sate visibly brooding.** Faces so pure and spiritual that the Holy Spirit seemed to be hovering over them. *Matthew*, III. 16; *Genesis*, I. 2; and *Paradise Lost*, I. 19, 20.

8. **blank inanity**, vacant dulness or absence of intelligence.

10. **workings**, fermentations, disturbances.

14. **hold forth**, harangue, preach.

25. **Foxian orgasm**, the fanatical ecstasies of the early Quakers. See note below, page 136, line 5.

27. "**from head to foot**," etc. Quoted from the poem which begins:

> "'Tis said that some have died for love."
>
> "The man who makes this feverish complaint,
> Is one of giant stature, who could dance
> Equipped from head to foot in iron mail."

his frame was of iron. Cf. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*—"a frame of adamant."

28. **he was malleable.** In spite of his powerful physique, his spirit was impressionable.

31. **to be spoken from**, to be possessed; he seemed as if he were the mouthpiece of some supernatural influence inspiring him.

33. **to set off against**, to match, to parallel with. Lamb is thinking of Raphael's celebrated cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens, in the Vatican at Rome.

Page 70. line 8. the Levities, all that was light or frivolous.

Jocos Risus-que. The spirits of jest and laughter (Latin).

9. **the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna.** His face would have frightened them away more quickly than the terror of grim Pluto drove away the Cupids that attended Persephone at Enna. Persephone was carried off by Pluto, king of the realms below, as she was gathering flowers in the meadows of Enna, in Sicily, and made Queen of Hades. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, IV. 268.

15. **not made with hands**, spiritual. 2 *Corinthians*, v. 1.

16. **caverns of Trophonius.** Trophonius, a Bœotian, was the architect of the temple of Apollo at Delphi. After his death he gave oracles from a cave at Lebadea, near Mount Helicon. Those who went to consult him returned pale and silent. Hence of a silent or melancholy man it was said, "He has been to the cave of Trophonius."

18. **that unruly member.** See *James*, III. 8-9, "But the tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison"; and just above, "The tongue is a little member."

21. **janglings and nonsense-noises**, discordant and senseless clamour.

26. "**forty feeding like one.**" From Wordsworth's verses written March, 1801:

> "The cock is crowing, The stream is flowing,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The cattle are grazing, Their heads never raising,
> There are forty feeding like one."

31. **Whitsun**, at Whitsuntide. Whitsunday, or White Sunday, is the seventh Sunday after Easter. In the early days of Christianity converts newly-baptized used to appear between Easter and Whitsuntide in white garments.

34. **Shining Ones**, angels or spirits of the blest (Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*).

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

(*London Magazine*, May, 1821.)

Page 71. line 5. **a whole Encyclopædia behind**, as much more ignorant than other people, as if they had absorbed all the knowledge of an Encyclopædia, of which I knew nothing.

6. **cut a figure**, shown to advantage, been conspicuous (for learning).

franklins. Originally those who held their lands from the Crown. Chaucer, *Prologue*, 331-361, gives a sketch of the franklin of his time.

9. Ortelius. Abraham Ortell, 1527-1598, was a geographer of Antwerp. **Arrowsmith.** Aaron Arrowsmith, 1750-1823, a native of Durham, was a famous geographer in Lamb's day. His map of the world on Mercator's projection, published 1790-1798, was the best that had yet appeared.

13. Van Diemen's Land. The old name of Tasmania.

14. a very dear friend. See p. 299, line 36 note.

15. **Terræ Incognitæ**, unknown lands (Latin).

16. **Charles's Wain**, another name for the constellation of the Great Bear. Among earlier forms of the expression are Carles-waén and Charlemaynes-wayne, *i.e.* the waggon of Charlemagne. According to Murray the name arises from the association of the star-name Arcturus with Arthurus or Arthur, and the legendary association of Arthur and Charlemagne, so that what was orginally the wain of Arcturus or Bootes became at length the wain of Carl or Charlemagne.

22. **incuriosity**, absence of curiosity.

27. **four great monarchies**, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, Roman.

30. **shepherd kings**, the Hyksos, an Arabian tribe which, according to some writers, ruled in Egypt from B.C. 2080 for 260 years.

M——, Thomas Manning, mathematician and explorer, 1774-1840.

Page 72. line 2. "**small Latin and less Greek.**" Ben Jonson's *Eulogy on Shakespeare.*

6. "**on Devon's leafy shores.**" Wordsworth, *Excursion*, III.

9. **many mansions.** The expression is taken from *John*, XIV. 2.

11. **cabinet curiosities**, out-of-the-way trifles, odd scraps of knowledge.

18. **tête-à-tête**, a French compound, meaning literally "head to head," *i.e.* intimate, familiar conversation between two persons.

there is no shuffling. *Hamlet*, III. 3. 61.

truth will out. *Merchant of Venice*, II. 2. 73; so also, "this will out" (*Richard III.* I. 4. 280). The omission of verbs of motion after the auxiliaries will, shall, must, is very common in Shakespeare. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 405. Truth will be uttered, will become known. Similarly we say, "Murder will out."

23. **jaunts**, excursions, journeys; properly a pleasure excursion. A whimsical perversion of facts; compare page 12, line 20, and following.

24. **Shacklewell**, a northern suburb of London.

25. **the wrong side of thirty**, more than thirty years of age.

26. **adjusting**, being adjusted. The steps were made to fold up when the coach started.

32. **the merits of the fare**, the good points of the vehicle; an obsolete sense of the word 'fare.'

Page 73. line 12. **ticketed**, having a paper or cardboard ticket attached, with the price marked on it.

14. **in heart**, encouraged, self-confident.

16. **raw material**, unmanufactured cotton.

22. **Syrens**, properly spelt 'Sirens.' Beautiful sea-nymphs, half women half birds, who dwelt on a small island off Cape Pelorus in Sicily. By the sweetness of their song they lured passing mariners to their destruction:

> "Warning taking none
> From the plain doom of those that went before,
> Whose bones lay bleaching in the wind and sun,
> And whitened all the shore."—Trench.

Cf. page 66, line 8, note. Homer, *Odyssey*, XII. 41-47.

what name Achilles assumed, etc. At the court of Lycomedes, King of Scyros, where his mother Thetis caused him to remain in hiding, that he might not go with the Greeks to Troy and be slain. The questions are taken from Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*, chapter v., "What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." The Emperor Tiberius is related to have put them to grammarians.

24. **hazarded a "wide solution,"** ventured on an approximate answer. Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*, ch. v.

Page 74. line 1. **a home thrust**, a thrust that wounds in a vital part; here, metaphorically, a fatally searching question.

3. **the North Pole Expedition.** Either Franklin's expedition of 1819-1822, or that of Parry and Lyon 1821-1823.

5. **Panorama**, a picture of a landscape all round, as it appears from a particular point of view; also a series of pictures unrolled before the spectator. The latter is probably intended here. Such panoramas are frequently on show in London, a fee being charged for admission.

28. **Lilys and Linacres.** William Lily, 1465-1522, was a learned grammarian and first master of St. Paul's School, London. His Latin grammar was composed with the co-operation of Dean Colet. Thomas Linacre, 1460-1524, scholar and physician, was a friend of Colet and Lily. He studied Greek with the famous scholar Politian in Italy, and taught Greek at Oxford. He was founder and first president of the Royal College of Physicians, and wrote a treatise on *Latin Prose* and an *Elementary Latin Grammar*.

33. **Revolving in a perpetual cycle,** continually repeating the same routine.

36. **rehearsing the part,** etc., practising the old rôle ; part, in theatrical language, is the character played by an actor.

Page 75, line 3. **golden time,** happy years of childhood and youth.

Flori- and Spici-legia. Literally, 'posies and gleanings' ; *i.e.* elegant Latin extracts for schoolboys to study.

4. **in Arcadia still,** still in the land of pastoral idyll. Arcadia, in the heart of the Southern Peninsula of Greece, has become symbolical of the simple untroubled life of the country and its unsophisticated pleasures.

ferule, schoolmaster's rod.

6. **king Basileus.** In Sidney's pastoral romance *Arcadia*, Basilius is king of the country.

7. **Pamela, Philoclea,** characters in Sidney's *Arcadia*. The latter is probably intended for Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, with whom Pyrocles, Sidney himself, is in love.

8. **duncery of some untoward tyro.** The stupidity of some awkward beginner is a pleasant relaxation to the pedagogue, like the comic interludes in Shakespeare's plays. Mopsa and Damœtas, the comic rustic shepherdess and shepherd in *Winter's Tale*, IV. 4.

10. **Colet,** Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School.

11. **Paul's Accidence,** St. Paul's School Grammar.

17. **whereas, in a case where,** or, in which.

24. **fence about,** fortify, defend by securities.

25. **faith-articles,** articles of religion, dogmas, tenets.

26. **taken away,** abolished.

31. **for the hurt,** to obviate the injury caused. For this use of the preposition 'for,' see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 154.

32. **gusto,** an Italian word, relish.

33. **orderly,** regularly, duly.

Page 76, line 3. **superficially omniscient,** having a smattering of every kind of knowledge.

5. **proper,** specially adapted.

9. **cum multis aliis,** with many other things (Latin).

10. **Tractate on Education,** Milton's treatise, dedicated to his friend Samuel Hartlib.

13. **set,** systematic.

18. **mollia tempora fandi.** 'Unguarded moments, favourable opportunities for a word in season'; *i.e.* recreation hours or holidays. Vergil, *Æneid*, IV. 293:

> "Tentaturum aditus, et quæ mollissima fandi
> Tempora."

24. **interpret beauty into the picturesque**, explain the beauties of nature by bringing them under the rules of pictorial art.

He cannot enjoy the picturesque aspect of a beggar or a vagrant, because he has to moralize upon them. He can regard nothing that he sees simply and naturally, he views everything through the distorting spectacles of practical morality.

27. **that Great Book.** Davies, *Immortality of the Soul*, I., has "the world's great book"; Thomson, *Autumn*, speaks of "The book of Nature"; and Wordsworth, *The Brothers*, of "the great book of the world." Cf. also *Paradise Lost*, III. 47, and *As You Like It*, II. 1. 17.

30. **distasting**, unappreciative.

33. **cadet**, younger son.

34. **lump of nobility**, stupid young nobleman.

35. **Mr. Bartley's Orrery.** An orrery is an ingenious piece of mechanism for illustrating the movements of the solar system.

36. **the Panopticon**, a lecture hall of science and art, where ingenious scientific novelties were exhibited, in Leicester Square, London.

Page 77, line 2. **at his board**, etc. A reminiscence of *Psalm* CXXXIX. 3. "Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways."

3. **boy-rid**, oppressed, haunted by the presence of boys as by a nightmare.

8. "**plaything for an hour.**" From Lamb's *Poetry for Children*:

> "A child's a plaything for an hour;
> Its pretty tricks we try
> For that or for a longer space;
> Then tire and lay it by."

9. **always**, *i.e.* if it is always with us.

13. **by distance made more sweet.** Collins, *The Passions.*

take from, lessen.

15. **modulate my periods**, give a rhythmical music to my sentences.

31. **varlet**, footman, flunkey.

to lassitude, to the extent of tiring you out.

Page 78, line 3. **stunted downwards**, intellectually degraded to their level; literally, dwarfed, checked in the natural growth.

3. **The trumpet**, etc. A sound so low that you cannot hear it is as annoying as a deafeningly loud noise; *i.e.* to condescend to an inferior intellectual capacity is as bad for the mental powers as it is to strain your wits to understand an intellectual superior.

9. **like Gulliver**, etc., like the hero of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, when he was in the country of the Lilliputians, the diminutive little people whom Gulliver used to take up in his hand. He feels as if he were a giant among pigmies, and cannot stoop to your intellectual level.

11. **on the square**, fairly, honestly, on equal terms.

12. **wants a point given him**, requires certain preliminary concessions, some small odds in his favour, like an inferior whist-player.

20. **thin**, feeble, wanting in force or point; cf. page 30, line 19.

do not tell, are not effective.

21. **didactive**, scholastic, the hypocrisy of the schoolmaster or preceptor, who has to say, not what he thinks, but what his position dictates.

Page 79, line 3. **toy**, ornamental trifle, knicknack.

21. **notable**, thrifty, managing.

22. **bustling**, energetic.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

(*London Magazine*, August, 1821.)

Page 80, line 14. **a constitution so general**, such a cosmopolitan disposition.

16. **repugnancies**, antipathies, dislikes.

19. **mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction**, exalted by philosophical speculations above practical considerations.

20. **conversant about**, familiarly acquainted with.

notional and conjectural essences, visionary and doubtful existences. In the language of philosophy, notional means 'existing only in idea'; conjectural is 'dependent on conjecture, guessed at, uncertain.'

21. **categories**, classifications.

the possible took the upper hand, etc., things which *might* exist had more importance assigned to them than things which *did* exist.

23. **impertinent**, irrelevant, unimportant.

24. **admired**, wondered at.

27. **For myself—earth-bound**, etc., as for me—my interests and sympathies being confined to the things of earth, limited to the sphere in which I live and act.

29. *Paradise Lost*, VII. 23, slightly misquoted.

Page 81, line 4. **disrelishing**, distasteful, disagreeable.

6. **veriest thrall**, most thorough slave.

apathies, feelings of indifference.

8. **indifferently**, impartially.

19. **constellated**, ordained by fate—an astrological metaphor.

21. **moral antipodes**, diametrically opposed to me in character.

Page 82, line 2. **ingenuous**, frank, straightforward.

5. **anti-Caledonian**, antipathetic to Scotchmen.

6. **rather suggestive than comprehensive**, presenting, intimating ideas rather than completely grasping them.

9. **wardrobe**, storehouse. Their minds are not well furnished with complete, well-defined ideas.

14. **beat up a little game**, a sporting metaphor. To 'beat up game' is to beat the jungle so as to rouse wild animals or wild birds for sportsmen to shoot at or to hunt. They start a discussion, or make some slight suggestion for others to continue and develop. 15. **knottier heads**, tougher, more vigorous intellects.

17. **polar**, like that of the pole-star. Cf. Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, I. 2. 1, and II. 7. 1.

19. **throw out a random word**, etc., utter a casual remark, felicitous or the reverse. 20. **pass for what it is worth**, be accepted at its true value, whether good, bad, or indifferent.

22. **with some abatement**, with some little reservation. Cf. page 65, line 11, and Dedication, line 5.

24. **in the green ear**, immature, undeveloped, like unripe corn.

30. **His Minerva is born in panoply**, his wisdom comes out of his head full-grown and completely equipped. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was said to have sprung, fully armed, from the head of Jupiter.

32. **Heywood.** Thomas Heywood, Elizabethan dramatist, died 1640. It is curious that Lamb should style him 'old,' an epithet usually given to John Heywood, called by Pope, *Satires* v. 88, "eldest Heywood."

33. **in an undress**, in loose attire, *i.e.* in an easy, unconstrained attitude, free from formality.

Page 83, line 1. a **glittering something**, a seemingly brilliant idea, suddenly suggesting itself in the course of conversation.

3. **true touch**, genuine gold, *i.e.* really valuable. Touch, in this sense, is (1) touchstone, (2) test, examination, (3) tried and proved excellence, as here. Similarly 'proof' is used frequently to mean 'proved quality,' especially of armour, 'impenetrability.' Compare *Coriolanus*, IV. 1. 49, "Friends of noble touch" (of tried nobleness).

4. **cry halves to**, claim an equal share in, colloquial; so, to 'go halves,' share equally.

6. **at its meridian**, bright and clear as noonday.

7. **early streaks**, first rays of light, incipient perception.

11. **twilight of dubiety**, his certainty is never dimmed by doubt.

12. **orthodox**, holding the generally accepted doctrines of Christianity.

15. **hover on the confines of truth**, let your imagination play with ideas which are on the borderland between truth and falsehood.

16. **maze**, intricacies.

probable argument, discussion of things not admitting of positive proof.

17. **excursions**, pleasant digressions.

20. **middle**, indifferent; neither absolutely right nor absolutely wrong.

22. **upon the square**. See page 78, line 11, note.

23. **stops a metaphor**. If you speak metaphorically, he stops you as summarily as a foreign traveller is arrested, who is suspected of being a spy.

26. **John Buncle**. See page 39, line 5, note.

30. **Clap an extinguisher upon**, instantly suppress. An extinguisher is a metal cone used for putting out the flame of a candle.

33. **print**, engraving.

after Leonardo da Vinci, in the style of, in the manner of Leonardo da Vinci. He was an Italian artist, a native of Florence, 1452-1519. His masterpiece is the "Last Supper," painted on the wall of the refectory in a convent at Milan. The picture, of which Lamb's engraving was an imitation, is his "Vierge aux Rochers" (maiden on the rocks), now in the Louvre Gallery of Paris.

35. **my beauty**, my fair lady. The matter-of-fact Scotchman understood him to mean his own good looks.

Page 84, line 4. **personal pretensions**, claims to be considered handsome.

7. **annunciate**, proclaim—as if it were a novel discovery.

13. **North Britons**, Scotchmen.

14. **Burns**, Robert Burns, 1759-1796, the famous Scotch lyrical poet.

19. **hit off**, accurately portrayed.

20. **biting**, pungent, sarcastic.

29. **acquit themselves**, do their duty, contribute their part to the amusement of the company.

Page 85, line 4. **Thomson**, James Thomson, the Scotch poet, 1700-1748, author of *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence*, celebrated for his descriptions of natural scenery.

5. **Smollett**. Tobias Smollett, the novelist, was a native of Dumbartonshire. He wrote three celebrated novels—*Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, besides a number of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. He also completed Hume's *History of England*.

6. **Rory and his companion**, Roderick Random and Strap, his friend.

9. **What if**. Suppose that Hume had written a sequel to *Humphry Clinker*, would it not have been as inferior as Smollett's history?

12. **Stonehenge**, a circle of immense stones standing on Salisbury Plain, in Wiltshire, by some supposed to have formed part of a Druidical temple.

13. **date beyond**, are more ancient than. The earliest, the pyramid of Cheops, was begun probably about 1500 B.C.

15. **the nerves**, the courage, firmness of mind.

17. **Hugh of Lincoln**. The story is told by Matthew Paris, a Benedictine monk who wrote in the reign of Henry III. a history of England from the Conquest. A little boy was stolen by Jews, tortured, and crucified. The tale appears in ballad form in Bishop Percy's *Reprints*.

19. **cloaked**, covert.

25. **on 'Change**. 'Change is a colloquial abbreviation of Exchange, a building where brokers, bankers, and merchants meet to transact business.

29. **reciprocal endearments**, mutual flatteries or civilities.

30. **the Church and Synagogue**, Christian and Jew.

31. **congeeing**, exchanging courtesies. Congee is French *congé*, leave, permission, from Low Latin *commeatus*, going to and fro, leave of absence, furlough; Latin, *com-* (*cum*), and *meare*, to go.

35. **keck**, show disgust; literally, 'retch.'

36. **convertites**, converts (a Shakespearian word. Cf. *As you Like It*, v. 4. 190).

christianizing, intransitive, adopting Christian habits and modes of life.

Page 86, line 1. **judaizing**, conforming to Jewish observances.

fish or flesh, one distinct species or another. Compare the common expression, "Neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring," said of something anomalous, ambiguous, or difficult to classify.

3. **wet**, drunk, intoxicated.

4. **B——**, John Braham, 1774-1831, English singer and composer, of Jewish extraction. Braham is a corruption of **Abraham. in keeping**, consistent.

8. **the Shibboleth**, his Jewish nationality; see *Book of Judges*, XII. 6, where the word was used as a test to the Ephraimites, who called it Sibboleth.

9. **The Children of Israel, etc.** From Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*. 15. **Kemble**, John Kemble, the famous actor, 1757-1823.

16. **the Commandments**, the Ten Commandments, *Exodus*, XX. 3-18.

18. **how should they?** A reference to the Jewish expectation of a Messiah who came nine centuries ago.

23. **Jael**, *Judges*, IV. 18, and following verses. She murdered Sisera, captain of the army of the King of Canaan, treacherously, as he lay sleeping, a guest, in her tent.

28. **Fuller**, Thomas Fuller, 1608-1661, historian and divine, author of *Worthies of England*. He was one of Lamb's favourite authors.

30. **share my meals and my good nights**, sit at the same table and live in the same house with them.

Page 87, line 2. "**to live with them**," *Othello*, I. 3:

> "That I did love the Moor to live with him,
> My downright violence and scorn of fortunes
> May trumpet to the world."

3. **all over sophisticated**, wholly permeated with worldliness.

6. **whim-whams**, whims, caprices.

8. **according to Evelyn**, in his *Acetaria: a Discourse of Sallets* (1699). The observation refers to the passage in *Paradise Lost*, Book v., in which Eve prepares her meal for the Angel Raphael.

10. *Paradise Regained*, II. 278.

16. **committing**, compromising.

17. **stand in a manner upon**, their reputation and position depend, in a certain sense, on their truthfulness.

26. **the shop and the market-place**, business and social intercourse.

32. **laic-truth**, *i.e.* approximate correctness; such truth as may be expected from a layman, not absolute 'truth upon oath.'

Page 88, line 5. **caught tripping**, found to be in error, making a mistake.

6. **invidious exemption**, the exemption from the necessity of taking an oath in a court of law, which, as implying a superior degree of credibility, is calculated to excite ill-will in others.

11. **a more sacred example.** Lamb alludes to the indirect answers by which Christ baffled the malice of his enemies when they sought to "catch something out of his mouth, that they might accuse him" (*Luke*, XI. 54).

16. **secular scion**, non-religious, worldly descendant.

22. **upright Justicers.** It was the Recorder of the Court at the trial of 1670. See page 68, line 9, note. The expression is taken from Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, v. 5.

23. "**Thereafter as the answers may be**," that depends on the sort of answers you give.

26. **I was travelling**, etc. The adventure happened to Sir Antony Carlisle, the surgeon and man of science, 1768-1840. Lamb heard the story from him.

27. **buttoned up**, etc., enveloped in long black coats according to the strictest requirement of their dissenting sect. The Quakers wore a peculiar garb of their own. The form of the expression "straitest nonconformity" is suggested by *Acts*, XXVI. 5.

28. **to bait**, for refreshments.

33. **Mine hostess**, the landlady.

Page 89, line 1. **peremptory notice**, "Time's up, gentlemen."

8. **warrantable**, properly, justifiable; here it means respectable, of high character, capable of being cited as authorities.

13. **to give some twitches**, to cause me some feelings of uneasiness.

19. **how indigos go**, what is the current market price of various qualities of indigo.

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS.

(*London Magazine*, October, 1821.)

Page 89, line 22. **in the gross**, generally, all together.

26. **an historic anomaly**, an anachronism; an institution or belief which progress in civilization has rendered absurd.

30. **the likely from the palpable absurd**, probability from obvious absurdity. For the substantival use of the adjective absurd, cf. *Paradise Lost*, II. 406.

Page 90, line 2. All these were common superstitions in the days of the belief in witchcraft. The first is as old as Vergil, who attributes it to the peasants of his time (*Eclogue*, VIII. 80).

3. **lodged**, beaten down, laid flat; cf. *Richard II.* III. 3. 162, *Macbeth*, IV. 1. 55.

6. **a fearful-innocent vagary**, a fantastic jig, terrifying but harmless.

8. **law of agency**, principle of causation.

prince of the powers of darkness. Satan, who is called "Prince of the powers of the air" (*Ephesians*, II. 2); cf. "against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world" (*Ephesians*, VI. 12).

9. **the flower and pomp**, nobles and potentates.

10. **weak fantasy of indigent eld**, poor old people, easily deluded.

11. **à priori**, a Latin expression, denoting prior to experience; if we reason by presumption.

13. **anile**, old women's. We have no means of estimating whether the devil sets a greater value upon them.

14. **symbolised by a goat.** See the parable of the sheep and the goats (*Matthew*, XXV. 31-42).

16. **assert his metaphor**, vindicate the metaphor, which likened him to a goat.

21. **canon**, rule, accepted standard. Greek *kanōn*, a rod.

25. **reputed hags**, popularly believed to be witches. 'Hag' is A.S., *hægtesse*, a fury, possibly from A.S. *haga*, a bush or hedge.

26. **obtuse**, thick-skinned, insensible.

28. **holding hell tributary** to, controlling devils by their muttered incantations.

30. **headborough**, petty constable, originally the chief of a frankpledge or tithing.

31. subpœna, a term of legal Latin, to compel a person's attendance in court by a writ; Latin *sub pœnâ*, under penalty—a legal penalty being provided for disobedience.

Prospero in his boat, etc. *Tempest*, I. 2. 144-152, and 166-170.

Page 91, line 1. **the Fiend in Spenser**, etc. *Faerie Queene*, II. 7. 27:

> "Threatening with greedy grip to doe him dye,
> And rend in pieces with his ravenous pawes."

3. take assay of the glorious bait, make an attempt upon such a magnificent and enticing treasure—the heap of golden treasure with which Mammon tried to tempt Sir Guyon. *Faerie Queene*, II. 7. 34:

> "Griev'd so long to lacke his greedy prey;
> For well he weened, that so glorious bayte
> Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay."

6. legendary, abounding in legends.

10. Stackhouse. Thomas Stackhouse, 1681-1752, divine, published the book in 1737.

13. ocular admeasurement, as accurately portrayed as if its dimensions had been estimated by the eye.

15. the witch. The witch of Endor (1 *Samuel*, XXVIII. 7-21).

25. tacked, appended.

28. complimentary excess of candour. The criticisms of sceptics were presented with such an unnecessary degree of frankness, as to be almost equivalent to a flattering commendation of them.

30. bane and antidote, poison and remedy, *i.e.* the hostile criticism and the arguments in defence.

32. the dragon, the monster of unbelief.

veriest babe, merest child.

34. that slain monster in Spenser. The dragon slain by the Red Cross Knight, St. George of England, which the populace feared to touch even after it was dead:

> "For yet perhaps remaynd
> Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
> Or in his womb might lurk some hidden nest
> Of many dragonets, his fruitful seed."
> *Faerie Queene*, I. 12. 10.

36. so tender a St. George, so young a champion of the Faith.

Page 92, line **4. a sceptic in long-coats**, a child-unbeliever, a nursery critic. **6. sincerity**, soundness, genuineness.

7. historic or chronologic theses, assertions of facts or dates.

8. whatever impugners, all objectors whatever.

14. a babe and a suckling, to whom especially spiritual truths are clear and unclouded (*Matthew*, XXI. 16, and XI. 25).

15. lost myself in these mazes. Cf. *King John*, IV. 3. 140:

> "I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way,
> Among the thorns and dangers of this world."

17. husks; lit. rinds, outer shells or coverings; hence, metaphorically, unnourishing food for the mind. The allusion is to the Parable of the Prodigal Son, who in his distress "would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat," *i.e.* with the pods of the carob bean (*Luke*, XV. 16).

fortunate piece of ill-fortune, an intentional oxymoron.

22. as well they might, reasonably enough; they might justly be astonished at the quarters in which they found themselves.

30. try, put a strain upon.

34. my hell, my place or time of torture.

Page 93, line 2. **an assurance which realized**, etc., The certainty which I felt of seeing an apparition caused my forebodings to be fulfilled.

4. Be old Stackhouse acquitted, etc., the whole blame need not, then, be assigned to Stackhouse's picture.

5. that old man covered with a mantle. 1 *Samuel*, XXVIII. 14.

8. a hag that nightly sate, etc., a nightmare, a ghastly spectre that haunted me every night.

13. awoke into sleep. The imaginative faculty, which had been less active in the daytime, recovered its intensely vivid power at night. Hughes, continuation of Milton's *Il Penseroso*, has,

> "Till, life dissolving at the view,
> I wake and find those visions true."

15. aversely, with head averted, a Latinism. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, VI. 223.

16. witch-ridden, haunted by the witch of Endor; cf. boy-rid.

30. From *The Author's Abstract of Melancholy*, prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

34. T. H., Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt, poet and critic.

Page 94, line 3. **ab extra**, externally, a Latin expression.

4. "thick-coming fancies." *Macbeth*, V. 3. 38.

5. nurse-child of optimism, fostered by a cheerful and hopeful philosophy of life. Optimism, as a practical creed, is what is vulgarly called "seeing the bright side of things."

6. **shapes, unborrowed of tradition.** A reminiscence, perhaps, of Gray's

"Orient hues, unborrowed of the sun" (*Progress*, 120).

to which, compared with which.

7. **cell-damned**, not 'condemned to a cell,' but, 'in his condemned cell'; *i.e.* already condemned and waiting for execution.

8. **Gorgons and Hydras**, etc. *Paradise Lost*, II. 628; monsters of Greek mythology. The Gorgons were three sisters, whose hair was entwined with snakes, so terrible to look on, that the beholder was turned into stone. The Hydra was a hundred-headed serpent slain by Hercules. The Chimæra was a three-headed monster, part lion, part goat, part dragon, slain by Bellerophon. Celæno was one of the Harpies, daughters of Neptune and Terra, winged monsters, having the faces of women and the bodies of vultures, with claws and talons.

11. **transcripts, types**, copies, impressions—the original models, the *ideas*, exist in our own minds—a Platonic view.

14. Spenser, *Epithalamium*, 343.

21. The demons, described in the Italian poet Dante's *Inferno*.

25. Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*.

32. **objectless upon earth**, unconnected with any material object.

34. If we could account for these strange facts, we might have a clue to man's condition prior to birth, and might obtain a glimpse, at least, of the nature of that obscure state which precedes human life. Lamb was doubtless thinking of his friend Wordsworth's attempt to deal with the problem, in his *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood*. But if, as Wordsworth thinks, childhood is in closest communion with the divine, why are children most liable to these evil terrors?

Page 95, line 5. **keep a stud of them**, maintain a whole stable-full of them; a pun on the word mare, in nightmare. The two words are wholly unconnected. Mare is A.S. *mearh*, cognate with Celtic *marc* and *march*, a horse. Nightmare is A.S. *niht*, night, and *mara*, an ogress, incubus, from root MAR, to bruise or crush.

with thè extinguished taper, as soon as the candle is put out.

19. **the Westmoreland fells**, the mountains of Westmoreland, in what is called "The Lake District" Lamb and his sister paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick in 1802.

my highest Alps, the highest mountains I have ever seen. For this generic use of the word "Alps" cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 620.

22. **the inner eye**, the mind's eye, the eye of imagination. Cf. Wordsworth's "That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

23. **Helvellyn**, one of the three highest peaks in the Lake District, a little over 3000 feet in height. It is on the borders of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

24. **poverty**, meanness, uninteresting character.

26. **icy domes**, etc. The allusion is to Coleridge's wonderfully imaginative poem, *Kubla Khan*, which, he himself tells us, is the fragmentary recollection of a vivid dream:

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
> A stately pleasure-house decree;
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea.
> . . . . . .
> "It was a miracle of rare device,
> A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
> A damsel with a dulcimer
> In a vision once I saw:
> It was an Abyssinian maid,
> And on her dulcimer she played,
> Singing of Mount Abora."

29. **cannot muster a fiddle**. Coleridge in his dreams conjures up a romantic, old-world instrument, the dulcimer; my best imaginative effort cannot call up even such a common-place instrument as a violin.

30. **Barry Cornwall**. The assumed name under which Bryan Waller Procter, 1790-1874, wrote his delightful dramatic lyrics. His songs, in form and spirit, are akin rather to the Elizabethan than to the Victorian age.

tritons and nereids, sea-gods and sea-nymphs. In Barry Cornwall's poem, *A Vision*, occur the lines:

> "Methought one told me that a child
> Was that night unto Neptune born;
> And then old Triton blew his curled horn,
> . . . . . .
> And the wanton Nereides. . . .

Of this piece the author remarks, "This is little more than the recollection of an actual dream."

33. **fish-wife**, fish-woman, a woman who retails fish. They are generally coarse in appearance, and coarser in manners and language. The Billingsgate fish-women are notorious.

Page 96, line 1. **marine spectra**, apparitions of sea-deities.

plastic, lit. moulding; creative, imaginative. Greek, *plazein*, to mould, shape, *plastiké*, the potter's art.

5. customary train, the usual retinue of Tritons.

6. conchs, their shell-trumpets; what Wordsworth calls Triton's "wreathèd horn."

8. Ino Leucothea. Ino, daughter of Cadmus, King of Thebes, was pursued by her husband, Athamas, whom Juno had inspired with frenzy. To escape from him she threw herself into the sea; Neptune made her a sea-nymph, and she was worshipped under the name, Leucothea, "the white goddess." Lamb is alluding to Homer's account of the landing of Ulysses from his raft in Phœacia, *Odyssey*, v. 333, etc., where Ino Leucothea takes pity on his forlorn condition, and gives him a 'scarf' to help him to swim ashore. He appears to have Pope's version in mind, especially in the description of his landing "in the wafture of a placid wave." Ulysses, too, lands up a creek, not on the sea-shore.

11. the familiarization of dreams, the process by which strange objects melt into familiar ones in our dreams.

13. wafture, buoyant motion.

14. Lambeth palace. The residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Surrey side of the Thames.

16. no whimsical criterion, a reasonable test.

quantum, amount, a Latin word.

23. idle vein, unprofitable tendency, a hankering after poetry.

24. eluding nereids, the sea-nymphs of my dream, that vanished from me.

25. inauspicious inland landing, that unpromisingly prosaic end to my dream, the landing in London.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

(The *Indicator*, February 14, 1821.)

Page 96, line 26. Bishop Valentine. Valentine is said to have been a bishop who suffered martyrdom under Claudius II. at Rome, about A.D. 270. It seems probable that the festival owes its date to the Roman Lupercalia, a riotous feast in honour of Pan, celebrated about the middle of February. Many heathen festivals were thus converted into Christian by the clergy. The appropriation of the festival to exchanges of gifts between lovers is due, according to Skeat, to the supposition that birds begin to pair on that day. Cf. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. 1. 144, "Saint Valentine is past: Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?" 'Old Bishop Valentine' is from Ben Jonson.

27. **rubric**, here the ecclesiastical calendar.

Arch-flamen of Hymen, high-priest of marriage. Hymen was the god who presided over marriage among the Greeks.

28. **Immortal Go-between**, ever-famous intermediary or ambassador of love. The word generally has a disparaging sense, 'procurer.'

Page 97, line 1. **tippet and rochet**, episcopal vestments. Tippet is a scarf, often of fur, for the neck and shoulders. Rochet, a linen vestment, something like a surplice; the word comes through the French from Old High German *roch*, German *rock*, a coat.

decent, becoming, comely. The words are an echo of Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 35, 36:

> "A sable stole of cyprus lawn
> Over thy decent shoulders drawn."

3. **mitred father**, bishop wearing the mitre.

Jerome nor Ambrose nor Cyril, early Christian fathers, of the fourth and fifth centuries A.D. Ambrose and Cyril were Bishops of Milan and of Alexandria, respectively.

5. **Austin**, better known as St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in Africa. He laid it down in his writings that the souls of infants which die unbaptized are damned.

6. **Origen**, born A.D. 185, died A.D. 254, one of the most learned of the fathers. In his youth he advocated mutilation as a means of sanctity, literally interpreting *Matthew*, XIX. 12, but afterwards admitted his error.

Bishop Bull, etc. George Bull, 1634-1709, was Bishop of St. David's, a learned divine. Matthew Parker and John Whitgift were Archbishops of Canterbury from 1559-1575, and 1583-1604, respectively.

9. *Paradise Lost*, I. 768.

11. **crosier**, the bishop's pastoral staff; its curved top symbolized his office as shepherd of his flock. According to Skeat, derived from 'crook,' and not from 'cross.'

the mystical arrow, the symbolical arrow of Cupid, which signified the power of love over the human heart.

14. **ycleped**, called; an antique past participle of the old verb 'clepe,' to call; A.S. *geclipod*, p.p. of *clipian*, to call. The word is not infrequent in Chaucer, and the participle is used by Milton, *L'Allegro*, 12.

Valentines. Love-letters, tokens, presents, despatched on this day, are called Valentines.

T

15. **forspent.** The intensive prefix *for-*, German *ver-*, survives in a few verbs: forbear, forfend, forget, forgive, forlorn, forsake, forswear. Forego is for 'for-go,' fret is for 'for-etan' (eat). Spenser and Shakespeare have 'forwearied,' *Faerie Queene*, I. 1. 32, and *King John*, II. 1. 233. 'All forspent'—quite exhausted.

16. **twopenny postman.** A separate twopenny post for London was established in 1790.

delicate embarrassments, not his own, other people's love-letters.

20. **visual interpretations,** professions of love made by drawings or paintings.

23. **bestuck and bleeding.** A representation of the heart, under the form of a red diamond-shaped object, pierced with Cupid's arrows and bleeding, is a common form of valentine.

24. **opera hat,** a crush-hat, a top-hat which has an ingenious spring, by which it can be elevated or flattened for the convenience of opera and theatre goers.

26. **anatomical seat,** particular portion of the human frame.

30. **pathology,** medical science.

32. There appears no reason why a lover, in making an offer of marriage, should not lay his liver or his midriff, instead of his heart, at the disposal of the lady of his affections. Amanda (lovable) is a romantic name for a sweetheart.

Page 98, line 2. **wait at animal and anatomical distance,** are relegated to their inferior positions, as mere portions of our animal and anatomical mechanism; they are not, like the heart, dignified by sentimental associations.

5. Adapted from *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 18:

> "It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where Love is throned,"

i.e. to the heart.

6. **this oracle within,** the anticipations raised in our hearts thereby are seldom realized.

10. **As the raven himself was hoarse,** etc. *Macbeth*, I. 5. 36:

> "The raven himself is hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."

12. **that bringeth good tidings,** an echo of *Isaiah*, LII. 7.

15. **commonplaces,** common, familiar themes.

16. "**having been will always be**," a free adaptation of Wordsworth, *On the Intimations of Immortality:*

"The primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be."

Cf. Landor, *To Ianthe*, CCLXV. :

"For memory
Where you but once have been must ever be."

no school-boy nor school-man can write away, which not all the blundering essays of school-boys, nor the angry dissertations against women of the mediæval divines can destroy.

17. **irreversible throne**, a dominion that cannot be overthrown.

20. **emblematic seal**, the sealing-wax stamped with some symbolical impression : a Cupid, or a heart, or a lover's knot, or something similar.

23. **Lovers all, A madrigal.** "But a never lived to touch it—a' began all in a moment to sing 'Lovers all, a Madrigall' : 'Twas the only song Master Abram ever learned out of book" (Davy to Shallow, describing Slender's death, *Falstaff's Letters*, by James White).

25. **young Love disclaims it**, young people in love don't want to be sensible.

26. **between wind and water**, properly a nautical expression, denoting that part of a ship which is sometimes below the waves, sometimes exposed ; hence, a vulnerable part. Here Lamb means, neither quite foolish nor quite sensible.

27. **the sheep might almost join**, etc., a chorus with such *very* simple words that one might almost fancy the sheep having sense enough to join their shepherd in it, as I may perhaps be permitted to imagine they used to do in the land of pastoral idyll.

32. **E. B.**, Edward Francis Burney, 1760-1848, portrait-painter and book-illustrator, cousin of Madame d'Arblay, the authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, better known as Frances Burney. He illustrated the *Arabian Nights*, and the novels of Richardson and Smollett, besides contributing to numerous periodicals.

Page 99, line 4. **vignette**, a small picture, small ornamental drawing.

6. **meets nobody half-way**, does not make advances, does not go out of its way to assist anybody ; *i.e.* you must force yourself on the notice of the world, or it will disregard you.

10. **should**, ought to.

18. **Pyramus and Thisbe**, the mythical Babylonian lovers, the "lamentable comedy" of whose fate was travestied by the rustic actors in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

18. **Dido**, the unhappy Queen of Carthage, deserted by her lover Æneas, whose fate is narrated in the fourth book of Vergil's *Æneid*.

19. **Hero and Leander.** The ideal *human* lovers of Greek mythology. They lived on opposite sides of the Hellespont, and Leander used to swim across the sea from Abydos to visit his mistress at Sestos. At last he was drowned, while attempting to cross in a storm. Of modern poets, Byron has some fine lines on the story, while Marlowe has enshrined it in burning verse.

Cayster, a river of Lydia, celebrated by poets as the haunt of wild swans. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II. 253; Vergil, *Georgic*, I. 384; Homer, *Iliad*, II. 461.

21. **Iris dipt the woof.** It was rainbow-hued; Iris, the rainbow-goddess, messenger of the gods, dyed its texture. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, XI. 244.

23. **orifice**, the horizontal slit through which letters are dropt into the letter-box.

Page 100, line 3. **Good morrow to my Valentine**, *i.e.* good morning to my lover (*Hamlet*, IV. 5. 49).

4. **with better auspices**, with happier fortune; because Ophelia was insane when she uttered the words, and soon afterwards committed suicide by drowning herself.

6. **diocesans.** See page 32, line 34, note.

7. **his true church**, *i.e.* the creed of love.

MY RELATIONS.

(*London Magazine*, June, 1821.)

Page 99, line 17. **may sensibly see**, etc., can realize, without the aid of imagination, how he himself will shortly be blotted out from the recollection of the world.

19. **an aunt**, his father's sister, the "Aunt Hetty" of his blank verse poem, *Written on the Day of my Aunt's Funeral*. See page 21, line 9, note.

20. **single blessedness**, the happy condition of spinsterhood, as it has come to be popularly understood; properly, the sanctity of the unmarried condition. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. 1. 78.

soured to, embittered against.

23. A **partiality quite so exclusive**, *i.e.* an affection limited to a single individual.

26. "**Thomas à Kempis**," the reputed author of the famous devotional work written in Latin, *De imitatione Christi* (How to be like Christ). Thomas Hamerken, of Kempen, near Cologne, was a German schoolman, 1380-1471. George Stanhope, Dean of

Canterbury, 1660-1728, was one of the numerous English translators of the book.

28. **matins and complines**, the morning service, and the last prayer at night, in the Roman Catholic breviary.

31. **Sabbath**, properly Saturday, which is the Jewish Sabbath; here intended for Sunday, by an inaccuracy which has become inveterate.

Page 101, line 2. "**Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman.**" No trace of this publication is to be found in the catalogues of the British Museum.

4. **chapel in Essex Street**, the Unitarian Church, opened in 1773. See Lamb's essay on *Unitarian Protests*.

5. **infancy of that heresy**. Unitarianism began to establish itself in England early in the eighteenth century. Unitarians profess belief in one God, but do not accept the divinity of Jesus Christ.

8. **missed**, felt the want of.

asperities, acrimony, severity, harshness — in her disposition.

11. **extraordinary at a repartee**, wonderfully good at making a witty retort.

20. **Male aunts**, *i.e.* uncles (apparently, "somebody" is Lamb himself; like Milton's "as some sager sing" (*L'Allegro*, 17), with which he introduces his own mythological invention).

22. **Brother, or sister, I never had any**. One of Lamb's wilful mystifications; he has converted his living brother and sister into cousins. Excluding these two, he had no others who had lived beyond infancy, although four children had been born to his father and mother between 1762 and 1775. Two children, that should have been elder sisters to him, had been christened Elizabeth, but both died successively long before he was born.

28. **cousins**. The Brutons and Gladmans. See *Mackery End, in Hertfordshire*.

par excellence, above all others, especially deserving the name—a French phrase.

29. **James and Bridget Elia**, the names under which he describes his brother John and his sister Mary.

31. **waive any other prerogatives**, forego any of the privileges which belong to the eldest born.

35. **grand climacteric**, sixty-third year. Every seventh or ninth year of a man's life was a climacteric, a season of special peril; sixty-three, as the multiple of two ordinary climacterics, was especially critical.

Page 102, line 1. **her unities**, her harmony of design—where *we* can only see a heterogeneous collection of inconsistencies.

3. **Yorick**, Lawrence Sterne, 1713-1768, the author of *Tristram Shandy*. He called himself Yorick after the jester mentioned in *Hamlet*.

4. **fine Shandean lights and shades**, delicate gradations and contrasts of good and bad, which are characteristic of Sterne's novel.

6. **poor antithetical manner**, by the feeble method of abrupt contrasts.

10. **phlegm**, etc. At once impulsive by nature, and cautious by principle, he finds a perpetual struggle going on between his maxims of imperturbability and his highly excitable disposition.

12. **fire-new**, brand-new, fresh from the mint; a Shakespearian word.

17. **sense, sensibility**, feeling.

18. **common sense**, practical wisdom.

20. **commit yourself**, compromise, make a fool of yourself.

29. **Domenichino**. Domenico Zampieri, 1581-1641, Italian painter and architect.

the ball of his sight. Are his own eyes more precious to him than this picture?

32. **warp**, distort, pervert. Most people force their theories to suit their personal peculiarities.

35. **courageous upon instinct**, imitated from Shakespeare's "I was a coward on instinct" (1 *Henry IV* II. 4. 284).

Charles of Sweden, Charles XII., King of Sweden. See Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 191-223.

36. **chary of his person**, loth to run any risk.

Page 103, line 1. **travelling Quaker**. Hatred of war and scrupulous abstention from all strife are leading principles of the Quaker's creed.

2. **bowing**, deferring.

6. **Cham of Tartary**, the Khan of Tartary, a ruthless oriental despot; cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. 1. 277.

9. **ran up**, a colloquial expression; to run up is to build or construct rapidly, generally implying flimsiness or want of solidity in the work.

16. **stages**, stage-coaches.

ply, run for hire.

19. **just freight**, proper complement, full number of passengers.

22. **thus sitting, thus consulting.** *Paradise Lost*, II. 164:

"Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?"

32. **makes wild work with logic**, plays havoc with it, sets all the principles of strict reasoning at defiance. Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, VI. 698, "Which makes wild work in Heav'n."

33. **jump at**, suddenly reach; without any intermediate process of reasoning.

34. **Consonantly to**, consistently with, in harmony with.

Page 104, line 1. **a conceit of it**, a notion that man possessed reason.

5. **his lungs shall crow**, etc. *As You Like It*, II. 7. 30:

"My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,"

i.e. I began to laugh as loud as the cock crows.

6. **best**, wittiest.

12. **discovereth**, exhibits.

13. **meet Time half way**, accommodate themselves to the infirmities of advancing age. Cf. page 99, line 6, note.

14. **spoiler**, destroyer.

15. **take his swing**, in more modern colloquial form, "have his fling," enjoy life without any restraint.

20. **a Claude or a Hobbima.** Claude Gelée, better known as Claude Lorraine, a famous French landscape painter, 1600–1682. Several of his finest pieces are in the National Gallery. Meindert Hobbema was a Dutch landscape painter, also of the seventeenth century.

21. **Christie's and Phillips's**, auctioneers in Pall Mall, London.

or where not, all over the picture-dealing quarter.

pick up, purchase at a sale; especially of buying cheap, at a bargain.

22. **gauds**, attractive toys or trifles.

27. **Westward Ho!** to the West end of London—the quarter in which fashion and pleasure are chiefly to be found.

31. **Professor of Indifference**, this Stoic, as he professes to be.

32. **doing the honours of.** To do the honours of a house or an entertainment, is to act as host, to welcome the guests.

36. **aërial perspective** is the effect of distance, produced by diminishing the intensity of the colouring from the foreground to the background of a picture.

Page 105, line 6. his "Cynthia of the minute," his temporary favourite. Pope, *Epistles*, II. 19:

"Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, e'er she change, the Cynthia of this minute."

7. How many a mild Madonna, etc. This is a humorous adaptation of the opening lines of Shakespeare, *Sonnet* 33:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
. . . . . .
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide."

How often have I known him introduce a picture of the Virgin Mary as a genuine painting of Raphael, and then gradually change his mind as to its value, and degrade it by assigning it to painters more and more inferior, till at last it was put away in the lumber-room as worthless.

9. moons, months.

12. the Carracci. There were several Italian painters of this name, born in the second half of the sixteenth century, of whom Annibale Carracci, of Bologna, was the most famous.

successive lowering ascriptions of filiation. Ascribing the bastard first to the more famous painter of that name, then to less and less famous members of the family, gradually lowering his estimate of its value.

13. breaking its fall, softening its loss of prestige.

14. Lucca Giordano, Carlo Maratti, inferior Italian painters of the seventeenth century.

17. that woeful Queen, Isabella, daughter of Charles VI., King of France.

19. Shakespeare, *Richard II.* v. 1. 80.

21. Hallowmass, the old name for All Saints' Day, November 1.

shortest day, the winter solstice, December 22.

25. pierces the marrow of, intimately realizes.

Page 106, line 7. apostle to the brute kind, preacher of humanity to animals.

10. "All for pity he could die." Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. 3. 1.

take the savour, etc., spoil his appetite and his sleep.

12. Thomas Clarkson, the philanthropist, who devoted his life to the cause of the abolition of the slave trade, 1760–1846.

14. **"true yoke-fellow with Time."** Wordsworth, *Sonnet on Clarkson*:

"True yoke-fellow of Time,
Duty's intrepid liegeman."

19. **cut but an equivocal figure**, been a rather dubious success, made a somewhat unfavourable impression.

22. **put out**, annoy, disturb their equanimity.

He thinks of relieving,—while they think of debating. A humorous parody of the famous line in the character of Burke, delineated by Goldsmith in his *Retaliation*:

"Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

23. **black-balled**, rejected as a member. In voting for those proposed as candidates for membership of a club small marbles are dropped into the ballot-box, white by those who vote 'aye,' black by those who vote 'no.'

24. **a society for the Relief of ——**, Distressed Sailors.

27. **a patent of nobility**, a proof of nobility, as good as a peerage.

31. **understanding**, good understanding, kindly relations.

33. **in one jot or tittle**, in the smallest particular; the phrase is scriptural (*Matthew*, v. 18). Jot comes through Latin from Greek *iota*, the name for the Greek letter *i*, and Hebrew *yŏd* (*y*), the smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Tittle is Latin, *titulus*, a title, also a sign or mark over a letter.

36. **breathing**, living.

Page 107, line 6. Quoted from an early sonnet of Lamb's.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

(*London Magazine*, July, 1821.)

Page 107, line 7. **Bridget Elia.** His sister, Mary Lamb.

13. **the rash king's offspring.** He means the daughter of Jephthah, Judge of Israel, who rashly vowed to sacrifice the first thing that should come out of his house to meet him when he returned home, if he were successful in battle (*Judges*, xi. 30-40).

to bewail my celibacy. As Jephthah's daughter went out "to bewail her virginity" (*Judges*, xi. 38).

14. "**with a difference.**" *Hamlet*, IV. 5. 183, where, however, difference is used in another sense for a mark of distinction in heraldry.

16. **bickerings**, petty differences in words, trivial altercations.

as it should be among near relations, a humorous touch of the unexpected, an agreeable kind of 'para prosdokian,' or the humour of surprise, as the Greeks called it.

18. **dissembling.** Here incorrectly used for simulating, as the sense of the context shows. She was so unaccustomed to hear any particular tenderness in the modulation of his voice—although she knew the sincerity of his affection—that when he assumed an artificially tender tone, it hurt her feelings.

Page 108, line 1. **diverting twist**, amusing eccentricity.

2. **native disrelish**, natural dislike.

3. **bizarre**, fantastical, strange, grotesque; borrowed from the French.

goes down with her, is accepted by her, is approved or appreciated.

5. "**holds Nature more clever**," a proverbial expression. Cf. Gray, *Epitaph of By-Words:*

"To convince her of God the good dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held nature more clever."

6. **obliquities**, irregularities, deviations from the normal view.

Religio Medici of Sir Thomas Browne. See page 38, line 30, note.

9. **intellectuals**, intellect, mental powers.

12. **Margaret Newcastle.** See page 39, line 27, note.

19. **juggles or plays tricks with**, never treats her understanding in a light or frivolous fashion, never plays with sophistries.

21. **positive**, certain in our own opinions, "cock-sure," as the vulgar phrase is.

28. **in the long-run**, ultimately.

32. **awkward trick**, inconvenient habit.

Page 109, line 4. **greatly**, grandly, in a manner worthy of the occasion.

5. **stuff of the conscience**, matters of moral consequence. Shakespeare, *Othello*, I. 2. 2.

6. **less seasonably**, somewhat irrelevantly, or inappositely.

8. **female garniture**, feminine embellishment, ornamental acquirements; such as drawing, painting, vocal and instrumental music.

10. **closet**, room, library; probably the library of Samuel Salt, to whom Lamb's father was clerk and confidential servant.

good old English reading, the standard English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

27. **to beat up the quarters**, a military expression; to beat up an enemy's quarters is to make a sudden descent or attack upon them. Hence, generally, to beat up a man's quarters is to make an unexpected incursion into his house.

36. **throw into a heap**, etc. I should like to make a common stock of the years which each of us has still to live, and then divide them equally, so that we might both die at the same time.

Page 110, line 22. **mocked with a phantom of itself**, deluded by a visionary reflection of the original recollection. His original remembrance of the place had become shadowy and unreal through lapse of time, though he still erroneously imagined that he remembered it.

27. **"heart of June,"** from Ben Jonson's *Epithalamium for Mrs. John Weston.*

28. Wordsworth, *Yarrow Visited.*

32. **a waking bliss**, a substantial happiness, less dreamy than mine. Milton, *Comus*, 263.

Page 111, line 5. **fifty odd**, an elliptical expression, equivalent to fifty and odd years; fifty and some few left over, *i.e.* over fifty, upwards of fifty.

behind her years, younger than her years, as we say; less staid than you would expect a woman of her age to be.

10. **out-of-date**, antiquated; with whom our connection has lapsed.

23. **rending**, dissevering, alienating.

30. **the two scriptural cousins**, the Virgin Mary and Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist (*Luke*, I. 40). "The Visitation," as it is called, was a favourite subject with painters. The best known delineation of this scene is "The Visitation" of the Florentine painter, Mariotto Albertinelli, now in the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence.

36. **B. F.**, Barron Field (1786–1846), an English barrister, who became a Judge of the Supreme Court at Sydney, and subsequently Chief-Justice of Gibraltar. His brother was a fellow clerk with Lamb in the India House. He is the Australian friend to whom Lamb writes in his *Distant Correspondents*, and was the author of *First-Fruits of Australian Poetry.* In the paper on that volume of poems, which Lamb contributed to the *Examiner*, he writes: "Whether, as we rather suspect, thou art that valued friend of ours, who ... didst ... quit thy friends ...

to go and administer tedious justice in inauspicious, unliterary Thieffield, we reclaim thee for our own, and gladly would transport thee back to thy native 'fields.'"

Page 112, line 1. **where the kangaroo haunts.** Of Australia.

2. **The fatted calf was made ready**, a sumptuous feast was prepared for us. "To kill the fatted calf" is to welcome our friends with the best of everything at our disposal. The allusion is again to the Parable of the Prodigal Son (*Luke*, xv. 23 and 30).

17. **words written in lemon.** Writing made with lemon, onion, or other plant juice is invisible until it is exposed to a strong heat, when it comes out clearly of a brownish-black colour.

MY FIRST PLAY.

(*London Magazine*, December, 1821.)

Page 112, line 28. **pit entrance**, entrance to the seats in the pit. See page 58, line 17, note.

Drury. Drury Lane Theatre. David Garrick, the famous actor, was part-proprietor of the theatre from 1747 to 1776, when he retired from the stage.

30. **shaking some forty years**, etc., feeling forty years younger.

Page 113, line 5. **last spurt**, concluding downpour; the "clearing shower," as we say. 7. **orders**, tickets of free admission.

15. **Sheridan**, Robert Brinsley Sheridan. See p. 35, line 4, note.

17. **boarding-school at Bath**, an inaccuracy: she was living at home with her parents.

Maria Linley, another inaccuracy. It was Elizabeth Ann Linley, not Maria, that married Sheridan.

18. **over a quadrille table**, playing cards.

19. **harmonious charge**, the sweet-voiced young lady under his protection. She was a famous professional singer.

21. **the then Drury-lane theatre**, the Drury Lane of that time. Cf. page 25, line 23.

23. **billets**, tickets of admission.

32. **Ciceronian**, grandiloquent, in the lofty style of Cicero.

36. **vice versâ**, in the reverse case.

Page 114, line 2. **Seneca or Varro.** Lucius Annæus Seneca, A.D. 2-65, was a Roman philosopher and moralist, tutor to Nero, by whose order he was murdered. Marcus Terentius Varro, who died about B.C. 26, was a Roman author of wide range, his chief works being antiquarian treatises, and a book on agriculture.

3. **monosyllabically elaborated**, carefully delivered in words of one syllable. **Anglicised**, made into English words.

5. **climbed to the highest parochial honours**, became a churchwarden or a vestryman.

6. **St. Andrew's.** St. Andrew's parish, Holborn.

9. **talismans**, charms, magical 'open sesames.' The word is Spanish, derived from Arabic *tilsam*, a charm or amulet; Greek *telesma*, initiation or mystery, a later meaning of the classical Greek *telesma*, a payment, contribution.

11. **more than Arabian paradises**, more enchanting scenes than we read of in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

13. **the only landed property**, etc. In an interesting article, contributed to the *Athenæum* of January 1901, Mr. Thomas Greg has identified this property. It consisted of a small plot of land, with an old cottage and a small barn standing on it, and is situated at West Mill Green in the parish of Buntingford, about 2½ miles from Puckeridge. It is now known by the old name of 'Button Snap'; Mr. Greg suggests that Lamb may have given it the name in jest. It was left by Francis Fielde, the "oilman," to his widow, Sarah Fielde, who in 1812 conveyed it to Charles Lamb. Three years later he sold it for £50 to a Mr. Thomas Greg. From him it descended to the present owner of the same name. Documents in Mr. Greg's possession leave no doubt of the identity.

21. **centre, the centre of the earth.**

24 **Beshrew**, a mild imprecation; confound, bad luck to.

uncomfortable, here used in an active sense; disturbing, disagreeable.

28. **nonpareils**, a kind of apple. The word is French, meaning incomparable, matchless.

31. **Chase**, her mispronunciation of 'choose.'

32. **pro**, Latin preposition, meaning 'for,' 'instead of.'

34. **veiled a heaven**, etc. To his excited fancy the drop-curtain in front of the stage concealed a paradise, scenes of perfect delight.

36. **plate**, engraving.

Page 115, line 1. **the tent scene.** Act v., Scene 2.

4. **of quality**, of good birth, or of rank.

5. **pilasters**, small pillars supporting the private boxes.

7. **homely**, unromantic, prosaic.

8. **sugar-candy**, a sweetmeat made of crystallized sugar.

raised imagination, 'raised' means exalted. Lamb was perhaps thinking of Milton's "high-raised phantasy" (*At a Solemn Music*, line 5).

10. rose, were turned up.

"**fair Auroras!**" The first song in the opera of *Artaxerxes* opens with the line:

"Fair Aurora, prithee stay."

15. Artaxerxes. Operas with this title were written by the German composer, Gluck, and the English composer, Arne. The latter appeared in 1762. It was this opera, the words of which were adapted from the Italian of *Metastasio*, that Lamb saw.

16. **the Universal History,** perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* is meant.

20. **I was in the midst of Daniel.** See *The Book of Daniel*, chapter VI.

23. **Persepolis,** the ancient capital of Persia.

24. **burning idol of their devotion,** the fire which they worshipped. In *Artaxerxes*, III. 4, the scenery is given as "Temple and Throne, the Image of the Sun with a lighted altar."

25. **significations,** emblems of the Deity, as fire and light were regarded by the Zoroastrians.

26. **more than elemental fires,** something more mysterious than the common element fire.

28. **Harlequin's invasion,** the entrance of harlequin or the clown; a piece of rough buffoonery called a harlequinade.

30. **beldams,** old women; generally hags. The original English sense was grandmother, which is itself a declension from the French 'fair lady,' *belle dame*, a curious instance of the complete degradation of the meaning of a word.

32. **St. Denys,** a French saint, martyred 251 A.D. He was said to have walked four miles, after he was beheaded, to the spot where the abbey dedicated to his memory stands.

33. **the Lady of the Manor,** by Kenrick.

36. **touch ... upon,** hit at; a piece of satire aimed at Rich.

Page 116, line 1. **Rich,** John Rich, a comedian and writer of farces, 1681-1761. He wrote under the pseudonym of Lun.

3. **Lud,** legendary King of Britain. Drayton, *Polyolbion*, VIII.:

"That mighty Lud, in whose eternal name
Great London still shall live."

Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. 10. 46.

5. **primeval Motley,** the original fool or clown. He did not connect the apparition with any individual deceased harlequin; it rather seems to him a resurrection of the primitive type, clown.

10. **Way of the World**, a comedy written by Congreve, 1770.

12. **Lady Wishfort**, an elderly coquette in the play.

13. **Robinson Crusoe**, a play adapted from Defoe's famous romance.

18. **grotesque Gothic heads**, gargoyles, grotesque figures often representing demons or monsters, employed as an architectural device to conceal water-spouts projecting from the gutter of a roof.

20. **the old Round Church.** St. Mary's Church, generally called the Temple Church, was erected by the Knights Templars in 1241. It contains the tombs of the Crusaders.

24. **inhibited**, checked; put a stop to.

33. "**Was nourished, I could not tell how.**" Adapted in Lamb's fashion from a passage in Walton's *Angler*, ch. IV., "grasshoppers, and some fish, have no mouths, but *are nourished*, and take breath ... *man knows not how.*"

Page 117, line 1. the emblem, the reference, was gone. The sense of mystery which before converted the objects on the stage into symbols or emblems of higher things, the allusions to well-known names which had carried me into a region of romance—these I no longer felt. Cf. page 115, lines 25 and 30.

3. "**royal ghost.**" The expression occurs in Rowe's translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, VI.:

> 'So many a royal ghost she may command
> Mangle dead heroes with a ruthless hand."

Also in Burns's song, *Amang the Trees.*

7. **came up**, appeared to me as they were turned up.

10. **a phantom of a voice.** An allusion to Wordsworth's lyric, *To the Cuckoo*:

> "O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?"

16. **crop**, cut off; retrench.

19. **Mrs. Siddons in Isabella.** Mrs. Siddons, the greatest of English tragic actresses, was the daughter of Roger Kemble, and sister of the famous Shakespearian actors, John and Charles Kemble. She first achieved fame in the part of Isabella in Thomas Southern's play, *The Fatal Marriage*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1782.

22. **upon a new stock**, on a new basis; having 'cropped' his former extravagant expectations, he reconstituted his ideas of the drama on a new 'stock.' The word is used to continue the metaphor of 'crop.'

MODERN GALLANTRY.

(*London Magazine*, November, 1822.)

Page 117, line 30. **civility**, civilization.

Page 118, line 6. **Dorimant**, a gallant, a man of fashion. Dorimant is a character in *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, a comedy written by Sir George Etherege, 1636-1694. Dorimant was intended by him for a portrait of the Earl of Rochester.

a fish-wife, see page 95, line 33, note.

10. **the Dorimants**, etc., the would-be fine gentlemen of a lower class.

14. **traveller**, commercial traveller, business agent.

15. **box-coat**, thick overcoat, worn on the box-seat of a coach, which was the coveted seat, next to the driver.

24. **dapper**, spruce, neat. The word originally meant bold, valiant; Dutch, *dapper*, brave; German, *tapfer*.

25. **rider**, commercial traveller; an obsolete meaning of the word.

27. **Lothbury**, the street which runs on the north side of the Bank of England; the region where business men and clerks most congregate.

34. **pageant**, idle show, imposing pretence.

35. **their account**, their advantage.

Page 119, line 5. **a beauty, a fortune, or a title**, beautiful, wealthy, or titled.

10. "**antiquated virginity**," a disparaging term for an old maid, an elderly unmarried woman, or for spinsterhood. The expression occurs in Johnson's *Rambler*, No. 39:—"Marriage, though a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, has yet ... many disadvantages."

11. "**overstood her market**," a commercial expression, to wait too long in order to obtain a high price for your goods, thus losing the chance of selling them. Here the phrase is metaphorically applied to a woman who had set too high a value upon herself in the "marriage market," rejected suitors as insufficiently handsome, noble, or wealthy, and so lost the chance of marrying at all.

16. **Edwards**. Thomas Edwards, author of *Canons of Criticism*, was the uncle of Joseph Paice. He was a good critic, but an inferior poet.

27. **casualties** of **a disadvantageous situation**. He never forgot what was due to the sex, or intentionally passed it over in the accidents of a menial or humble position.

33. **dangler after women**, ladies' man, trifler.

Page 130, line 4. **yield the wall**, step aside for, make way for, allow her to take the *inside* of the footway—a great consideration in the days when the gutters were usually filthy. Cf. page 155, line 7, "the honours of the pavement," and 162, line 36, "jostle for the wall."

6. **grandams**. He was more polite to old beggar-women than we condescend to be to our grandmothers.

7. **Preux Chevalier**, valiant knight (French).

Sir Calidore, the knight who represents the virtue of courtesy in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book VI.—a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney.

Sir Tristan, one of the three bravest and most courteous knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

9. **roses**, bloom of youth.

23. **littleness**, littleness of mind, pettiness; the quality opposite to magnanimity, what De Quincey calls "parvanimity."

27. **high-flown**, extravagant, grandiloquent.

30. **digest a dose of adulation**, swallow a little flattery.

35. **cravats**, neckcloths; so called because this article of dress was first borrowed by the French from the Croats in the Austrian Army. French, *cravate*, a croat, inhabitant of Croatia.

Page 121, line 5. **to**, punctually to.

26. **idolater**, adorer, devoted worshipper.

29. **derogates**, detracts, withdraws.

31. **on that score**, on that account.

34. **lose of**. 'Of' has here a partitive force, something of, some part of.

Page 122, line 4. **additaments**, additions, appendages

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

(*London Magazine*, November, 1822.)

Page 122, line 11. **this king of rivers**, the Thames.

our pleasant places, the Temple gardens. The phrase is an echo of the Hebrew Scriptures; cf. *Psalm*, XVI. 6; *Hosea*, ix. 13.

16. Spenser's *Epithalamion, or Marriage Song*, VIII.

25. **classic**, hallowed by association with great names.

28. **albeit of Paper hight**, although called Paper Buildings Hight is a participle form, abbreviated from Old English *highten* and *heiten*, A.S. *haten*, from A.S. *hātan*, to be called; German *heissen*. Paper Buildings are opposite King's Bench Walk in the Temple. The line is improvised by Lamb for the occasion.

30. **fantastically shrouded**, weirdly overshadowed by foliage.

named of Harcourt. Harcourt Buildings, so called after Simon Harcourt, Lord Chancellor, 1713. His portrait hangs in the Inner Temple Hall.

Page 123, line 1. **kindly engendure**, natural birth. Lamb was born in the chambers occupied by Samuel Salt, Crown Office Row, Temple.

4. **but just weaned**, etc., only just detached from its sweet country haunts among the water-nymphs of Twickenham. Twickenham has now become practically a suburb of Richmond. Cf. Spenser, *Prothalamion*, stanza II. Pope had a villa at Twickenham.

6. **fine Elizabethan hall**, the hall of the Middle Temple.

8. **astoundment**, astonishment.

10. **recondite**, hidden, mysterious.

12. **moral inscriptions.** The Temple contains several sundials that are thus inscribed, many of them in Latin. Such are "Pereunt et imputantur," 'Hours pass and are reckoned to our account' (Temple Lane), "Vestigia nulla retrorsum," 'No footsteps are retraced' (Essex Court), "Time and tide tarry for no man" (Brick Court), "Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas," 'On this moment hangs eternity' (Lincoln's Inn), "Qua redit nescitis horam," 'Ye know not the hour of His second coming' (Gray's Inn).

13. **coevals with**, as old as.

15. **the fountain of light**, the sun.

16. **the dark line**, the shadow of the pointer on the face of the sun-dial.

18. **nice**, difficult to detect, minutely gradual.

arrests, seizure; the earliest stages of the process of falling asleep. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* I. 4. 44:

> "But when as Morpheus with his leaden mace
> Arrested all that courtly company."

20. Shakespeare, *Sonnet*, CIV.

22. **embowelments**, works hidden in the interior.

25. **heart-language**, speech that appealed only to the heart.

26. **garden god**, as the figure of Priapus stood in Roman gardens.

32. **horologe**, time-piece; Greek, *horologion*, from *hora*, time, and *legein*, to tell.

33. **missed it**, been without it, failed to have it.

Page 124, line 1. "**carved it out quaintly in the sun.**" 3 *Henry VI.* II. 5. 24, where, however, no mention is made of sunshine. This latter element in the quotation comes from Wordsworth, *Excursion*, IV.:

> "The shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves
> On the green turf a dial."

5. **Marvell.** Andrew Marvell, 1620-1678, poet and pamphleteer, was at one time Milton's assistant, as Latin secretary, and became M.P. for Hull after the Restoration. The quotation which follows is from his poem, *Thoughts in a Garden.*

16. **curious**, dainty, exquisite.

20. Meanwhile the mind, from a feeling of gratification, is less disposed to retire into its own peculiar happiness.

22. **each kind**, everything in nature; an allusion to the old belief that the ocean contains the counterpart of every animal and vegetable on earth.

26. Blotting out of remembrance all creation, and reducing it all to the single impression of a refreshing reverie in a refreshing shade.

28. **sliding**, softly falling.

30. **the body's vest**, the trammels of the body; the spirit becomes, as it were, disembodied.

33. **whets**, preens, prepares for flight.

35. **various**, iridescent.

38. **milder**, with softened rays; reflected from the flowers, and so less intense than its direct beams.

39. a **fragrant zodiac**, a heaven of sweet-scented flowers.

Page 125, line 11. **innocent-wanton**, innocently sportive.

17. **awakening images**, etc., effigies that stir the imagination of children.

21. **respond to its earliest enchantments.** Do not the wisest and best of men retain something of the child's feeling, which is moved to sympathy with what delighted it in childhood?

23. **flitter**, flutter; cf. flitter-mouse, the old name for a bat.

Gothic, uncouth, unclassical.

26. **exploded**, obsolete, out of date: perhaps there is also a reference to the Latin usage of *explodere*, to hiss off the stage; **discountenanced**, regarded with disapproval.

27. **gothicised.** Given a Gothic character to; altered to the Gothic style of architecture.

31. **arms,** armorial bearings.

32. **frescoes.** Fresco is an Italian word meaning fresh. Frescoes are wall-paintings, paintings on *fresh* plaster not yet dry.

Italianised, gave the air of Italian architecture to.

Page 126, line 3. **profane,** polluted by unhallowed footsteps; desecrated by the multitude.

5. **sided,** walked beside; paired with in walking.

asserted, vindicated; claimed as their own.

8. **J——ll.** Jekyll was the Master in Chancery, a wit and friend of wits.

9. **to vie a repartee with it.** A cognate accusative; to enter into rivalry with it in repartee.

10. **mated,** matched; treated as an equal or companion. Cf. *Henry VIII.* III. 2. 274.

11. **quadrate,** square

13. **peremptory,** decided, dictatorial.

indivertible, not to be turned aside

14. **the scarecrow of,** a terror to.

browbeater, intimidator.

15. **a solitude of children,** a space deserted by children; an allusion to Tacitus's "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant," 'They make a solitude and call it peace' (*Agricola,* XXX.).

17. **an Elisha bear.** 2 *Kings,* II. 23, and following verses, *i.e.* a bear such as was sent to avenge the insult to Elisha.

19. **invitatory notes,** coaxing, wheedling tones.

25. **dark rappee,** of the colour of dark rappee. Rappee is a coarse kind of snuff, made from darker and coarser tobacco leaves.

26. **obsolete,** tarnished.

28. **the pensive gentility of,** a classical periphrasis; the pensive and gentlemanly Samuel Salt.

30. **benchership,** position as benchers, or members of the governing council of one of the Inns of Court.

33. **spinous,** thorny, prickly, and so, metaphorically, biting, pungent.

Page 127, line 2. **chamber practice,** consultative branch, the practice of barristers who give opinions on points of law to those who come to consult them, but do not appear in the law courts.

6. **Lovel,** John Lamb, the author's father.

14. **trusted with himself**, etc., he could not be left to look after himself without disastrous consequences.

17. **equipage**, equipment.

18. **gave him his cue**, a theatrical metaphor; told him what to do or what to say.

19. **unseasonably**, infelicitously, malapropos.

21. **Miss Blandy**, the daughter of an attorney at Henley-on-Thames. She fell in love with a military adventurer named Cranston, of whom her father disapproved. The lover gave her a powder, which she administered to her father with the result that he was poisoned. Her defence was that she believed the powder to be only a harmless love-charm, which was to win her father's affection to her lover. She was found guilty and executed 1752.

22. **hallucinations**, blunders, from absence of mind.

23. **schooled**, drilled, primed, instructed.

29. **ruffles**, lace borders, especially the ornamental lace borders of the shirt-sleeves at the wrists.

35. **niceties**, delicate points.

Page 128, line 1. **a known toast**, well-known to be a name toasted by ladies. 'To toast' is to drink a person's health, a toast is a person whose health is drunk. The term is derived from the old custom of placing a small piece of toast on the surface of the wine. Cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon*, xv. 35. 36.

4. **hardly**. This is not quite correct English. After the negative word 'never,' 'even' is required, or 'so much as.'

8. **Susan P——**, Susannah Pierson, sister of Peter Pierson, whose portrait is sketched below, page 130. Salt left her a legacy in money, and a large number of his books, including the English classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

10. **B——d Row**, Bedford Row, Strand, a great haunt of lawyers.

15. **puttings off**, rebuffs, disappointments inflicted by

18. **Thomas Coventry**, a nephew of William, fifth Earl of Coventry. He was called to the Bench in 1766, and died in 1797. He had a country house, North Cray Place, Bexley, in Kent, mentioned below.

19. **in contracted circumstances**, in poverty, with narrow means.

21. **with one windfall or another**. with the aid of various lucky bequests. Any unexpected piece of good fortune is termed a 'windfall.'

24. **moidore**, a Portugese gold coin worth about twenty-seven shillings.

26. **doing self-imposed penance**, wilfully afflicting himself by living in it.

30. **well-like**, dark, damp, and close, as a well.

33. **Hic currus et arma fuêre**, adapted freely, as usual, from Vergil, *Æneid*, I. 16, "Hic illius arma, Hic currus fuit," 'Here she kept her arms, and here her chariot'; said of Juno at Carthage.

35. **strong box**, safe, receptacle for valuables.

a close hunks, a close-fisted, stingy miser. So country people in England speak of a niggard as "a very *near* man."

36. **Elwes**. There were several well-known misers of this family, Sir Harvey Elwes, who spent only about £100 a year, and left a fortune of £250,000; his sister who, though exceedingly wealthy, starved herself to death; and her son, John Meggot Elwes, M.P. for Buckinghamshire, a wealthy Southwark brewer, who died in 1789.

Page 129, line 6. halting, hobbling along.

8. **a blind charity**, a charitable institution, an asylum for the blind.

11. **his kitchen chimney**, etc. He never allowed his kitchen fire to go out for want of coals, *i.e.* he was never inhospitable.

13. **what he was worth**, the value of his possessions.

19. "**flapper**," personal monitor or reminder. In Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, the hero comes to the flying island of Laputa, whose inhabitants, philosophic dreamers, were so abstracted and absent-minded that they required the attendance of servants called "flappers." These carried bladders with which they flapped their masters on the mouth or ears, to recall their attention when any one spoke to them.

stop-watch, timekeeper, *i.e.* he regulated the amount of time which his master spent on any particular business. A stop-watch has independent second-hands, which can be stopped at will by touching a spring. It is used chiefly for timing the duration of a race.

auditor, treasurer, keeper of his accounts and of his purse.

27. **losing**, detrimental to himself.

"**would strike**," was ready to act boldly, when necessary; as Lear says of Kent, *King Lear*, v. 3. 284:

> "He's a good fellow, I can tell you that
> He'll strike and quickly, too."

33. **odds**, superiority of numbers.

Page 130, line 4. **turn**, gift, talent.

next to, most after the manner of. He published a volume, entitled *Poetical Pieces*, on several occasions.

5. **plaster of Paris**, powdered stone, usually gypsum; used for making casts and moulds.

to admiration, admirably.

6. **turned, to 'turn'** is to form on a lathe.

7. **cabinet toys**, ornaments or curiosities.

12. **angle**, fishing tackle, *i.e.* a brother of the 'gentle craft,' a member of the brotherhood of anglers.

13. **Mr. Izaak Walton**, see page 60, line 17, note.

16. "**a remnant most forlorn of what he was**," quoted from Lamb's lines, *Written on the day of my Aunt's Funeral* (1797):

> "One parent yet is left—a wretched thing,
> A palsy-smitten, childish, old, old man,
> A semblance most forlorn of what he was."

18. **in Bayes**, in playing the part of Bayes. Bayes, a pompous and feeble dramatist, is the chief character in Buckingham's comedy, *The Rehearsal* (1671). His character was intended as a caricature of Dryden.

22. **to service**, into employment as a domestic servant.

26. **bairn**, child, in the Scottish and Provincial English dialects; A.S. *bearn*, from A.S. *beran*, to bear.

27. **second-childhood**, dotage, childishness of extreme old age.

29. **the common mother of us all**, etc., the earth, the grave; the expression occurs in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, VIII.

32. **Peter Pierson**, called to the bench 1800, died 1808.

34. "**as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets.**" Untraced.

35. **for state**, for the sake of dignity.

Page 131, line 5. **our great philanthropist**, Thomas Clarkson, the abolitionist. See page 106, line 12, note.

7. **make out what he was**, discover his nature, his real character.

8. **Daines Barrington**, fourth son of the first Viscount Barrington, antiquary, naturalist, and friend of Gilbert White, the famous naturalist of Selborne. He was called to the bench in 1777, and died 1800.

oddity, eccentric personage.

11. **prototype**, original, model.

did pretty well, was fairly successful in his assumption of dignity.

12. **a brother a bishop**, John Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham.

15. **disbursed Mr. Allen**, paid to Mr. Allen.

17. **Barton**, John Barton, called to the bench 1775, died 1791.

18. **negation**, negative character, a colourless person, one who had no obvious, positive qualities.

20. **combination rooms**, the dining rooms to which the Fellows of a college retire to drink wine after dinner in the college hall. At Oxford they are called common rooms.

21. **epicurean**, fond of the pleasures of the table. The real tenets of the followers of the philosopher Epicurus were very different.

22. **Read**, John Read, called to the bench 1792, died 1804.

23. **personable**, good-looking.

Twopenny. Richard Twopenny was stockbroker to the Bank of England, and was never called to the bench. He died in 1809.

25. **Wharry**, John Wharry, called to the bench 1801, died 1812.

fleeting, evanescent; so thin that he seemed to be melting away.

35. **rally**, joke, chaff.

Page 132, line 3. **Jackson**, Richard Jackson, M.P. for New Romney, and a member of Lord Shelburne's Government in 1782, called the "all-knowing" by Dr. Johnson. He was called to the bench in 1770, and died 1787.

6. **the Friar Bacon**, the magician, the wizard. The researches of Roger Bacon and his scientific knowledge in an unscientific age made him appear even to his contemporaries in the light of a magician. After his death he became the hero of superstitious legends like those which gather round the name of Faust.

7. **pleasant passage**, amusing incident.

9. **bill of commons**, bill of fare, menu.

13. **manciple**, see page 15, line 12, note.

14. **aitch**, *i.e.* H bone. Aitch-bone is really a popular corruption of nache-bone or natch-bone—natch being from Old French *nache*, rump; Latin *nates*—and means the rump of beef. For the loss of n compare *adder*, *auger*, *apron*, *orange*.

16. **Mingay**, James Mingay, a King's Counsel, and rival at the bar of Erskine, who was afterwards Lord Chancellor. He was called to the bench in 1785, and died 1812.

24. **Michael Angelo's Moses**, the famous horned statue of Moses in the church of S. Pietro in Vinculis at Rome, sculptured by Michael Angelo Buonarotti (1475-1504). He was great as a poet and a painter, supremely great as a sculptor and an architect. The horns arise from the Vulgate mistranslation, "quod cornuta esset facies ejus" (that his face was horned), of *Exodus*, XXXIV. 29, where the English version has "Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone." The Hebrew word *queren*, a horn, is from the root QUARAN, to shine.

25. **Baron Maseres**, for fifty years Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, an officer whose business is to make out writs, summoning a defendant to appear, before a suit begins. Born 1731, died 1824.

29. **Fantastic**, queer, odd, grotesque.

33. **make so sorry a figure**, appear so unimposing.

34. **relation**, narrative.

36. **old men covered with a mantle**, mysterious and terrible beings. See page 93, line 5.

Page 133, line 2. **trumpery**, rubbish. Even if all the fancies of classical mythology, all the absurd creations of mediæval superstition, were extinct, children would still evolve from their own imagination similar superstitions, investing even the most ordinary forms with mystery.

5. **vital**, living, active, creative.

6. **Goshen**, refuge. The allusion is to the Egyptian plague of darkness, from which the land of Goshen, where the Israelites dwelt, was free. Cf. page 29, line 33, note.

7. **the grown world**, the world of adults.

in the darkness of sense and materiality. The light of faith and imagination will still shine in the 'Goshen' of childish hearts, while their elders' sight is darkened by the domination of the senses and of the world of matter.

9. **reducing**, in its literal Latin sense, bringing back. Cf. "reductive," page 134, line 13.

10. **fly**, fly from.

11. **soft shade**, gentle spirit.

13. **notices**, observations.

14. **R.N.**, Randal Norris, a friend of the Lambs, father and son. He was sub-treasurer and librarian of the Inner Temple. He married a native of Widford, the village adjoining Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, and his wife was a friend of Mrs. Field, Lamb's grandmother. He died in 1827. Lamb appears to have been deeply attached to him, and to have felt his death acutely.

15. **losing his lady in childbed**, his wife died in giving birth to a child.

20. **unravelling into beauty**, a pregnant expression, equivalent to 'explaining and rendering beautiful.'

23. **verisimilitudes**, etc., resemblances to truth, not actual truths, or romances that have only a remote connection with genuine history.

27. **incondite**, rude, unpolished, uncorrected.

30. **wots**, knows; A.S. *wāt* is the present tense (originally a preterite) of the verb *witan*, to know.

33. **Gentleman's**, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, founded 1731.

35. **Urban's obituary**, Silvanus Urban, the imaginary editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Obituary notices of well-known men, who had died during the preceding month, appeared in the magazine.

Page 134, line 1. **unenvied flattery**, unenvied, because death is a high price to have to pay for a flattering encomium in the press.

4. **green and vigorous senility**, an adaptation of Vergil's line about Charon, the ferryman of Styx (*Æneid*, VI. 304).

6. **ye yourselves are old**, adapted from *King Lear*, II. 4. 190:

> "O heavens,
> If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
> Allow obedience, if *yourselves are old*,
> Make it your cause."

the Winged Horse. The arms of the Inner Temple are 'a pegasus salient' (leaping) in blue on a gold ground.

8. **Hookers and Seldens**, distinguished divines and lawyers. For Hooker, see page 32, line 33, note; for Selden, see page 14, line 11, note.

illustrate, render illustrious, illumine.

10. **quiristers**, choristers, singers.

unpoisoned, cf. page 131, line 16.

12. **airs her playful charge**, takes her nurselings—the young children entrusted to her charge—out there for fresh air and exercise.

13. **reductive of**, bringing back to the heart.

14. **younkers**, youngsters, boys. The word is borrowed from the Dutch *jonker* or *jonkheer*, which is *jong*, young, and *heer*, gentleman.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

(*London Magazine*, November, 1821.)

Page 134, line 22. **a belly-full was a wind-fall**, a satisfactory meal—what the Americans call "a square meal"—was a piece of unexpected good luck.

Page 135, line 9. **manducation**, chewing, eating; Latin *manducare*, to chew.

12. **a niche**, a humble place—properly a recess or hollow in a wall.

13. **liturgy**, service-book, book of forms of prayer for public services.

compiling, in process of compilation, being compiled. In older English it would have been "a-compiling."

14. **Homo Humanus**, mock-scientific for 'man'; literally, in Latin, human man. Some find a personal reference in these words to Cary, Th. Paine, and other friends or acquaintances of Lamb; but the reference is to mankind generally.

15. **Utopian**, ideal, nowhere existing. The word comes from Sir Thomas More's philosophical ideal of a state, entitled *Utopia*, Greek, *οὐ-τοπιά*, nowhere.

Rabelæsian, Rabelais-like, good-humoured, cheery, and free from Puritanism. François Rabelais, 1483-1553, was originally a monk of the Benedictine order; he studied medicine for a time, but subsequently obtained the rectory of Meudon from his patron, Cardinal du Bellay. The church of Rabelais would be a very *broad* church, Lamb suggests. He was a celebrated wit and satirist, but his wit and learning were mingled with much coarseness. His chief work was his *Gargantua*, a witty satire on monks and pedants.

18. **unprovocative**, unappetizing, not stimulating the appetite.

22. **present**, immediately present, vivid.

23. **acted**, affected, pretended.

27. **his bread for the day**. *Matthew*, VI. 11; *Luke*, XI. 3, where the word, rendered 'daily,' means '*sufficient* for the day'; in *James*, II. 15, the Greek word, rendered 'daily,' means literally 'for the day.'

28. **Their courses**, rich men's abundant meals, with their several courses of fish, flesh, and fowl.

31. **foreign**, extraneous, apart from their food.

Page 136, line 1. **rarus hospes**, unwonted guest (Latin).

3. **distracted choice**, because there are so many delicacies that the mind is distracted in choosing between them.

5. **orgasm**, inordinate excitement or desire. Greek, *orgasmos*. a kneading or softening; *orgazein*, to knead, probably confused with Greek *orgân*, to swell, to be excited with lust or passion. Used, p. 69, line 25, for 'religious frenzy.'

8. **waters**, is excited by the prospect of food.

epicurism, luxurious living, the cult of the stomach. See page 131, line 21, note on "epicurean."

12. **The giver is veiled by his gifts.** God is obscured by the devotion to His material gifts of food.

15. **To praise the gods amiss**, an adaptation from Milton, *Comus*, 176, "In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan, And thank the gods amiss."

19. **co-presence**, simultaneous presence.

21. **helping**, distributing the contents of a dish to, or cutting slices of meat for.

35. **laid**, quieted, satisfied.

the still small voice, the voice of God speaking to the heart. See 1 *Kings*, XIX. 12.

Page 137, line 2. **When Jeshurun waxed fat**, etc. *Deuteronomy*, XXXII. 15. Cf. page 23, line 30.

3. **the harpy-nature**, etc., cf. page 94, line 8, note. The allusion is to Vergil, *Æneid*, III. 247-257, where the Harpies interrupt the meal of Æneas and his followers, carrying off and befouling their food. The Harpy Celæno alone remains behind to utter prophetic denunciations.

10. **frame**, state of mind, mood.

11. **a city chaplain.** The clergyman attached to one of the London City companies.

12. **Hall-feast.** The immense banquets which the members of these companies periodically enjoy in the hall of their guild.

13. **the sacred name**, the name of Jesus Christ, with which the grace generally concludes.

16. **Virgilian fowl**, the Harpies, described by Vergil, which had the bodies and talons of vultures.

18. **foggy sensuous steams**, dim voluptuous steam of savoury dishes.

19. **altar sacrifice**, *i.e.* the prayer to God, the grace.

23. Milton, *Paradise Regained*, II. 337-347.

27. **Gris-amber-steamed**, steamed with ambergris, on account of its agreeable perfume.

30. **cates**, delicacies, dainties. Old French, *acat*, a purchase; Low Latin, *acaptum* and *accaptare*, to purchase, which is a frequentative of Latin *accipere*, to receive, root *cap*, to take. Cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon*, IX. 275.

31. **go down**, a colloquial expression, which, applied to food or drink, means 'be acceptable, be appreciated or enjoyed.'

32. **They are like to be short graces**, etc. Lamb was probably thinking of the proverb, "He who sups with the Devil must needs have a long spoon."

35. **gaudy day**. See page 13, line 31, and note.

36. **a Heliogabalus**, a glutton, an epicure. Heliogabalus or Elagabalus, a name given to the Emperor Bassianus Varius Avitus, A.D. 218-222, because he was a priest of the Syro-Phœnician deity, Elagabalus.

civic and culinary, too much in the style of a city banquet, a Mansion-House or Lord Mayor's dinner; savouring too much of cookery.

Page 138, line 6. **fantasies**, imaginations, reveries.

9. *Paradise Regained*, II. 264, 265.

12. *Paradise Regained*, II. 266-279.

13. 1 *Kings*, XVII. 4-8.

16. 1 *Kings*, XIX. 4-9.

24. *Daniel*, I. 12.

Page 139, line 8. **gluttons nor wine-bibbers**. *Matthew*, XI. 19.

9. **bolts**, devours.

10. **cleanly circumstances**, accompanying cleanliness.

slop, soil their clothes by dropping soup or other liquids over them.

11. **bib and tucker**, linen pinafores, worn in front to protect the dress while eating.

12. **a surplice**, a clerical vestment.

15. **deer's flesh**, venison, which is usually considered a delicacy.

dispassionate services, indifference, indifferent attentions.

19. **minced veal**, regarded as a tasteless dish.

physiognomical character, something which indicates a person's nature.

20. **C——**, Coleridge.

24. **gust**, relish, savouriness.

29. **sapidless**, insipid, without flavour.

30. **puts me beside my tenor**, upsets my equanimity.

The author of the Rambler, Dr. Johnson.

36. **set my thin face against**, set up the objection of an ascetic

Page 140, line 1. **excellent things, in their way**, things which are excellent in their kind.

3. **grace, moral** excellence. 4. **grace,** dignify, honour.

6. **his Dagon,** his fish-god. Dagon, the fish-god, was worshipped by the maritime population of Southern Palestine, the Philistines.

with a special consecration, etc. An allusion to 1 *Samuel*, v., where the narrative tells of the Philistines bringing the ark of God into the temple of Dagon. The only object which *he* consecrates by saying grace is the tureen of rich turtle soup, which stands on the table before him.

9. **the Chartreuse,** the Carthusian monks. Their chief monastery is the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, in France. See page 66, line 32, note.

12. **of dissonant mood.** From Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, 662.

13. **less timed and tuned to the occasion,** less seasonable and less in keeping.

14. **those better befitting organs,** etc., those more suitable organs, said to be played by pigs, at Hog's Norton. Hog's Norton is a village in Oxfordshire, noted for the clownishness of its inhabitants. The name is a corruption of Hock, now called Hooke or Hoke Norton. It is said that a man of the name of Pigg once lived there, and played upon the organ. Allusion is made to the place and to the organ-playing in Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*, ch. IX. Cf. "I think thou wast born at Hog's Norton, where pigs play upon the organ" (Howell's *English Proverbs*).

16. **curious,** etc., painstaking, scrupulous, in the selection of choice dishes.

17. **disordered,** disorderly, intemperate—a Shakespearian usage.

19. **to be able with any grace to say grace,** to be able in any fitting or proper manner to ask God's blessing on our food.

26. **good man,** the host, the master of the house.

28. **from years or gravity,** as being either older or more sedate.

bandying about the office, passing on the duty from one to another.

30. **equivocal,** suspected of insincerity.

33. **persuasions,** religious tenets; *i.e.* they belonged to different sects of Methodism.

36. **put it to,** inquired of.

Page 141, line 1. **to say anything,** to offer a preliminary prayer to use any form of grace.

2. **sectaries,** dissenters.

7. **a weak brother**, a fellow-Christian of less robust principles, The expression comes from 1 *Corinthians*, VIII. 11.

9. **Lucian**, a witty Greek satirist of the second century A.D., a native of Samosata, a town on the upper waters of the Euphrates. Aristophanes gives a similar picture of the hungry gods defrauded of the steam of sacrifice, in his comedy, *The Birds*.

10. **playing into each other's hands**, paying each other, for their mutual benefit.

13. **flamens**, priests devoted to the service of a particular god. Among the Romans the chief flamens were those of Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus.

between two stools, between two alternative expectations. "To fall between two stools" is a proverbial expression for failing to obtain either of two expected advantages.

18. **equivocal**, quibbling, punning; using words capable of two different constructions.

19. **C. V. L.** See page 33, line 21, note.

23. **bald**, plain, meagre.

24. **connecting with that humble blessing**, etc., *i.e.* the form of grace which was used before this very plain fare contained an allusion to the Redemption.

26. **Non tunc illis erat locus**, an imperfect recollection, or an adaptation, of Horace, *Art of Poetry*, 19:

"Sed nunc non erat his locus,"

'But then 'twas not the right occasion for such things.'

27. **put to it**, embarrassed.

28. "**good creatures**," part of a phrase frequently used in various forms of grace; *e.g.* "We beseech Thee to bless these Thy good creatures to our use." The word 'creature' is here employed in the sense of substances, literally 'created things.'

29. **in a low and animal sense**, *i.e.* interpreting the words grossly, as if they meant animal food. The boys probably alluded sarcastically to the mites in the cheese as "good creatures."

32. **Hospitallers**, Christ's Hospital boys.

33. **commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates**, taking pity on their lack of clothes, rather than on their lack of food.

36. **horresco referens**, I shudder at the recollection. Vergil, *Æneid*, II. 204.

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE.

(*London Magazine*, January, 1822.)

Page 142, line 5. **their great-grandmother Field.** Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, for fifty years housekeeper to the Plumers at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire.

6. **in Norfolk.** The locality of the house is disguised, probably because Walter Plumer, for many years M.P. for Hertfordshire, was still living; Norfolk was selected on account of the title of the ballad.

11. **the Children in the Wood.** The ancient ballad of "The Children in the Wood; or the Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament," is included in Percy's *Reliques*. It was taken from an old play by Robert Yarrington, printed 1601, entitled, "Two Lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, etc. The other of a young child murthered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle."

'4. **Robin Redbreasts.**

> 'No burial this pretty pair
> Of any man receives,
> Till Robin redbreast piously
> Did cover them with leaves."

17. put out, put forth, displayed. 27. **in a sort**, to some extent, in a certain fashion. 30. **the other house**, Gilston, some four miles from Blakesware, the chief seat of the Plumers.

Page 143, line 7. **the Psaltery.** The word is inaccurately used for psalter. The book of the *Psalms* as printed in the *Book of Common Prayer*. Psaltery is a stringed instrument of music.

8. **spread her hands**, in token of astonishment.

30. **the twelve Cæsars**, the Emperors of Rome from Julius Cæsar to Domitian.

32. **or she turned to marble.** Cf. Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 42, and *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, 13. 14.

Page 144, line 4. **offering**, attempting

5. **forbidden fruit**, an allusion to the temptation of Adam and Eve. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, I. 1, "The fruit of that forbidden tree."

11. **orangery**, a glass-roofed conservatory, artificially heated, in which oranges are grown.

17. **busy-idle**, frivolous, yet engrossing; an oxymoron, founded on Horace's "strenua inertia," energetic idleness.

19. **baits**, temptations, allurements.

26. **John L.**, John Lamb, the author's brother, whose recent death was the occasion of this pathetic self-revelation.

Page 145, line 9. Though he had not been dead an hour. Cf. Holmes' *Autocrat*, "A great calamity is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened."

24. for seven long years, cf. Coleridge, *Love*:

"for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land."

26. Alice W——n, Alice Winterton, the feigned name under which Lamb alludes to his early love, Ann Simmons, the "Anna" of his sonnets.

28. coyness, bashfulness, maidenly reserve.

difficulty, a Latinistic use of the word, as *difficilis* is employed by Horace, *Odes* III. 10. 11 and III. 7. 32. He means 'an attitude of aloofness, an unwillingness to respond to a lover's advances, backwardness.'

30. re-presentment, re-incarnation, reproduction in another form.

Page 146, line 2. Bartrum. Ann Simmons married a Mr. Bartram, a pawnbroker of Leicester Square, London.

5. Lethe, the river of Hades, of the waters of which whosoever drank, straightway all his past became to him a blank. The word in Greek means 'oblivion.' Not till the great cycle of the world's history repeats itself, after the lapse of innumerable ages, can these creations of my imagination embody themselves and become realities. The idea of the soul, waiting for incarnation, sitting on the banks of Lethe, is Platonic. Cf. Milton's Latin poem, *On the Platonic Idea*—Cowper's translation, 21-23:

"Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
Among the multitude of souls ordained
To flesh and blood."

Also Vergil, *Æn.* VI. 713–715:

"Animae, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant."

('Souls destined to inhabit
A second body, sit by Lethe's stream,
Quaff opiate draughts of long oblivion.')

15. World of Waters. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III. 11.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS.

(*London Magazine*, March, 1822.)

Page 146, line 10. F., Baron Field See page 111, line 36, note.

13. compunctious visitings, pricks of conscience, remorse (*Macbeth*, I. 5. 44).

silence, abstention from writing to you.

X

14. **at our distance**, so far apart as we are.

17. **scrawl**, scribbling, letter; should ever reach the other side of the ocean.

20. "**Alcander to Strephon in the shades.**" Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, 1674-1737, wrote *Friendship in Death, in Twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living.* "In the shades," *i.e.* in the world below.

21. **Cowley's Post-Angel.** Abraham Cowley, 1618-1667, in his *Hymn to Light*, has:

> "Swift as light thoughts their airy career run,
> Thy race is finished when begun;
> Let a post-angel start with thee
> And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he."

26. **the man**, the man in the moon. The lines or spots seen on the surface of the moon have been fancifully converted by popular superstition into the figure of a man leaning on a fork. Grimm mentions three legends of the man in the moon: (1) that he was Isaac carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice, (2) that he was Cain, with a bundle of thorns, his rejected sacrifice (cf. Dante, *Inferno*, xx. 1300), (3) the man that gathered sticks on the Sabbath-day (*Numbers*, xv. 32-36), Compare *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1. 231.

28. **that interesting theosophist.** A theosophist is one who claims to receive the knowledge of God by direct inspiration. Lamb identifies the man in the moon with Plato's archetype of man, an emanation of the Deity and in direct communion with Him. See note on page 147, line 2.

29. **revolutions of a higher luminary**, annual revolutions of the sun, *i.e.* two or three years.

Page 147, line 1. **parasangs.** A parasang was a Persian measure of distance, varying from thirty to fifty furlongs.

2. **Plato's man.** In Milton's Latin poem, *On the Platonic Idea, as it was understood by Aristotle*, the archetype of human kind—the original man—existed first in the mind of God.

> "Inform us who is He,
> That great original by nature chosen
> To be the archetype of human kind
> Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
> Themselves coeval, one, yet everywhere,
> An image of the God who gave him being.
> . . . . . .
> He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
> Of common nature with ourselves, exists
> Apart, and occupies a local home.
> Whether, companion of the stars, he spend

Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From sphere to sphere the tenfold heavens; or *dwell*
On the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth."
—(Cowper's translation, Globe Edition, page 450.)

Thus Plato's man is identified with the man in the moon. The configuration of the earth may make Australia a little nearer to the moon, and therefore to Plato's man, than England is.

12. **my Now**, at that moment of time which I, while writing, call Now.

15. **in the Bench**, in the King's Bench prison.

16. **abate something of your transport**, lessen your joy to some extent.

19. **Munden**, Joseph Munden, the actor. See *Essay*, No. 28, pages 195-197.

20. **land of damned realities**, in your confoundedly unromantic country.

you lick your lips, your mouth waters, as in the anticipation or at the thought of some enjoyment of the senses; cf. page 136, line 8, note.

24. **solecism**, anomaly; properly an impropriety of speech or language. See note page 50, line 26.

32. **the disagreeable passion**, envy.

35. **unessence herself**, evaporate, lose its essential quality of truthfulness.

36. **crude fiction**, inartistic, improbable invention.

Page 148, line 1. **ripen**, develop; but there is a play intended on the word "crude," the original sense of which is 'raw, unripe.'

2. **put upon you**, tricked you with.

6. **replication**, reply. The word is obsolete in this sense, except in legal language.

9. **on the carpet**, into consideration, under discussion. The expression comes from the French phrase, *mettre sur le tapis*, to put on the table, to consider, discuss. *Tapis* in this phrase means the table-cloth, with which the table of the council-chamber is covered.

11. **jacks and spits and mops**, the familiar implements of cooks and housemaids.

15. **carry ourselves**, behave.

16. **being by**, in the presence of.

24. **laughed in my sleeve**, laughed to myself, secretly; originally, no doubt, to laugh in one's sleeve meant to conceal one's laughter by hiding the face in the sleeve.

25. **valuing myself**, pluming myself upon, feeling proud of.

26. **flam**, deception, trickery, humbug; originally a freak, flight of fancy; A.S. *flēam*, or *flæm*, flight. The word is obsolete.

27. **lie-children.** Lies are called the children of the devil, in allusion to *John*, VIII. 44, "He is a liar and the father of lies."

28. **after my copy**, in accordance with my model or example, *i.e.* imitating my initiative.

34. **under a diviner**, less gifted than a seer.

36. **such an arm's length**, such a distance.

Page 149, line 2. **Habakkuk.** According to Rabbinical tradition, Habakkuk delivered his prophecy in the reign of Manasseh; modern research assigns his date to the reign of Josiah, about 630 B.C. Daniel was taken to Babylon in the third year of Jehoiakim, B.C. 604.

falling in with, coinciding with.

6. **served up**, properly, sent to table; here, put before you in its original freshness.

7. **water-plates**, dinner-plates, having a hollow below filled with hot water.

9. **conceit**, fanciful notion.

10. **Lord C——**, the second Lord Camelford, killed in a duel with Mr. Best in 1804. The day before his death he ordered his body to be buried at a spot which he indicated near the Lake of St. Lampierre, canton of Berne, Switzerland. According to Walford, *Tales of our Great Families*, effect could not be given to Lord Camelford's wishes, owing to the war, and his body was buried in the vaults of St. Anne's, Soho, London, where it still lies.

21. **testamentary disposal**, direction in his will.

25. **pendent**, drooping, overhanging.

26. **emblematic**, *i.e.* of peace and repose.

27. **boarded up**, freighted, put into a packing-case, weighed as ship's cargo. Lamb humorously speaks of *the sentiment* throughout, instead of the coffin. The present passage has been suggested by one which occurs in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, Part v., ch. xii.

entered at the Custom House, registered as paying export duty.

28. **tide-waiters**, custom-house officers, who preside over the landing of goods, in order to secure the payment of duties.

30. **tarpaulin ruffians**, rough sailors.

31. **bilge**, bilge-water, water which collects in the bilge or bottom of a ship.

32. **vapid**, insipid, spiritless.

32. **lustring**, a glossy silk material, used for ladies' dresses and for ribbons.

33. **sentiments**, *i.e.* corpses. Sailors entertain a strong objection to having a corpse on board,

34. **propitiatory**; means, like the Latin gerundive, 'to be propitiated, that has to be appeased.' Cf. *Jonah*, I. 17. Or perhaps propitiatory means 'acting as a means of propitiating the Divine wrath.'

35. **Saint Gothard**, the saint after whom one of the peaks and passes of the Alps is named. According to Owen, *Sanctorale Catholicum*, Saint Gotthard was a hermit among the Alps, and his feast is celebrated on the 25th of February. But Lamb may possibly be alluding to St. Gothard, Bishop of Hildesheim, A.D. 960–1038, who appears to have been regarded as the special patron of "those in peril on the sea."

a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose, an end so at variance with the intention of him who made the will. "Quietus," final settlement of an account, is sometimes used euphemistically for death; cf. *Hamlet*, III. 1. 75; Sheridan, *Rivals*, v. 3, "If an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it." "Deviser" is here used for devisor, a testator.

36. **a fishy consummation**, ending by being swallowed up by a fish. There is again an allusion to *Hamlet's* soliloquy, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Page 150, line 7. **jaded**, exhausted.

8. **tawdry**, tawdriness is cheap display; ostentatious without taste. "Tawdry" is a corruption of St. Audrey, St. Etheldrida, at whose fair, on October 17th, cheap necklaces—called tawdry laces—were sold. The chief seat of the fair was the Isle of Ely, of the cathedral of which St. Etheldrida was the foundress.

10. **seaworthy**, sound, able to endure a voyage.

11. **levities**, frivolities.

12. **corpuscula**, luminous atoms. In the corpuscular theory light was supposed to be conveyed by the rapid projection of corpuscula (atoms) from a luminous body.

13. **your**, colloquial use of 'your'; puns and jests mark you.

18. **is as the instant of their birth**, *i.e.* they are only vigorous at the moment of their conception and utterance. Cf. *Love's Labour Lost*, v. 2. 871.

19. **the intellectual atmosphere**. The intelligent appreciation of the hearers alone can support their short existence.

20. **the fine slime of Nilus**. Or, one may say, this intelligent appreciation is, as it were, the fine mud of the river Nile. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. 3. 69, "The fire that quickens Nilus' slime."

21. **melior lutus**, superior clay. Juvenal, *Satire* XIV. 35:

> "Just here and there you may
> Find youths disdaining this voluptuous sway,
> Whose hearts were moulded of a finer clay."

whose maternal recipiency, etc. The allusion is to the old popular belief that animals were generated by the action of the sun on the mud left by the inundations of the Nile. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 7. 25: "Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud, by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile." The co-operation of this fine mud (which receives the rays of the sun and thus conceives and brings these creatures to birth) is as necessary to their ambiguous engendering as the action of the sun their father. "Equivocal" is employed in a double sense (1) questionable, dubious, (2) susceptible of different interpretations, ambiguous—referring to the nature of a pun. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, 41-44:

> "As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile,
> Unfinished things, I know not what to call,
> Their generation's so equivocal."

As to the expression *sol pater*, Lucretius has a similar one in Book I., line 250, *pater Æther*, which may have suggested it.

23. **present ear-kissing smack**, an immediate sound which falls pleasantly on the ear, like the sound of a kiss. 'Ear-kissing' is from *King Lear*, II. 1. 8.

26. **to palm off**, to impose on us by fraud; properly, by sleight of hand.

27. **answered**, succeeded.

28. **hitch in**, fit in naturally into the conversation.

32. **return**, payment, *i.e.* recognition, appreciation.

recognitory, appreciative.

33. **brisk lightning** is from Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, I. 1.

Page 151, line 1. **visnomy**. Who would look at his own face, of which he is so fond, in the looking-glass? Cf. p. 37, l. 32, note.

3. **copy**, model, original.

5. **Peter Wilkins's island**. *Peter Wilkins* is the title of a book of imaginary adventure, written by Robert Paltock, a barrister of Clifford's Inn, 1750. The plan of the romance is after that of *Robinson Crusoe*, the style and description are in imitation of Swift. The 'island' is the country of the Glumms and Gawreys, flying men and women.

6. **the Hades of Thieves**, the infernal regions where thieves are punished.

7. Diogenes with his perpetual fruitless lantern. Diogenes, the Greek cynic philosopher of the fourth century B.C., carried a lantern about with him at Corinth by day, for the purpose, he said, of enabling him to discover an honest man, if possible.

10. **we**, honest men. All these are humorous allusions to the early convict settlements in Australia.

Sydneyites, people of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales.

11. **th-v-ng**, thieving.

14. **un-Europe-tainted**, uncontaminated by the vices of European civilization.

15. **puds**, paws, the short fore-paws of kangaroos.

a lesson framed by nature to the pick-pocket, an object-lesson for teaching theft, on account of the proximity of their fore-paws to the pouches of loose skin in which the females carry their young.

16. **fobs**, the old-fashioned watch-pockets, carried under the waistcoat.

lamely, feebly, inadequately.

17. **à priori**, in front; owing to the short fore-paws. There is a play also on the ordinary meaning of the phrase, *à priori*.

hue and cry were up, if the pursuit were raised, with the usual shout of "Stop thief!" "Hue and cry" is technically used of an alarm raised for the pursuit of a criminal.

18. **hind-shifters**, hind-legs. Lamb alludes to the common expression, "to show a clean pair of heels," *i.e.* to run away. Kangaroos, having the power to clear 15 feet at a bound with their hind-legs, would soon distance the pursuit of the police.

19. **loco-motor**, humorously employed to mean, 'transferrer of property, thief, burglar.'

21. **Spartans**, thieves, in allusion to the fact that young Spartans were taught to steal cleverly.

22. **spoils their scanning**, because the most common line in English verse has only five feet.

23. **For**, as regards.

25. **it is odds but they turn out**, literally, the chances are unequal that they will not prove to be; *i.e.* they are pretty sure to prove.

26. **plagiarists**, being born thieves, they will certainly carry their dishonesty into authorship, and appropriate other people's ideas.

Page 151, line 28. **bleach**, turn white, *i.e.* become morally purified. Cussans, in his work on *Heraldry*, remarks that ille-

gitimacy, according to some old authors, *wears out* in the third generation, after which the descendant of a natural son is allowed to resume the original paternal coat-of-arms.

29. **Delphic voyages.** You, who are the oracle which I wish to consult for the answers, are so far away that I might voyage to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphi ten times, there and back, quicker than I can get my doubts resolved by you at the Antipodes.

31. **hemp**, to make ropes for hanging criminals.

32. **the national profession**, thieving.

33. **Your locksmiths**, etc., with thieving so universal, there must be a great demand for locks, and the locksmiths must become very rich men.

36. **exchange good-morrows**, say good-morning to each other out of our adjacent windows.

Page 152, line 1. **pump-famed**, famed for its pump. It was also called Pump Court.

3. **complement**, full number, complete tale.

4. **ruralists**, country visitors to London.

11. Milton, *Lycidas*, 152-155 :

> " For so to interpose a little ease,
> Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
> Ay me ! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
> Wash far away."

Wordsworth, *Excursion*, IV., has " sounding shores."

14. **Bridget**, Mary Lamb.

21. **J. W.**, James White, Lamb's schoolfellow at Christ's Hospital ; died 1820. See page 158, line 16, note.

two springs back, two years ago in the spring.

22. **the old divorcer**, *i.e.* death, that separates loving friends. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 932 :

> " Hateful divorce of love—thus chides she Death."

24. **mine**, my relations and friends.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

(*London Magazine*, May, 1822.)

Page 152, line 27. **tender novices**, boy-apprentices, whose rosy cheeks show through their sooty covering.

Page 153, line 1. **peep-peep**, their cry of "sweep, sweep!" sounds like the chirping of a sparrow. 'Peep-peep' is imitative of the sparrow's note.

matin, morning. Cunningham, *May Eve*, has "matin lark." Cf. *Cymbeline*, II. 3. 21, 22, and Lyly, *Alexander and Campaspes*, v. 1:

> "Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings."

2. **aërial ascents**, lofty climbing—of chimneys.

4. **dim specks—poor blots**, etc., dingy little mites—pitiable inky urchins, black but harmless.

6. **Africans of our own growth**, English boys, but black as negroes.

7. **almost clergy imps**, little creatures looking almost like professional moralists in their black garb.

sport their cloth, etc., wear their professional garb—as sweeps—unassumingly. 'Sport,' in this sense, is colloquial. 'Cloth' is especially appropriated to the professional dress of the clergy, thus 'the cloth' is often used to mean the clergy, or the clerical profession. Cf. page 159, line 34.

12. **chit**, a child; properly, a shoot or sprout.

14. **fauces Averni**, the jaws of hell. Vergil, *Æneid*, VI. 201.

15. **sounding on**. The expression seems here to combine the notions of 'groping his way' and 'making his way *noisily*.' For the former sense, cf. Wordsworth, *Excursion*, III.:

> "The intellectual power through words and things
> Went sounding on a dim and perilous way."

16. **horrid shades**, Milton, *Comus*, 429, and *Paradise Lost*, I. 296.

20. **sable phenomenon**, black apparition.

21. **weapon of his art**, his chimney-sweep's brush.

23. **stack**, a combination of chimneys in one structure.

26. *Macbeth*, IV. 1. 86.

30. **starving**, freezing, wintry. The original sense of 'to starve' is to kill with cold; cf. *Paradise Lost*, II. 600. This usage survives in the Lancashire and some other dialects at the present day. The word is akin to German *sterben*, to die.

31. **proper**, specially belonging to.

kibed, sore, galled. 'Kibe,' a chilblain, is connected with cup.

33. **tester**, colloquial word for sixpence, corrupted in slang to 'tizzy.' Originally it was the name of a French coin, worth

eighteenpence, having the image of the king's head stamped on it, Old French *teste*, Modern *tête*, a head; but the value gradually fell to sixpence.

34. **ground-work**, main ingredient.

35. **'yclept**, called. See note on page 97, line 14.

sassafras is a shrub or tree of the laurel kind.

Page 154, line 2. **China luxury**, tea.

4. **time out of mind**, longer than any one can remember.

8. **the only Salopian house**, the only shop where salop is sold. Salop, or saloop, is a decoction prepared from the dried root of the herb—sassafras tea.

10. **a cautious premonition to the olfactories**, a warning conveyed to my sense of smell by its evil odour.

13. **dietetical elegancies**, the niceties of diet or food.

19. **attenuate and soften**, etc., rarefy and soften the accumulations of soot.

20. **in dissections**, in the dissecting-room, when a corpse is dissected.

21. **unfledged practitioners**, young apprentices.

23. **bitter wood**, *i.e.* wormwood, bitterness. *Proverbs*, v. 4, "Bitter as wormwood."

raw, unfledged, young, inexperienced.

31. **valerian**, a plant which has a very strong smell.

35. **keepest ... good hours**, goest to bed early.

Page 155, line 3. **dead**, lifeless, dreary.

4. **cups**, potations, revelry.

7. **the honours of the pavement**, the right of 'taking the wall.'

9. **relumined**, rekindled.

kennels, gutters.

11. **o'ernight vapours**, the fumes of the preceding night's debauch.

12. **ungenial fume**, the disagreeable steam of the sassafras tea.

15. **precocious herb-woman**, early-rising herb-seller.

17. **Covent-Garden's famed piazzas**, the chief flower, fruit, and vegetable market of London. 'Piazza,' an Italian word, is a portico.

19. **unpennied**, destitute, not having, as we say, a penny to bless himself with.

23. **so**, on this condition, like Latin *sic*.

24. **eased of the o'ercharged secretions**, etc., relieved by the sweep's brush from the excessive accumulations of soot caused by the entertainments given to your well-to-do friends.

25. **welkin**, sky. A. S. *wolcnu*, plural of *wolcen*, a cloud.

26. **well-ingredienced**, skilfully compounded.

28. **rattling engines**, the hurrying fire-engines.

29. **scintillation**, an accidental spark frequently fires the soot in a chimney.

disturb thy peace and pocket, disturb you and put you to expense.

Page 156, line 1. **a treacherous slide**, an unperceived ice-slide on the pavement.

4. **face it down**, to meet the mishap firmly, to put a bold face on it.

12. **that Hogarth**, "that Hogarth would have delighted to portray him," or some such conclusion, would naturally follow.

13. **miss**, fail to have him on his canvas.

the March to Finchley, which depicts soldiers on the march through the streets. In the picture the sweep has his back turned to the pieman.

16 **maximum ... minimum**, largest possible, smallest possible amount.

20. **butt**, object of ridicule; literally, a target; O. F. *butte*, French *but*, a mark.

24. "**air**," make a display of. The previous mention of the word "jewels" shows that Lamb alludes to Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, II. 4, "I beg but leave to air this jewel."

28. **ossifications**, bones.

29. **anomaly in manners**, eccentricity, breach of etiquette.

31. Milton, *Comus*, 222, 224:

> "I did not err, there does a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night."

33. **gentry**, gentility.

34. **better days**, happier fortunes.

35. **double night**, etc., the disguise of their sooty clothes and sooty skins. "Double night" occurs in Chapman's *Hero and Leander*.

Page 157, line 1. **good blood**, a noble lineage; descent from a good family.

gentle conditions, the estate or rank of gentlefolk.

2. **lapsed pedigree**, traces of high descent now lost.

5. **abductions**, *i.e.* makes it easy to kidnap them secretly, even in infancy.

civility, good breeding.

6. **grafts**, stolen children; taken from the parent stem and grafted on an alien stock.

8. **Rachels**, bereaved mothers. *Matthew*, II. 18; *Jeremiah*, XXXI. 15.

9. **of fairy spiriting**, about changelings, spirited away or mysteriously carried off in infancy by fairies. See note, page 42, line 25.

10. **shadow**, dimly indicate.

11. **Montagu**. Edward Wortley Montagu, 1714-1776, son of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, ran away from Westminster School and became a chimney-sweep. After his family had given him up for lost, he was recognized by a gentleman in the street, and taken home.

12. **defiliations**, bereavements of sons: loss of sons to mothers.

13. **state-beds**, elaborately-decorated beds, reserved for royal or distinguished visitors.

16. **connoisseur**, a critical expert.

19. **the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius**, son of Æneas, who, according to classical mythology, was the son of Anchises and the goddess Venus. From Vergil's "fotum gremio" (*Æneid*, I. 692).

22. **confounded his passage**, lost his way.

26. **invitement**, invitation; an obsolete word.

31. **a high instinct**. See p. 158, lines 7-9 and 12, in which the allusion to Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* is made still clearer:

> "High instincts, before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised" (146, 147).

Page 158, line 8. lapped, enfolded.

11. **incunabula**, swaddling-clothes, also birth-place; a Latin word.

16. **pleasant**, humorous, witty.

Jem White. James White, mentioned above, page 152, was the author of a piece of literary humour, entitled *Original Letters, etc., of Sir John Falstaff*, published 1795, suggested by the recent successful forgeries on Shakespeare, committed by William Ireland. Some traces of Lamb's hand have been thought to be visible in the preface.

19. **changelings**. See note, page 42, line 25.

22. **the fair of St. Bartholomew**, held on St. Bartholomew's Day, 3rd September, at Smithfield from the twelfth century, The fair was discontinued in 1855.

25. **fry**, children, boy-apprentices: properly, the spawn of fishes.

27. **infantry**, children. There is a play on the military sense of 'main body' and 'infantry.'

30. **all is not soot which looks so**, a parody of the proverb "All is not gold that glitters."

31. **quoited out**, expelled: properly, thrown like a quoit. The word, now obsolete, occurs as a verb in 2 *Henry IV.* II. 4. 206:

"Quoit him down like a shove-groat shilling."

32. **not having on the wedding garment**, not being qualified as a guest by the chimney-sweeper's garb. The allusion is to the Parable of the Marriage Feast, *Matthew*, XXII. 11.

34. **pens**, the cattle pens of Smithfield Market.

36. **that vanity**, in allusion to the Vanity Fair of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

obvious to, exposed to; a Latinism.

Page 159, line 8. **Bigod**, the name by which Lamb introduces, here and elsewhere, his old friend John Fenwick.

10. **Rochester**. The Earl of Rochester, the witty and dissolute companion of Charles II.

11. **done the humours of the scene**, risen to the occasion as a host; played the part of host appropriately at such a queer entertainment.

15. **Ursula**. The name is taken from Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

18. **the universal host, etc.** *Paradise Lost*, I. 541:

"At which the universal host upsent
A shout that tore Hell's concave."

The remainder of this passage from Milton is also alluded to in what follows.

tore the concave, rent the sky, the vault of heaven.

21. **his more unctuous sayings**, Jem White's richer witticisms.

22. **tit-bits**, choice morsels.

23. **links**, divisions, separate sausages.

24. **desperado**, ruffian. Old Spanish *desperado*, Latin *desperatus*, hopeless, incorrigible.

25. "**must to the pan again,**" must go back to the frying-pan.

27. **kissing-crust**, the crust of a loaf that touches another in the process of baking. It is thinner than ordinary crust.

28. **have a care of cracking**, take care not to crack.

30. **small ale**, weak beer. 34. "**the Cloth,**" the profession of chimney-sweeping. See note on page 153, line 7.

Page 160, line 1. "**may the Brush supersede the Laurel.**" May the arts of peace supersede the triumphs of war. There is a play on two senses of the word 'brush,' (1) the painter's brush, (2) the chimney-sweep's. 'Laurel' is the victor's laurel wreath. Or the meaning may be, 'May the art of the chimney-sweep progress,' *i.e.* advance from the rude implement of early days—a laurel bough, like Ion's in *Euripides*—to the scientific modern brush.

7. **it did not do to be squeamish**, it was not the correct thing to be over-fastidious. 'Do,' in the sense of 'to be fitting,' 'to avail,' is derived from the A.S. *dugan*, to be worth. 'Squeamish' occurs in the form 'skoymus' in a fourteenth century version of the *Te Deum*; in Chaucer we find 'squaimous.' The word is of Scandinavian origin, with French termination; Norwegian *sveim*, dizziness of intoxication; A.S. *swima*, a swoon; Middle English *sween*, dizziness.

11. Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, IV. 2. 263, slightly altered.

15. clients, dependants, protegés; the young sweeps, whom he patronized. 17. An echo, perhaps, of Burke's "The glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." But the words occur in Tom Brown's *Letter to George Melnoth*: "The glory of Smithfield is departed for ever, and love and intrigues have left the cloisters; in short Bartholomew Fair is over."

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS, IN THE METROPOLIS.

(*London Magazine*, June, 1822.)

The feeling that inspires this essay is closely akin to that of Wordsworth's *Old Cumberland Beggar*. Cf. Wordsworth's *The Old Cumberland Beggar*,

> "Statesmen ye
> Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
> Who have a broom still ready in your hands
> To rid the world of nuisances."

Page 160, line 19. **The all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation**, the unsparing hand of philanthropical societies, instituted to abolish various abuses.

20. **Alcides' club.** Club of Hercules, whose labours were chiefly directed to ridding the world of various monsters and abuses.

21. **uplift with many-handed sway.** 'Uplift' for uplifted occurs in *Paradise Lost*, I. 193; but the passage which suggested the expression is *Paradise Lost*, VI. 250-252:

> "Where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
> Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
> Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
> Wide wasting."

22. **the bugbear Mendicity**, the scarecrow of beggary. 'Bugbear,' originally meaning a spectre or goblin, is here intended to designate an object of needless alarm, a scarecrow.

24. **mendicant fraternity**, begging connection, tribe of beggars.

25. **purlieus**, precincts, vicinity; originally the disforested outskirts of a royal forest, through which a right of way existed. Old French *puralée*, Latin *perambulationem*, a going through, traversing.

eleventh persecution. This last and worst persecution. Lamb alludes to the Ten Historic Persecutions of the Christians, under Nero, Domitian, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Severus, Maximus, Decius, Valerian, Aurelian, and Diocletian; they occurred at intervals from A.D. 64 to A.D. 313.

27. **the parting Genius**, etc., the departing Spirit of Beggary is unwillingly expelled. Milton, *Hymn on the Nativity*, 184-187:

> "From haunted spring and dale
> Edg'd with poplar pale,
> The parting Genius is with sighing sent."

Page 161, line 2. **impertinent crusado**, irrelevant, unnecessary crusade.

bellum ad exterminationem, war of extermination; a Latin phrase.

3. **Much good might be sucked.** Cf. *As You Like It*, v. 4. 176:

> "Out of these convertites
> There is much matter to be heard and learned."

6. **our common nature**, our humanity.

7. **ingenuous**, noble, free-spirited.

8. **humours**, whims, varying moods.

10. **uninvidious in the levy**, the collection of which excited no heart-burning, no ill-will.

14. **to go in livery**, to be a servant, to wear a master's livery.

16. **Dionysius.** Dionysius the Younger, tyrant of Syracuse, in Sicily, was expelled by Timoleon, B.C. 343, and became a schoolmaster at Corinth, where he died.

17. Vandyke, the famous Dutch artist, Sir Antony Vandyke, 1599-1641.

18. ferula, schoolmaster's rod ; a Latin word.

21. Belisarius begging for an obolus. Belisarius, the renowned Roman general, A.D. 505-565, was accused of conspiracy against the Emperor Justinian, 563, but acquitted. According to a popular legend, which is not historical, he was blinded and reduced to beggary in his old age. He is represented by Vandyke begging in the streets, crying "Date obolum Belisario," 'Give Belisarius a penny.'

23. The Blind Beggar in the legend, in the ballad of *The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green*, written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The blind beggar is supposed to be Henry, son of Simon de Montfort, blinded by a blow at the battle of Evesham. His daughter "Bessee" married a knight. The ballad is included in Percy's *Reliques*.

24. ale-house signs. There was formerly a public-house sign in the Whitechapel Road called "The Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green."

25. attenuate, weaken, lessen the value of.

27. Earl of Cornwall. Richard, son of King John, was Earl of Cornwall during this period. He succeeded to the title in 1225, and died 1272. Lamb may refer to a different legend from that of the ballad which makes the blind beggar Henry de Montfort, Earl of Leicester ; or Cornwall may be a mere lapse of memory for Leicester.

28. his liege lord, Henry III.

30. springing, adolescent, growing up.

32. doing the honours of a counter, serving at a counter ; displaying the shop goods to customers.

33. the three-foot eminence, etc. Perched on a tailor's or sempstress's workbench. 'Sempster' was originally feminine, equivalent to the modern sempstress ; A.S. *séamestre*. The masculine word was *séamere*, a tailor. For the form of the feminine termination, compare 'spinster.' In A.S. we find *webbester*, a female weaver ; *hearpestre*, a female harper ; *witegester*, a prophetess ; and other examples of the same termination.

35. your, the colloquial use of the pronoun. See above, page 12, line 22, note.

antipode, opposite. Properly, the word 'antipodes' is a plural form having no singular ; but antipode is used by other writers besides Lamb.

36. romancical writers, writers of romance

Page 162, line 1. **Margaret Newcastle.** See page 39, line 27, note.

4. **rags and the wallet**, a beggar's ragged dress and scrap-bag, *i.e.* beggary.

7. **breaking**, mitigating, lessening the severity of.

8. **divest him of his garments.** 'Divest' is used reflexively in *Lear*, I. 1. 50. Lamb refers here to *King Lear*, III. 4. 104:

"Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here."

"Call the creatures,...
Answer mere nature,"

i.e. correspond with, are in harmony with, nature pure and simple.

10. **other whiteness than of beauty**, the whiteness of leprosy. The leprosy of Cresseid comes, not from Shakespeare, but from Chaucer's *The Testament of Creseide*, where Saturn in a dream "laid a frosty wande on her heed." But there is an allusion to it in another Shakespearian play, *Henry V.* 2. 172:

"The lazar kite of Cressid's kind."

11. **supplicating lazar alms with bell and clapdish, entreating** for the charity bestowed on lepers. 'Lazar' has come to mean leper, owing to the parable of Lazarus and Dives (*Luke*, XVI. 19-31). Lepers in the Middle Ages carried a bell or rattle to warn passers-by to avoid them, also a dish for receiving scraps of food or money. The clap-dish, or clack-dish, had a cover which they used to rattle. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, III. 2. 135:

"His use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish."

12. **the Lucian wits**, satirists of Lucian's order. See page 141, line 9, note.

15. **Semiramis**, wife of Ninus, King of Assyria, and after his death sole ruler.

getting up foul linen, washing dirty clothes.

17. **declined his affections upon**, condescended to love.

19. "**true ballad.**" Shakespeare, *Winter's Tale*, IV. 3, has "The ballad is very pitiful and as true."

King Cophetua, a mythical African king who fell in love with a beggar maiden and married her. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. 1.:

"Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so true
When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid."

The ballad is in Percy's *Reliques*.

23. "**neighbour grice**," next step or degree. *Timon*, IV. 3. 16:

"Every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below."

'Grise' is properly a plural, steps; the plural of 'gree,' a step.

24. **comings-in**, revenues, income.

told, reckoned, counted.

27. **trifle-bigger purse**, slightly greater means.

30. **comparative**, dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* III. 2. 67:

"Stands the push
Of every beardless vain comparative."

32. **not in the scale of comparison**, outside the limits of comparison, so destitute that he cannot be compared with even the poorest who have some means; like the men of Mitylene in the answer of the oracle, οὔτ' ἐν λόγῳ οὔτ' ἐν ἀρίθμῳ. The Athenians were judged to be the first people of Greece, the Spartans the next. "But you, men of Mitylene, are neither the third, nor the fourth, nor the twelfth, nor in the scale of comparison at all."

34. **twitteth**, flouts, taunts.

36. **jostle with him for the wall**. See note on page 120, line 4, and compare page 155, line 7.

Page 163, line 1. **pick quarrels for precedency**, force quarrels upon him about the honour of going first, or in front.

2. **tenement**, holding, dwelling-house.

5. **a led captain**, an obsequious follower or hanger-on of the nobility.

9. **insignia**, badges; a Latin word.

tenure, his title to beggardom; properly, tenure is the manner of holding landed property, the form or conditions of proprietorship.

10. **full dress**, formal or ceremonious dress, worn on great occasions.

11. **limpeth awkwardly behind it**. He is never unfashionable in his dress, never behind the times in adapting himself to changes of fashion.

13. **fearing none**, having no social despot to fear; *i.e.* he is not under the tyranny of social etiquette, and can wear what colours he likes.

16. **ups and downs**, vicissitudes of fortune.

17. **in one stay**, fixed position; cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, VII. 7. 47:

"So nothing here long standeth in one stay."

20. **his customers**, *i.e.* his patrons; those who bestow alms on him.

25. **lions**, chief objects of interest, remarkable persons or things. Thus, when a visitor new to our town arrives, we say: "I must take you round and show you the lions."

26. **the Cries of London**, the cries of the various traders and sellers of goods in the streets; *e.g.* the milkman, the newspaper boy, the knife-grinder, the muffin-man, the sweep.

29. **signs**, signboards of inns, and of various shops, now mostly discarded.

standing morals, permanent, perpetual, lessons to us.

30. **emblems, mementoes**, etc., they performed the function of signs or reminders of the instability of fortune, of maxims on sun-dials, of Easter Monday sermons, of instructive moral tales for children. Spital sermons were sermons preached at the church of St. Mary Spittle (Spitalfields, East London), on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

33. *As You Like It*, II. 1. 55:

> "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
> 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
> Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there."

35. **Tobits**. The blind man whose story is told in the Book of Tobit, in the Apocrypha—the uncanonical books of the Old Testament—was named Tobit. The story runs that he was blinded by the dropping of a sparrow, as he lay asleep outside his courtyard, and that his eyesight was restored by applying the gall of a fish which had attacked his son Tobias.

Page 164, line 2. **ruined orbs**, blinded eyes.

5. **blind**. A play upon a secondary sense of the word 'blind'; closed, having no exit, as 'a blind alley.'

7. **withering**, destroying health and spirits.

8. **double darkness**, blindness and confinement. *Samson Agonistes*, 593.

10. An echo of *Paradise Lost*, III. 45, 46.

11. **staves**, the sticks with which they used to guide their steps.

12. **farm**, let out on hire, made a profit out of.

the overseers of St. L——, the poor-law guardians of the parish of St. L——, perhaps St. Luke, Old Street, London.

14. **mild**, used ironically.

16. **Well fare the soul.** Peace to the spirit!

16. **Vincent Bourne.** Vincent Bourne, 1697–1747, was a master at Westminster School, where he was tutor to Cowper, the poet. He published a volume entitled *Poemata* in 1734, and a volume of Latin poems, partly translations, partly original, in 1750. His collected works and letters appeared in 1808. Cowper writes of him: "I love the memory of Vincy Bourne. I think him a better poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in this way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him."

17. **most classical and ... most English**, etc. Who wrote the purest Latin and yet was most English in spirit and sentiment of any of the Latin verse writers.

18. **quadrupedal**, four-footed. 'Human and quadrupedal alliance' is explained by the next sentence.

Page 165, line 15. **wont**, was wont, used.

21. **string**, a cord passed round the dog's neck, which the blind man held in one hand, in order to guide himself.

30. **all-asleep**, quite unconscious.

40. **tract**, long extent.

Page 166, line 5. **explored**, looked for, sought to find; an obsolete usage. Lamb quotes either from Burke, *Regicide Peace*, I., "There are some indeed, 'whom my dim eyes in vain explore,'" or directly from Pope's Homer, *Iliad*, XXII. 63.

7. **glide**, used transitively, smoothly propel.

13. **speculation**, a subject of speculation.

17. **Few but must have**, there are few that can have failed to notice.

18. **brought him low**, deprived him of his lower limbs, struck him down.

19. **the riots of 1780**, the No-Popery, or Lord George Gordon riots, an outbreak of Protestant fanaticism, during which the mob were masters of the streets of London for several days. Charles Dickens has given a vivid picture of the state of things during the riots in his novel, *Barnaby Rudge*.

a groundling, a crawler over the ground. Its proper sense, as in *Hamlet* III. 2. 9, is a spectator in the pit of a theatre.

20 **Antæus**, a Libyan giant, son of Neptune and Terra, slain by Hercules. Whenever he touched the earth, his mother, he received a fresh accession of strength. Hercules, however, lifted him up in his arms and squeezed him to death (Class. Myth.).

21. **neighboured**, was near to. Cf. 'the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth,' p. 323.

22. **an Elgin marble.** The Elgin marbles are fragments of Greek sculpture, chiefly from the Parthenon at Athens, the work

of the Greek sculptor, Phidias, B.C. 440. They were collected and brought to England by Thomas, Lord Elgin, in 1802, and bought by the British Museum in 1816 for £35,000.

23. **nature**, vigour.

25. **half a Hercules**, of Herculean strength and size in the upper part of his body.

27. **mandrake**, the plant mandragora has been fancifully supposed to resemble the human figure, having a flesh-like and forked root, and to be endowed with animal life. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. 3, 47, "Shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth."

29. **just**, proper, proportionate.

30. **man-part of a centaur**. The centaurs were monsters of Greek mythology—men to the waist, horses below.

32. **Lapithan controversy**. The fight between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, a Thessalian tribe, at the marriage-feast of Pirithous, one of their chiefs, is described by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XII., and is frequently alluded to by Horace as a warning against drunkenness.

33. **made shift with**, managed to get on with.

34. **os sublime**, a face directed upward. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I. 84.

> "All other creatures earthward bend their looks;
> To man alone are given aspiring eyes
> That heavenward gaze, the starry host t' explore."

36. **driven**, practised, pursued.

Page 167, line 1. **grizzled**, turned gray.

3. **expiating his contumacy**, paying the penalty of his independence of spirit, which was called contempt of the authorities.

4. **houses (ironically christened) of Correction**. Cf. Wordsworth's, "house misnamed of industry." Places of confinement for disorderly persons, penal workhouses, are called 'houses of correction.' As correction implies improvement, Lamb says that these places are ironically so called.

12. **Lusus (not Naturæ indeed but Accidentium)**, freak, not of nature, but of accident. Any deformity or unnatural bodily formation is called a *lusus naturæ*, a Latin expression which means 'a freak of nature.'

14. **scraped together**, gradually saved.

15. **portion**, a marriage-portion, dowry.

16. **hundreds**, hundred pounds.

20. **trunk**, the body, without the head and limbs.

25. **paternal consideration**, fatherly affection.

26. **whipping-post**, a post to which offenders are tied, to receive a legal sentence of flogging.

27. **exaggeration of nocturnal orgies**, extravagant revelry.

30. **edifying**, morally instructive.

committed, imprisoned.

32. **Yorick.** Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, called himself Yorick, after the name of the jester commemorated in the grave scene of *Hamlet*.

34. **his mite**, his small contribution; an allusion to *Mark*, XII. 42.

companionable symbol, friendly token of good-will.

35. "**Age, thou hast lost thy breed.**" *Julius Cæsar*, I. 2. 151, "Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods."

Page 168, line 3. **charitable**, used ironically.

7. **Peckham.** A south-eastern suburb of London

9. **Bartimeus**, a blind beggar of Jericho, who sate by the wayside begging, as Jesus passed out of Jericho on his last journey to Jerusalem (*Mark*, X. 46).

10. **Borough.** A district of London lying to the south of the Thames, at London Bridge.

15. **purse up**, shut up.

22. **steeled my purse**, an expression belonging to the class of humour which the Greeks called *para prosdokian*, contrary to expectation; we should naturally expect 'steeled my heart,' *i.e.* hardened my heart.

24. **small change**, small coins.

26. **Cast thy bread**, etc. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days" (*Ecclesiastes*, XI. 1). A good deed will ultimately meet with its reward.

27. **Some have unawares ... entertained angels.** *Hebrews*, XIII. 2, where the allusion is to the angels that visited Abraham (*Genesis*, XVIII. 2) and Lot (*Genesis*, XIX. 1).

29. **painted**, fictitious. The expression "painted distress" occurs in Burke's *Letter on the French Revolution*.

34. **Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth**, do not investigate too minutely where knowledge of the truth will prove unsatisfactory. Browne, *Religio Medici*, III. 8, has, "Raking into the bowels of the deceased."

36. **under**, under the disguise or pretence of.

personate, personated, counterfeited, feigned.

Page 169, line 3. **mumping.** See page 37, line 32, note. Here it may be rendered 'whining.'

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

(*London Magazine*, September, 1822.)

Page 169, headline. **roast pig.** A similar story appears in the *De Abstinentia* of Porphyry of Tyre, third century A.D.

7. **M.**, Thomas Manning, 1774-1840, Eastern traveller and linguist.

12. **Confucius**, the famous Chinese sage and moralist of the sixth century B.C., whom the Chinese call Kung-Fu-Tze.

Mundane Mutations ... **Cho-fang**, whimsical inventions of Lamb; but there really is a word *ch'u-fang*, a cook-house, in Chinese.

16. **the elder brother**, *i.e.* the older custom of the two.

19. **mast**, beech-nuts.

20. **lubberly**, awkward. The word is of Celtic origin, Welsh *llob*, a dolt; *llabi*, a stripling; from the root LAB, to hang down loosely, akin to 'lap.' Cf. Shakespeare's "lob of spirits" (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. 1. 16.

25. **a sorry antediluvian make-shift**, a poor, prehistoric, second-rate substitute for a building.

27. **litter of new-farrowed pigs.** A 'litter' is a brood of young ones. To 'farrow,' to bring forth young, is only used of swine.

28. **China pigs.** There is a play, perhaps, upon another sense of the word 'china'—figures of pigs made of china-ware, which are styled 'quaint,' and used by some as domestic ornaments.

Page 170, line 11. **firebrand**, incendiary, destructive imp.

12. **A premonitory moistening**, etc., *i.e.* he was forewarned of what was coming by his mouth beginning to water.

13. **nether**, lower, German *nieder*.

20. **crackling**, the crisp, outer skin of roast pork.

30. **rain blows**, to let fall a torrent of blows.

33. **in his lower regions**, in his stomach.

35. **lay on**, beat him (a colloquial expression)

Page 171, line 1. **sensible**, conscious.

3. **graceless whelp**, mischievous young cub, young reprobate.

4. **burnt me down**, ruined me by burning down. 'Me' is the dative of interest—to my disadvantage. So often in Shakespeare 'me' = to my cost, to my injury. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.* III. 1. 100, and III. 3. 50.

5. **and be hanged to you**, confound you.

9. **eats**, tastes. This is an example of a somewhat peculiar usage, by which some transitive verbs acquire a quasi-passive meaning. Thus we say, "His speeches *read* well," *i.e.* sound well when they are read, are good in the reading.

14. **fairly**, a colloquial usage of the word, completely, thoroughly, as "This fairly puzzles me," or "actually going so far as to," which is rather the sense here.

18. **cramming**, stuffing himself.

19. **every joint**, in every joint; what is called in grammar 'the accusative of respect,' or the accusative of the part affected.

24. **make what sour mouths he would**, in spite of the wry faces he made, no matter what distortions of countenance he made.

27. **set down**, sat down. 'Set' for 'sit' is a common enough colloquial vulgarity, but it is somewhat surprising to find it countenanced by Lamb.

Page 172, line 6. **then an inconsiderable assize town**, a small county town—a humorous touch of mock-historic accuracy. It recalls the inimitable seriousness of minute detail, by which Swift imparts an air of probability to his wildest inventions. 'Assize' towns are county towns in which the periodical sessions of the judges are held.

15. **charge**, the address of a judge to a jury before they proceed to give their verdict.

16. **reporters**, a humorous anachronism, like 'insurance offices' below.

20. **winked at**, shut his eyes to, connived at.

25. **took wing**, spread, became rapidly known.

27. **shut up shop**, gave up business, or became bankrupt.

28. **built slighter and slighter**, built their houses of gradually more and more flimsy materials.

32 **like our Locke**, *i.e.* a great thinker; another touch of quaint and unexpected humour.

Page 173, line 7. **especially in these days.** In the period which followed the peace of 1815 there was wide-spread agricultural distress, and rick-burning with other forms of incendiarism became common. It is possible that Lamb means to hint at this fact, or he may merely mean that, with the enormous modern growth of towns, a house on fire is a serious peril.

10. **mundus edibilis**, world of eatables (Latin).

11. **princeps obsoniorum**, the chief of dainties (Latin).

12. **porkers**, colloquially used for pigs.

12. **between pig and pork**, too large and coarse to be sent up as 'roast pig': not fully grown enough to be treated as pork.

13. **hobbledehoys**, awkward louts. The word is used to denote that awkward, self-conscious stage of youth between boyhood and early manhood.

14. **under a moon old**, less than a month old.

guiltless as yet of the stye, unsullied by the filth of the pig-sty. Cf. Milton's "Guiltless of fire," *Paradise Lost*, IV.

15. **amor immunditiæ**, love of filthiness (Latin). The "original speck" is an allusion to the doctrine of original sin, inherited from our first parents Adam and Eve.

17. **broken**, changed from treble to bass, as a boy's voice is said to 'break' at the age of puberty.

18. **præludium**, prelude (Latin).

22. **exterior tegument**, the outer skin, which, when roasted, becomes crackling.

26. **coy, brittle resistance**, the resistance offered to the teeth by the hard but easily broken crackling.

27. **the adhesive oleaginous**, the sticky, oily, indescribable sweetness—you must not give it such a gross name as 'fat.'

29. **cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot**, like a flower picked before it blossoms, like a tender leaf not yet unfolded.

30. **cream and quintessence**, the perfection, the concentrated essence.

32. **animal manna**, heavenly food, consisting of flesh, not grain. See *Exodus*, XVI. 14 and 15.

if it must be so, if I must use these coarse names.

34. **ambrosian**, heavenly, like ambrosia, the food of the gods, according to Greek mythology.

35. "**doing**," a-doing, being cooked; a colloquial use of 'do.'

Page 174, line 1. **equably**, smoothly, with uniform motion.

3. **radiant jellies shooting stars**. The heat of the fire causes the eyes of the pig to melt and drop out, like bright jellies, like meteors. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*, II. 1. In Donne's *Eclogues* there is a reference to the superstition that shooting stars left jellies behind them where they fell:

> "As he that sees a star fall runs apace,
> And finds a jelly in the place.

Cf. Dryden, *Œdipus*, II. 1.

8. **ten to one**, it is long odds that, it is almost certain; a betting phrase.

9. **sloven**, a lazy fellow.

10. **filthy conversation**, filthy behaviour (2 *Peter*, II. 7).

12. **Coleridge**, *Epitaph on an Infant*. The quotation here has the effect of a parody.

16. **bolteth**, greedily devours.

a fair sepulchre, etc., an adaptation from Milton's lines on Shakespeare:

> "And so sepulchr'd in such pomp dost lie,
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

19. **sapors**, flavours, savours. **great**, admirable in taste.

23. **excoriateth**, pricks.

26. **stoppeth at the palate**, does not go beyond satisfying the taste, is not substantial enough to be considered *food*.

33. **mixed characters**, persons half-virtuous, half-vicious.

Page 175, line 1. **helpeth ... all around**, provides 'helps,' *i.e.* portions of food, pieces, or slices, for everyone at the dinner-table.

2. **least envious**, least invidious, exciting no ill-will. In roast pig every part is equally good, whereas most joints have some portions which are considered special delicacies, and those who get the less dainty cuttings are displeased.

3. **neighbours' fare**, food for good neighbours, calculated to promote friendly, neighbourly feeling.

9. **Absents**, absent friends. There is a play on the two meanings of present—(1) gift, (2) at hand.

10. "**tame villatic fowl**," Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 1692. 'Villatic' means rural, properly belonging to a farm or village, so 'villatic' fowl is equivalent to common or barn door poultry.

13. **upon the tongue of my friend**, to enjoy the taste vicariously, or altruistically, by thinking that my friend is enjoying it.

14. "**give everything.**" *King Lear*, II. 4. 246, "I gave you all."

15. **make my stand upon**, stop short at, firmly draw the line at.

16. **extra-domiciliate**, a quaint Latinistic invention of Lamb, formed from Latin, *extra*, outside, and *domicilium*, a dwelling-house.

18. **pre-destined**, fore-ordained.

19. **argues an insensibility**, evinces, indicates by inference, a lack of feeling. 21. **touch of conscience**, feeling of remorse.

26. **over London Bridge**, on the south side of the Thames. Of course, Lamb's school, Christ's Hospital, was not 'over London Bridge.' The statement is merely another example of his whimsical mystifications.

29. **the very coxcombry**, conceited affectation, pure and simple.

Page 176, line 10. **impertinent**, irrelevant, inapplicable.

11. **out-of-place**, untimely, unseasonable.

13. **insidious**, wheedling.

14. **nice**, fastidious, particular.

17. **The age of discipline is gone by**, the age when men believed in the discipline of the rod has passed. The words are an echo of Burke's, "But the age of chivalry is gone," in his splendid passage on *Marie Antoinette*.

18. **in a philosophical light merely**, of course as a question of purely philosophic interest, not with any view to practical experiment. Note the sly humour of this parenthesis.

19. **intenerating and dulcifying**, softening and sweetening.

21. **refining a violet**, trying to improve upon something already exquisite. Shakespeare, *King John*, IV. 2. 11:

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> . . . . . .
> Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

23. **a gusto**, an additional relish or flavour.

25. **hypothesis**, question set for discussion.

26. **when I was at St. Omer's.** St. Omer's is a Jesuit college in France, 26 miles south-east of Calais, where many English and Irish Roman Catholics used to be educated a century ago. Of course Lamb was never at this college, and this is only what he calls 'a flam.'

29. **per flagellationem extremam**, by whipping to death (Latin).

33. **I forget the decision.** He will not say whether he thinks such treatment justifiable or not. The whole of this invented incident is only a round-about way of humorously suggesting that perhaps our ancestors, from a culinary point of view, were right.

35. **a dash**, a small quantity; what the French call a *soupçon*.

Page 177, line 1. **Barbecue**, roast whole. The word comes from the language of the Indians of Guiana, in which it signifies a rude sort of gridiron.

to your palate, to suit your taste.

2. **shalots**, a sort of onion.

plantations, immense quantities.

3. **the rank and guilty garlic**, the coarse and pernicious garlic. Garlic is called 'guilty,' partly for the sake of alliteration, partly with reference to Horace's "allium cicutis nocentius" (*Epodes*, III. 3), where, however, *nocens* means poisonous, not guilty.

5. **a weakling—a flower**, a frail creature, a delicate perfume.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

(*London Magazine*, September, 1822).

Page 177, line 12. **anti-social**, unsociable; here 'a determination not to marry' is meant.

17. **neither**, a colloquial incorrectness of speech for 'either.'

23. **perk it up**, obtrude it. 'Perk' is, properly, to trim, to smarten; then, to erect, as 'to perk up one's head,' and so, 'to make a saucy or obtrusive display of a thing.'

30. **homely-featured**, plain.

Page 178, line 11. **choice**, the object of her choice.

18. **usufruct**, right of enjoyment. 'Usufruct' is a legal term, signifying the right of using and enjoying the profits of another man's estate. Cf. Goldsmith's story of the Bonze, in his *Citizen of the World*, letter 63.

19. **palliatives**, mitigations, extenuating circumstances.

21. **by its best title**, even according to its strongest claim, viz., its divine sanction. *Matthew*, XIX. 5, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh."

not of the least invidious, *i.e.*, one of the most invidious kind.

27. **patent**, sole right or privilege.

Page 179, line 1. **airs which these people give themselves**, arrogant manner which they assume.

6. **free of the company**. See page 61, line 21, note.

7. **single**, unmarried.

20. **blind alley**. See page 164, line 5, note.

28. **phœnixes**, unique phenomena, paragons. The phœnix was a fabulous Arabian bird, of which it was related that only one specimen existed at a time, which, every five hundred years, set fire to its nest of spices, and came forth from its own ashes with renewed life.

29. **But when they are so common**, an aposiopesis, or breaking off into silence. The sentence, if completed, would perhaps run, "why make such an ado about them?"

34. **spices, myrrh, and incense**, *i.e.* our tribute of adoration. Myrrh and frankincense were two of the gifts which the Magi, or Wise Men of the East, brought to the infant Christ (*Matthew*, II. 11).

Page 180, line 1. *Psalm*, CXXVII. 4.

2. **office**, form of prayer, service.

3. **churching**, the presentation in church at a service of thanksgiving. Women, after child-birth, are churched, *i.e.* they present themselves before the priest, and join in a public service in thanksgiving for safe delivery.

Psalm, CXXVII. 5.

5. **discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless**, use his children as a weapon of attack against us that have none.

6. **gall and stick us**, wound and transfix us.

12. **set down**, registered, classified, catalogued.

26. "**Love me, love my dog**," *i.e.* if you love me, you must love all my favourites too.

29. **keepsake**, a gift preserved in memory of one beloved.

32. **make shift**, manage, bring myself.

33. **indifferent**, colourless, devoid of any qualities provoking like or dislike.

34. **to receive whatever hue fancy can give it**, to assume whatever complexion our imagination can give it.

36. **per se**, in themselves, independently of others (Latin).

Page 181, line 4. **stand ... upon their own stock**, have an independent character and value.

8. **nice**, fastidious, particular.

12. **One daisy**, etc. 1 *Corinthians*, XV. 41, "For one star differeth from another in glory."

14. **squeamish**. See page 160, line 7, note.

20. **come in on the wife's side**, obtain admission to their friendship through acquaintance with the wife or with her relations.

22. **fast**, firm, steadfast.

23. **look about you**, etc., take care your position as a friend is insecure—before a year has passed, etc.

27. **breaking with**, severing friendly relations with.

29. **his ... they ... the husband's ... the wives.**

35. **must be brought into their office**, etc., must be confirmed by their approval,—like coins stamped anew in the mint, at the accession of a fresh sovereign.

Page 182, line 5. **such a rusty piece of metal**, such an old-fashioned fellow.

6. **new mintings**, reconsiderations of old friendships.

8. **worm you out**, etc., trick you out of his friendship by intrigue.

13. **excrescences**, literally, morbid growths; here extravagances, exaggerated peculiarities.

14. **vein, strain, quality.**

17. **well enough,** etc., who was a good enough associate for him.

25. **never qualified,** always immoderate, unmodified.

30. **taking down a peg or two,** lowering the tone of his enthusiasm a little. The pegs are the pins by means of which the strings of a musical instrument are strained tight; as the pegs are slightly unscrewed, the strings relax and give a lower tone. Cf. the colloquial expression "to take a man down a peg or two," *i.e.* to humble his conceit.

31. **"decent affection and complacent kindness,"** from Home's *Douglas*, I. 1.

33. **stretch and violence,** without straining her feelings, or violating them, by pretending an insincere affection.

Page 183, line 3. **riveted the chain,** made fast the bond of friendship.

5. **poignancy,** point, pungency; French *poignant*, participle of *poindre*, to sting; Latin *pungere*, to prick.

24. **pitch upon,** hit upon.

27. **I have the advantage of him,** etc., I am about half an inch taller than he is, and so have an advantage over him in this respect.

34. **glance at,** touch briefly on.

36. **vice versâ,** in the opposite way, *i.e.* treating their husbands on these occasions as if they were visitors. The Latin phrase means 'reversing the parts'; in colloquial English 'the other way on.'

Page 184, line 2. **Testacea,** Mrs. Shell-fish, an imaginary Latin name for his hostess, humorously given in allusion to the oysters. The word means shell-fish.

18. **vicarious gluttony,** greediness exhibited in behalf of another person.

Cerasia. Mrs. Cherry, another fictitious name with a similar application. It is formed from Latin *cerasus* or *cerasum*, a cherry.

19. **Morellas,** Morella cherries; one of the best species of cherry, imported originally from the town of Morella, in Valencia, Spain.

20. **applying to with great good-will,** partaking of heartily.

22. **unwedded,** bachelor's.

25. **stringing up,** a colloquial expression for 'hanging.' Similarly we use the word 'gibbet' in the sense of exposing to obloquy or scorn.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS.

(*London Magazine*, February, 1822.)

Page 184, line 30. **Play Bill**, advertisement of a theatrical performance, giving the names of the actors and actresses and their parts.

Page 185, line 1. **cast**, distribution, assignment of parts.

8. **mutes**, characters that appear on the stage without speaking.

10. **Fabian**, servant to Olivia in *Twelfth Night*.

14. **Orsino**, Duke of Illyria, in the same play.

17. **Mrs. Jordan**, a beautiful and unfortunate Irish actress, whose maiden name was Dorothea Bland. She died in France, 1816.

19. **Ophelia**, in *Hamlet*.

20. **Viola**, in love with the Duke Orsino.

21. **Nells**, Nell is a character in Coffey's *The Devil to Pay* (1731).

22. **Hoydens**, Hoyden is a character in Sheridan's *Trip to Scarborough* (1777). The word comes from Old Dutch *heyden*, a heathen, and is connected with English heathen and heath.

melting, softening, subduing the heart.

26. **set**, formal, cut and dried.

31. **a "blank,"** *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 110.

33. **"worm in the bud,"** *ibid.* II. 4. 114.

34. **heightened**, still loftier.

Page 186, line 3. *Twelfth Night*, I. 5. 289.

6. **used no rhetoric**: the expression occurs in Marston's *The Fawne*, I. 2.

8. **then, when**; at the very moment when ...

11. **unbending scenes**, the scenes in which she 'unbent,' *i.e.* relaxed her dignity, condescended to amuse herself.

12. **some Olivias**, *i.e.* some actresses in this part.

13. **interlocutions**, dialogues.

14. **set their wits at**, deliberately banter or rally the jester.

vie conceits with him, enter upon a rivalry of witticisms with him.

16. **trifle a leisure sentence or two with**, exchange a few idle remarks with during a moment of leisure.

18. **touched**, hit off lightly.

19. **with nicety**, with delicate precision.

fine spacious person, imposing presence. Cf. Dryden, *Prologue to the University of Oxford*, has "with her single person fills the scene"; and Cowley, *Davideis*, III., "with spacious beauty fills the sight."

24. **a melancholy phrase**, etc., because it implies that the writer had outlived 'his time.'

26. **swell of soul**, capacity for exalted emotions.

30. **fine madness**, Drayton, *Of Poets and Poesy:*

> "That fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

31. **Hotspur's rant about glory**, 1 *Henry IV.* I. 3. 202:

> "By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon," etc.

32. **the transports of the Venetian incendiary.** In Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Pierre heads a conspiracy to murder the Venetian senators, and thus exults in the anticipation of the destruction of the city by fire:

> "How lovely the Adriatic whore
> Dressed in her flames will shine—devouring flames—
> Such as will burn her to her wat'ry bottom,
> And hiss in her foundation."

33. **dissonance**, harshness, discordant sound.

Page 187, line 6. **genuine fidelity.** The messengers in Homer usually deliver their messages verbatim as they have received them.

7. **nuncios**, Italian *nuncio*, a messenger. In Modern English the word is only used of the accredited representative of the Pope at a foreign court.

9. **bolstering**, artificial support.

mountebank it, play the mountebank, to mouth, to use rhetoricians' or actors' tricks for the sake of effect. This usage of the neuter pronoun 'it,' with intransitive verbs, is a form of the cognate accusative. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 226.

11. **his Iago**, his representation of Iago, the villain in Shakespeare's *Othello*.

16. **by-intimations**, side-hints, suggestions given as 'asides,' *i.e.* intended for the audience only, not supposed to be heard or observed by the other actors on the stage.

18. **mark**, butt, target.

19. **mine Ancient**. Iago, 'Ancient,' in this sense, stands for *ancien*, a corruption of Old French *enseigne*, a standard-bearer, ensign. An ensign was the lowest in rank of commissioned officers; the office is now abolished.

barren, witless.

to shoot their bolts at, to make a laughing-stock of.

21. **grossly**, clumsily, unskilfully.

25. **green probationers in mischief**, tentative scoundrels, inexperienced tiros in wickedness.

26. **clap or crow**, exhibit its exultation—like a bird, especially a cock, clapping its wings and crowing in triumph.

27. **setting his wits at**, deliberately making fun of.

29. **let into**, allowed to share.

32. **dark**, obscure.

34. **richness**, fulness of humour.

35. **castings**. See page 185, line 1, note.

Page 188, line 3. **derogation**, condescension, lowering of his dignity.

6. **for what appears**, as far as the play affords any indications.

7. **over-stretched**, excessively strict.

9. **roundhead**, Cromwellite, Parliamentarian.

12. **levities**, frivolities, frivolous characters; such as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, Maria, and the Clown.

14. **native**, inborn, natural.

mock, false, pretended.

15. **quality**, character.

16. **unlovely**, unamiable, repellent.

19. **His careless committal of the ring**, etc. Act II., sc. 2. 10, etc.

21. **Cesario**, the name assumed by Viola in her disguise as a page.

24. **eternal old low steward**, etc., that stale or trite character, the vulgar old steward, whom we perpetually find in comedies.

34. **shaded**, was the foil to, the contrasting or counterbalancing defect to.

35. **the knight**, Sir Toby. Act II. sc. 3. 80, etc.

Page 189, line 4. **in some sort** in his keeping, to some extent under his protection.

7. **nice respects**. delicate considerations. The expression occurs in Milton's treatise *Of Prelatical Episcopacy*, and Wordsworth's *Excursion*, IX.

7. **at the buttery-hatch**, in his love for eating and drinking. The buttery-hatch was a half-door between the kitchen and the dining-hall in old houses.

10. "**Pursue him**," etc. Act v. sc. 1. 389.

13. **the supposed Sir Topas**, the clown masquerading as a clergyman.

philosophizes ... on his straw, moralizes, reasons philosophically on the straw of his cell. He had been confined on the pretence that he was mad.

16. **a mere vapour—a thing of straw, or Jack in office**, a mere nonentity; a puppet or petty official tyrant. 'A thing of straw' appears to be used in the sense of a 'scarecrow,' like 'a man of straw,' a figure made up to resemble a man, by stuffing a man's clothes full of straw. Lamb may, however, merely mean 'a worthless creature.' An overbearing official, especially one who fills some insignificant position, is called a 'Jack in office.'

18. **a courting-errand**, the business of making love.

19. **some consonancy**, some fitness, some congruity between the character of the man and the part which he was to play. Act II. sc. 5. 141, "But then there is no consonancy in the sequel."

24. **Castillan**, a Spanish don of Castile.

starch, spruce, opinionated, stiff, punctiliously neat in appearance, stubborn in opinion.

his superstructure of pride, etc. There seemed to be some consciousness of solid worth, on which he based his towering pride.

26. **beyond the coxcomb**, greater than mere foppery, mere conceit.

28. **taken down**, humiliated. Cf. note on page 182, line 30.

30. **decent sobrieties**, decorous and sober propriety.

Page 190, line 1. conceit, false belief.

2. **the hero of La Mancha**, Don Quixote.

9. **lay him open**, render him liable to.

14. Act II. 4. 84–85.

16. **to tread upon air, to taste manna**. He was so intoxicated with delight at the notion that Olivia was in love with him that he scarcely seemed to be walking on the common earth; seemed to be feeding on heavenly food, to be exalted in his dreams to the heavens, to match the bright sun-god himself. For manna, see *Exodus*, XVI., and page 173, line 32, note. Hyperion, in Greek mythology, was the sun-god, in the reign of Kronos and the Titans, before Zeus ousted his father from the

rule of heaven. The name Hyperion in Greek means 'he that walketh above.'

18. **shake not the castles of his pride**, do not disturb his exultant reveries.

19. "**stand still, ye watches of the element**," sentinels of the sky, *i.e.* the heavenly bodies. Marlowe, *Edward II.* v. 1. 66:

> "Stand still you watches of the element;
> All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
> That Edward may be still fair England's king."

23. **the foolish knight**, Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

24. **the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked**, the disguise of the clown is exposed.

25. **the whirligig of time**, etc., the spinning-top, *i.e.* the rotation of time. Act. v. sc. 1. 364.

32. **it**, the very character.

33. **in puris naturalibus**, a Latin phrase; in its absolutely natural condition.

Page 191, line 2. **twilight**, dim.

its highest meridian, the clearest noon-day light which an idea ever attained in his brain, as far as his face indicated.

4. **retard their pulsation**, make their pulse beat slower.

6. **moony**, silly, expressionless.

8. **fuel**, material to support it, *i.e.* intelligence.

11. **ill at dates**, a bad hand at remembering dates; I have a bad memory for dates.

15. **crankles**, bends, angles; formed from crank, to turn, to wind.

16. **shouldering away**, thrusting away, abolishing.

alcoves, recesses in a garden; through French from Spanish *alcova*, Arabic *al-gubbah*, an arch or vault, also a tent.

21. **law-breathing**, exhaling an odour of the law.

27. **meditations of mortality**, reflections about death.

29. **sub-indicative token of respect**, half-suppressed movement towards bowing; 'sub-indicative' means 'imperfectly or slightly expressive.'

32. **humility and will-worship**, quoted from *Colossians*, II. 23, "Which things" (ceremonial observances) "have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship and humility and severity to the body; but are not of any value against the indulgence of the flesh" (Revised Version). The word translated, 'will-worship' means 'self-chosen, self-willed religious service.' Perhaps 'voluntary veneration or respect' rather expresses Lamb's meaning.

Page 192, line 5. **flat**, dull, insipid, meaningless.

Foppington, a brainless fop in Sir John Vaubrugh's comedy, *The Relapse* (1697).

frothily, emptily, witlessly.

Tattle, a scandal-monger in Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695).

6. **Backbite.** Sir Benjamin Backbite, a venomous slanderer in Sheridan's *School for Scandal.*

7. **Acres.** Bob Acres, the cowardly, rustic, would-be gallant in Sheridan's *The Rivals.*

8. **Fribble**, an effeminate coxcomb in Garrick's *Miss in Her Teens* (1753).

10. **either**, *i.e.* thought or carefulness.

11. **clear my cloudy face ... of its furrows**, smooth away the wrinkles from my gloomy countenance; make me forget my cares in laughter.

18. **pleasant**, merry, humorous.

21. **amenable to poetic justice**, subject only to the law of poetic justice—not to the code of ordinary morality. Poetic justice is the principle, usually observed in the drama and in fiction, by which virtue is rewarded and vice punished in the *dénoûment* or conclusion of the piece.

22. **more awful responsibilities**, *i.e.* moral and spiritual responsibility.

27. **scenic**, theatrical.

28. **weaning himself**, alienating himself, tearing himself away from.

29. **the lesser and the greater theatre**, the stage and the world. Cf. Shakespeare's famous lines in *As You Like It*, "All the world's a stage," etc.

31. **buffoon mask**, disguise of the comedian.

32. **rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part**, preparing himself to play the more solemn part of a dying man.

33. *Paradise Lost*, III. 479. There was a mediæval belief that the souls of those who were buried in the garb of a Dominican friar were suffered to escape the torments of hell. Dante alludes to it, *Inferno*, C. XXVII.

36. **impromptu**, an extempore witticism, a witty thing uttered without preparation, 'on the spur of the moment.'

Page 193, line 6. **Holy Paul**, St. Paul's Cathedral.

7. **nonage**, minority, boyhood and youth.

8. **There are who**, an imitation of the Latin *sunt qui*, there are some who.

9. pipe, voice; literally, throat, windpipe.

10. **chorister days,** etc., the time when he was a choir-boy in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was nicknamed 'Cherub,' *i.e.* child-angel.

12. **clipped his wings,** curtailed his youthful activities, *i.e.* cut short his early career as a chorister.

13. **the holy for the profane state,** ecclesiastical employment for secular.

15. **Sir John,** Shakespeare's *Sir John Falstaff.*

"with hallooing and singing of anthems." 2 *Henry IV.* I. 2. 213.

18. "commerce with the skies." Milton, *Il Penseroso,* 39:

"And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."

21. one of us, a layman.

22. **timber,** material; *i.e.* he was not of a particularly pious disposition.

23. **sounding-boards,** thin boards, used in an organ to make the sound fuller and richer.

25. **Motley,** the professional fool or jester; here, the comic actor.

29. **stole and albe,** ecclesiastical vestments. The stole is a band of silk reaching from the neck to the feet; the albe, or alb, is a long white linen robe worn by Romish clergy.

30. **bettered,** improved.

34. **"Save you,"** *i.e.* "God save you."

Page 194, line 1. **first-fruits of his secularization,** first result of his return to secular employment.

2. **Old Drury,** Old Drury Lane Theatre.

7. **the Robin Goodfellow,** the whimsical merry spirit; like Shakespeare's Puck in *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

8. **himself no whit troubled,** etc., although he himself was quite unconcerned about it.

12. **foreign to his prototype,** alien to the character of his model, Puck.

13. **O La!** La is a vulgar corruption of 'Lord.'

16. **the "force of nature,"** etc., from Dryden's *Lines written under Mr. Milton's Picture*:

"Three poets in three distant ages born."

. . . . . .

"The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two."

i.e. Milton was a combination of the poetical excellences of Homer and Vergil. The epigram is pretentious and critically worthless.

17. **drolled upon the stock,** etc., gave us laughable variations of humorous intonation, with a stock-in-trade consisting of nothing but those two syllables, "O La!"

23. **unmixed,** unalloyed by care.

24. **puffed him down,** blown him over.

25. **had,** would have.

27. **airy stilts,** those long, thin, unsubstantial legs of his.

with, like.

"**thorough brake,**" etc., through bush and thorn (*Midsummer-Night's Dream,* II. 1. 3).

31. **stamp,** characteristics.

32. **shambling,** shuffling, clumsy. **slippery tongue,** glibness of speech. **the ready midwife,** etc., readily giving birth to natural, spontaneous wit.

33. **in words light as air,** etc., uttering profound truths in light jesting words. Cf. *As You Like It,* II. 7. 41, 48, 59, 60; and Horace, *Sat.* I. 10. 13, 14.

34. **tagging conceit when busiest,** adapting the greatest activity of his imagination to scraps of frivolous verse. To 'tag' is to fit with odds and ends, or tags.

35. **Lear in the tempest,** like the fool in *King Lear,* III. 4.

36. **Sir Toby at the buttery-hatch,** *Twelfth Night,* II. 3; see note, page 189, line 7.

Page 195, line 7. the Children in the Wood. See page 142, line 11, note.

8. **a thing, as Shakspeare says of love,** etc. Sonnet 151, line 1:

"Love is too young to know what conscience is."

10. **Vesta's days,** the era of peace and innocence, the Golden Age. Vesta is the same as Ops, or Gaia (earth), wife of Uranus (heaven) and mother of Kronos, who ruled after Uranus, and was succeeded by Zeus. (Greek mythology.) There is here a reference to Milton's lines about "bright-haired Vesta" in *Il Penseroso,* 23–31.

12. **delivered from the burthen of that death,** delivered from the crushing weight of moral responsibility and moral guilt. The phrase is an echo of *Romans,* VII. 24, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

15. **exit,** departure from the stage of life; quaintly used for 'death.'

20. **of stage-trading celebrity**, famous as an actor. John Palmer died on the stage at Liverpool while playing in *The Stranger* (a play by B. Thompson, 1797, altered by Sheridan in his version, 1798). He had just lost his son, and died after uttering the words, "O God, O God, there is another and a better world."

22. **that half-Falstaff**, *i.e.* Sir Toby Belch had, Lamb thinks, a considerable share of Falstaff's genuine wit.

23. **fill out**, complete, adequately express.

24. **dry**, uninteresting.

sock or buskin, comedy or tragedy. Sock is Latin *soccus*, a low-heeled shoe or slipper worn by comic actors. Buskin, Latin *cothurnus*, is the high-heeled boot worn by actors in tragedy. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 132; *Il Penseroso*, 102.

25. **swaggering gentility**, gentlemanly swagger, *i.e.* the deportment of a gentleman combined with an excessive assumption of importance—a tendency to 'loudness,' as it is colloquially styled.

26. **slight infusion of the footman**, a slight admixture of pompous vulgarity.

27. **his shadow**, an insignificant imitation

32. **the Duke's Servant**, in *High Life below Stairs* (1759), a comedy ascribed to the Rev. James Townley, but probably written by Garrick.

33. **pretty fellow**, handsome gallant.

34. **figuring in**, etc., playing the part of Captain Absolute; one of the chief characters in Sheridan's *The Rivals*.

Page 196, line 1. **fancied**, was smitten with, had fallen in love with.

2. **topknot**, an ornamental knot, into which the hair is gathered.

commission, as an officer in the army.

3. **Dick Amlet**, the gambler in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy* (1695), son of a rich, vulgar tradeswoman.

6. **histrionic**, theatrical, affected

7. **dramatis personæ**, Latin for 'the characters of the drama.'

8. **Young Wilding**, the hero of Samuel Foote's comedy, *The Liar* (1761).

9. **Joseph Surface**, a sentimental scoundrel in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*.

10. **in a sort of italics**, with a special emphasis; just as they would be distinguished in printing by italics

12. **is the bane and death of tragedy**, utterly ruins tragic acting.

18. **the villain of artificial comedy**, who plays the same part in artificial comedy as the conventional villain does in melodrama or tragedy. In tragedy commonly, in melodrama nearly always, there is an utterly depraved character, whose dramatic function it is to plot against the happiness of the hero and heroine.

20. **Ben.** Ben Legend, son of Sir Sampson Legend, a rough good-humoured type of sailor in Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695).

25. Yes, yes, I have. I have been far enough, if it's a mere question of my travels. Well, father, and how are they all at home? How is my brother Richard, and brother Valentine?

28. **body o' me**, by my body; used as an expletive.

30. **Mess**, by the mass, an oath used by Roman Catholics.

31. **a many questions**. Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 87, explains this construction partly by considering the objects enumerated as collectively *one*, as in 'a fortnight' (*i.e.* a fourteen night); partly by reference to the old noun 'many,' an ellipse of the preposition 'of' being supposed. Thus 'a many questions' would be 'a number (of) questions.'

Page 197, line 1. **metaphrases**, literal translations or transcripts of nature.

9. **hallucination**, blunder.

12. **dear to half-belief**, the stage-sailor whom we love, while we do not regard him as quite real.

14. **a downright concretion**, etc., an actual bodily presentment of a real sailor of every-day life, such as we see at Wapping. The district of Wapping is in east London, on the northern bank of the Thames, near the London docks.

15. **Jack Tar**, sailor. So 'Jacques Bonhomme,' for a French peasant, 'Tommy Atkins,' for a soldier, 'Hodge,' for a rustic labourer.

17. **veering**, shifting, unsteady—a nautical term.

18. **daylight**, clear, fully enlightened.

19. **thrusting forward**, etc., rendering prominent the good-heartedness of the sailor's character, as if, forsooth it had no other foundation than that.

21. **discord**, incongruity, want of harmony with reality.

23. **puts them out**, disconcerts them.

25. **in the first or second gallery**, in the cheap seats of the theatre, not on the stage.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

(*London Magazine*, April, 1822.)

Page 197, line 26. **Comedy of manners**, comedy that deals with an artificial state of society rather than with simple human life.

27. **Farquhar.** George Farquhar, 1678-1707. His best known comedy is *The Beau's Stratagem.*

show their heads, appear on the stage, *i.e*, their comedies are acted.

28. **exploded**, hissed off the stage; this usage is imitated from the Latin *explodo.*

Page 198, line 2. **will not stand the moral test**, fails to pass the test of morality.

We screw everything up to that, we insist upon forcibly elevating all our amusements to the conventional moral pitch; we are determined to *make* them harmonize with our ideas of right and wrong. The metaphor is from tightening the strings or wires of a musical instrument.

7. **middle**, borderland, non-moral, intermediate between right and wrong; cf. page 198, line 35.

8. **loose pranks**, profligate tricks.

10. **bearings upon two worlds**, relations to earthly life and to the life after death.

14. **in our courts**, *i.e.* by our modern moral standards.

24. **afford**, allow.

in its deepest and most vital results, having regard to the far-reaching and intensely important consequences of that moral judgment.

25. **to compromise or slumber**, to make any concessions, or to lie dormant—to remain inactive.

26. **What is there transacting**, etc. We make no allowances—we do not modify our standard of judgment when we apply it to the drama, and, consequently, dramatic characters and incidents have exactly the same effect upon us as the same characters and incidents would have in real live.

29. **fire-side**, home, domestic.

32. **make assurance double**, etc. *Macbeth*, IV. 1. 84:

> "I'll make assurance double sure
> And take a bond of fate,"

where 'bond' is pledge, pawn.

33. **twice**, *i.e.* before death, as well as at his death. In the eleventh book of Homer's *Odyssey*, his descent into Hades is narrated.

35. **neutral ground of character**, independent zone, between the boundaries of virtue and vice.

36. **indifferent to neither**, which could not properly be styled 'indifferent' to either virtue or vice. 'Indifference to a thing implies knowledge of it. These people were unacquainted with the very notions of virtue and vice, and therefore they could not be called 'indifferent' to them.

Page 199, line 3. **Alsatia**, the sanctuary in Whitefriars for debtors and law-breakers in former times. The privilege of sanctuary was abolished in 1697.

hunted casuistry, persecuted moral sophistry. Casuistry is false reasoning or teaching on questions of morality.

4. **disfranchised**, deprived of its privileges.

6. **dally with**, play with, trifle with.

7. **shadows**, mere representations—not realities. Cf. Chapman, *Eugenia*, II.:

"Country dogs that ... all night at shadows bark."

9. **a painted pustule**, a fictitious plague-spot. Pustules are diminutive gatherings on the surface of the skin, and are one of the commonest symptoms of the plague.

We are so much afraid that our delicate morality may sustain injury by exposure to evil, that we treat it like some consumptive patient, muffling it up in thick wraps and guarding it against free contact with open air and sunshine.

11. **surtout**, overcoat.

16. **for a dream-while or so**, for a few moments of indulgence in day-dreams.

18. **the hunter**, *i.e.* the persecuting moralist.

20. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 28.

24. **wear my shackles**, submit to moral restraints.

28. **Wycherley**, William Wycherley (1640-1715), of whose comedies, once in high repute, it has been observed that they are now "quietly inurned in their own corruption and profligacy."

36. **the Catos of the pit**, the stern moral censors who frequent the pit of the theatre. Marcus Portius Cato was an uncompromising enemy to luxurious habits, and to all innovations, social, religious, or political. He was known as Cato 'Censor,' from the severity which he displayed in enforcing the sumptuary laws during his censorship. He died B.C. 150.

Page 200, line 2. **The standard of police**, etc. We have made the test of what is legally permissible or punishable identical with the test of what is politically just or unjust. It is as great a mistake, Lamb means, to apply a hard and fast rule of morality to all works of imagination, as it would be to judge of all questions of political right and wrong by the test, "Is this legal?" "Does this course render me liable to arrest?"

6. **a Swedenborgian bad spirit.** The Swedenborgians are followers of Emmanuel Swedenborg of Stockholm (1688-1772), a man of science and religious mystic. Among the tenets of the sect is the belief in a communion between men and spirits.

9. **Fainalls, Mirabels, Dorimants**, etc. Fainall is a plausible, faithless scoundrel in Congreve's *Way of the World*; Mirabel is a young rake in Farquhar's *The Inconstant*; Dorimant is a profligate gallant in Etherege's *The Man of the Mode*, intended as a portrait of Rochester; Lady Touchwood is a faithless wife in Congreve's *Double Dealer*.

15. **cuckoldry**, adultery; where all the husbands are cuckolds, *i.e.* have faithless wives.

the Utopia of gallantry, the ideal land of amorous intrigue. Sir Thomas More called his sketch of an ideal polity, 'Utopia,' *i.e.* Greek, *Outopia*, the land of Nowhere.

16. Unfortunately this is not true; these comedies reflected with considerable accuracy the tone of Charles II.'s court. See Introduction, p. xxx.

25. **Angelica**, the heroine of Congreve's *Love for Love*.

34. **a privation of moral light**, etc. Negation, absence of the light of morality. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Regained*, IV. 400, "Privation mere of light and absent day."

36. **palpable darkness**, "a darkness that may be felt," as in the Egyptian plague of darkness (*Exodus*, x. 21). Cf. Milton's "Palpable obscure" (*Paradise Lost*, II. 406).

Page 201, line 4. **the impertinent Goshen**, this incongruous intrusion of moral light would only have revealed to us hideous immoralities. Lamb is fond of this metaphor, cf. page 29, line 33, and page 133, line 6.

5. **which now are none**, etc. *Hamlet*, II. 2. 246, "We think not so, my lord" (that Denmark is a prison). Hamlet. "Why then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

12. **this frame of things**, this ordered universe. 'Frame' was a favourite word with eighteenth century writers, especially to denote the Greek *kosmos*. Cf. Addison's Hymn, "And spangled heavens, a shining frame." Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II. 2. 310, has "This goodly frame, the earth"; *Macbeth*, III. 2. 16, "Let the frame of things disjoint."

26. Sir Simon or Dapperwit ... Miss Martha. Sir Simon Addleplot, "a coxcomb, always in pursuit of women of great fortunes"; Dapperwit, "a brisk, conceited, half-witted" man of fashion; Miss Martha, daughter of Alderman Gripe, an old usurer, are characters in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood.*

27. Lord Froth or Sir Paul Pliant. Lord Froth is a solemn coxcomb, and Sir Paul Pliant an uxorious old knight in Congreve's *Double Dealer.*

30. for life or death, whether the characters live or die.

the battle of the frogs and mice, *The Batrachomyomachia,* a mock-heroic piece, in ancient times uncritically ascribed to Homer, of which about 300 lines are extant. Its real date was probably between the fifth and second centuries B.C.

31. we take part against the puppets. In Cervantes's *Don Quixote,* chapter LXII., the hero becomes so excited by witnessing the representation, in a puppet-show, of Moorish knights pursuing the Spanish knight Don Gayferos and his lady Melisandra, that he strikes in suddenly, and hacks and hews the pasteboard puppets in pieces with his sword.

32. impertinently, unseasonably.

33. an Atlantis. Bacon's sketch of an ideal state.

34. coxcombical, priggish, conceited, officious.

for a little transitory ease. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas,* 152.

Page 202, line 1. **We would indict our very dreams,** we want to arraign at the bar of morality even the creatures of our imaginations.

5. in its glory, at its very best; when the characters of the comedy were played by consummate actors.

6. allays, an obsolete form of alloy, *i.e.* admixture, adulteration.

8. acted, *i.e.* really and truly acted; because we have become so puritanical, actors and spectators alike, that our 'coxcombical moral sense' would take offence, if it were.

9. bills, theatrical advertisements.

11. plausibility, speciousness, the gift of winning approbation on false pretences.

17. dense, dull of apprehension, stupid.

18. divided the palm with his better brother, shared the honours, had an equal share of my admiration, with Charles Surface. Charles Surface is a good-hearted but dissolute spendthrift in the same comedy.

19. Not but there are, I don't mean to say that there are not.

21. pittance, a trifling charitable allowance.

25. floated him over, enabled him without effort to surmount.

35. foil, contrast.

Page 203, line 1. sentimental incompatibilities, irreconcilable intrusions of sentiment.

10. geniuses, used here in a loose, colloquial way for 'remarkable persons.' Lamb refers to a pair of engravings, the one illustrating the happiness of the good man's deathbed, the other the misery of the bad man's. The original prints were the work of Francis Hayman, R.A., 1708-1776.

14. almost coeval, a touch of humorous exaggeration, as if the engravings had been in the shop window ever since St. Paul's was built.

16. the grim phantom, etc., the devil, with his very real-looking trident, which Lamb jestingly calls his 'toasting-fork.' In mediæval art the devils are represented as armed with long three-pronged iron forks, with which they thrust the damned into the flames of hell.

18. kissing of the rod, loving acquiescence in divine chastisement, resignation. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. 2. 59 and *Richard II.* v. 1. 32:

"Wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod?"

19. the scythe of the gentle bleeder. Time is usually represented as an old man carrying a scythe. In this case he wields his scythe so gently that he is like a delicate-handed surgeon bleeding a female patient.

21. like ... grass. *Isaiah*, XL. 6.

25. Sir Peter, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in the *School for Scandal*.

28. co-flutterers, companion moths, *i.e.* transitory existences.

30. puppetry, show, affectation.

32. plethory, plethora, excess, superabundance.

of Othello and Desdemona, of husbands and wives who love each other with passionate intensity.

35. pleasant old Teazle, the actor, King, who played the part of Sir Peter Teazle.

Page 204, line 3. to go down, in order to be endured nowadays. Properly, to 'go down' is 'to be swallowed.'

9. killing, deadly.

10. canting, hypocritical, priggish.

11. ulterior ... ends, remoter, unavowed purpose.

17. at you, for your benefit.

20. **crim. con. antagonist**, opponent in a divorce case. '**Crim. con.**' is an abbreviation of the legal phrase 'criminal conversation,' *i.e.* intercourse.

29. **Crabtree ... Sir Benjamin**, scandal-mongers in the *School for Scandal*.

poor snakes, etc., pitiable wretches, whose existence depends only on the fostering influence of your laughter. Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.* IV. 2, has "ripens in the sunshine of his favour."

31. **hot-bed process of realization**, this 'forcing' system of making them real and life-like personalities. A 'hot-bed' is, literally, a bed of earth mixed with manure and covered with glass, in which plants are 'forced,' *i.e.* made to grow with unnatural rapidity.

amphisbænas. The Amphisbæna was a venomous serpent of Libya in Greek mythology, with a head at each end, able to move either way. Cf. Lucan, *Pharsalia*, IX. 719, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, X. 524.

32. **Mrs. Candour**, the female 'candid friend' in the *School for Scandal*.

34. **the wasp and butterfly**, the malignant and the merely frivolous gossip.

36. **fine lady**, the great lady, lady of rank and fashion.

Page 205, line 2. **the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection**. A curious custom existed formerly in English schools, by which the schoolboys annually fortified themselves in their school room or school buildings and shut out the masters, usually on the eve of the breaking up day. In Mr. R. C. Goulding's *Louth Old Corporation Records* (1891), there are some quaint excerpts bearing on the custom of 'exclusion' or 'barring out':

> "1647. Item—expended on the schoolmaisters at their shutting out, and on the Companie with them, and on the schollers, - - - - - xxx^{s}
> 1650. for wine, sugar, and sacke, tobacco and cakes, when the scholers shutt out theire masters, . 1.14.8

The custom appears to have been continued until the end of the century, when it fell into abeyance." Lamb means that the temporary exclusion of reflection is as pleasant a relief, as it was to schoolboys to break out into freedom in their annual 'barring out' of the schoolmaster.

3. **Saturnalia.** A Roman festival lasting from December 18 to 25, given up to wild revelry, license, and buffonery—a popular carnival.

4. **well won from the world**, which it is satisfactory to have saved from ordinary commonplace existence.

9. **notional**, visionary.

12. **cast**, etc., fitted with the right actors for every character.

13. **manager's comedy.** Sheridan had just became manager of the Drury Lane Theatre when he brought out this comedy in 1777.

15. **Charles**, Charles Surface.

19. **airy**, light and graceful in manner.

28. **dulcified.** Cf. page 176, line 20.

31. **to head the shafts**, to give point to his witty speeches.

Page 206, line 2. **Valentine**, a gay, witty, spendthrift in Congreve's *Love for Love*.

4. **level**, unimpassioned.

5. **to nod**, to become dull or careless. The usage is derived from Horace's "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus" ("Sometimes our good Homer nods"), in his *Art of Poetry*, line 105.

7. **the relaxing levities of tragedy**, the lighter scenes which act as a relief or foil to the tragic parts.

9. **in which he condescended to the players.** *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

10. **relief**, contrast of brightness—the humorous touches which he interspersed in contrast with the more saturnine aspects of Richard III.'s character. Relief is a term borrowed from the arts of painting and sculpture.

13. **politic savings and fetches of the breath**, prudent economies of the breath, and opportunities for recovering his wind.

17. "**lidless dragon eyes.**" Coleridge, *Ode to the Departing Year*, st. VIII.:

> "If ever to her lidless dragon eyes,
> O Albion, thy predestined ruins rise,
> The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap."

ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN.

(*London Magazine*, October, 1822.)

Page 206, line 20. Cockletop a character in O'Keefe's *Modern Antiques.*

26. *Richard II.* III. 2. 162:

> "For within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king
> Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
> Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp."

28. **visnomy.** See page 37, line 32, note.

29. **raked,** scraped together, collected from various sources.

30. **swagging,** swaying, swinging. The word is obsolete, except in Provincial English; connected with sway, swing, and sag. It is of Scandinavian origin; cf. Swedish *sviga*, to bend; *svag*, weak; Icelandic *sveigja*, to give way. Swagger is a derivative.

Page 207, line 1. O'Keefe. John O'Keefe, 1747-1833, an Irish dramatist. He was a very prolific writer of laughable farces, some of which long held the stage. Among the most popular were *Tony Lumpkin*, *The Agreeable Surprise*, *Wild Oats*, and *Love in a Camp.*

12. **to dry up the tears of the town,** etc., to console Londoners.

13. **Edwin,** John Edwin (1750-1790), comic actor.

14. **the pencil,** the artist's pencil or brush. Cf. Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, 89.

fixed, permanently preserved.

15. **a Hogarth gallery,** an exhibition of Hogarth's paintings.

19. **Farley, Knight, Liston.** Charles Farley (1772-1859), Thomas Knight (1775-1820), and John Liston (1777-1846), were contemporary comedians. Knight had also some reputation as a dramatic writer.

21. **pin down,** fix upon.

22. **battery,** etc., formidable array of droll faces; a military metaphor.

23. **sprouts out,** grows afresh. The hydra was fabled to have a hundred heads; as fast as one of these was cut off, two immediately grew up in its place. Cf. page 94, line 8, note.

25. **legion, a multitude.** See *Mark*, v. 9.

27. **makes faces,** *creates* fresh dispositions of the features, the ordinary sense of the expression being to distort the countenance.

33. river-horse, hippopotamus.

34. feathered metamorphosis, a transformation into some bird.

35. Sir Christopher Curry, a character in *Inkle and Yarico*, a play written by George Colman the younger (1789).

36. Dornton, a city magnate, who spoils his scapegrace son by over-indulgence, in Thomas Holcroft's *The Road to Ruin* (1792).

diffuse a glow of sentiment, etc., infect the whole audience with the warmth of his own emotion, so that the feeling of spectators and actor alike was in complete unanimity.

Page 208, line 2. in aid of the pulpit, to assist the clergy, as a teacher of morality.

4. the grand grotesque of farce, the supremely ludicrous, which is the special province of farce.

10. Sessa, hurry, run! The word occurs in *Taming of the Shrew* and in *King Lear*. Various explanations are (1) cease, be quiet; (2) French *c'est ça*, it is so; (3) Keltic *seise*, be easy now; (4) Keltic *se* (=ize), it is; and *sath* (pronounced sa'), enough; *i.e.* sessa=it is enough (*Dictionary of Obscure Words in Shakespeare*.

11. the Cobbler of Preston, a farce by Charles Johnson, having this title, was acted at Drury Lane Theatre in 1716. The chief character in the play was founded on Shakespeare's drunken tinker in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

12. Magnifico, nobleman of Venice, grandee; an Italian word.

17. joint-stool, a folding chair.

18. Cassiopeia's chair. The chief stars in the constellation Cassiopeia form the outline of a chair. Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, boasted that she was more beautiful than the nereids, or sea-nymphs. The latter incited Poseidon to send a sea monster to ravage their coasts. After death, she was made into a constellation. Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 19-20.

19. constellatory importance, the importance of a constellation —something transcendental; a word invented by Lamb for the occasion.

22. Fuseli, John Henry Fuseli, 1742-1825, a Swiss painter, who settled in England; his *Lectures* were published 1820.

rose the Patriarch of Poverty. Michael Angelo's method of painting was so grandly idealizing that a beggar by his treatment was exalted into a personification of venerable poverty.

23. antiquates, makes antique. The ordinary sense of the word is 'to render obsolete.'

ennobles what it touches, an allusion to Johnson's *Nihil tetigit*, etc., "Touched nothing that he did not adorn," in his

epitaph on Goldsmith. The sentiment occurs also in Chesterfield's *Characters*. The original is in Fénélon's *Eulogy on Cicero: nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*

25. **seething-pots**, etc., *Jeremiah*, I. 13, *Ezekiel*, IX. 3 and 7, XXIV. 3.

26. a **Platonic idea**, the original ideal, after the model of which all other tubs are fashioned. Plato laid it down that ideas were the only realities, the perceptions of the senses being confused and fallible. Every sensible object is only an imperfect copy of a supra-sensual ideal.

28. **quiddity**, essence. Low Latin *quidditas* is a philosophical term, invented to describe the quality answering to the question *Quid est?*—'What is it?'

INDEX TO THE NOTES.

A

À Kempis, Thomas, 292.
A priori, 224, 283, 327.
Ab extra, 285.
Abate something of, 323.
Abhorrent from, 219.
Abraham, 342.
Absolute, Captain, 359.
Absent from the body, 225.
Accidence, 233, 275.
Accursed thing, the, 231.
Accusative of respect, 344.
Achan, 231.
Achilles, 274.
Acres, Bob, 356.
Ad eundem, 221.
Adagio, 259.
Adam, 246, 320, 345.
Adams, Parson, 214, 265.
Additaments, 305.
Addleplot, Sir Simon, 364.
Adhesive oleaginous, 345.
Admeasurement, 284.
Admired, 278.
Advantage of, have the, 350.
Adverb used adjectively, 231.
Æneas, 231, 332.
Æsop, 241.
Aërial ascents, 329.
Aërial perspective, 295.
After the fourth glass, 209.
Africans of our own growth, 329.
Age of discipline, the, 347.
Age, thou hast lost thy breed, 342.
Agnise, 219.
Aguecheek, 266, 353, 355.
Agur's wish, 226.
Ah! Yet doth beauty, etc., 306.
Air, 331.
Airs her playful charge, 314.
Airy stilts, 277, 358.
Aitch-bone, 312.
Albertinelli, 299.
Albion, the, 242.
Alcander to Strephon, 322.
Alcibiades, 240.
Alcides' Club, 334.
Alexander, 265.
Alice W—n, 247, 251, 321.
Alienators, 243.
All Fools' Day, 262.
All for pity he could die, 296.
All is not soot which looks so, 333.
All sweeping besom, etc., 334.
Allays, 364.
Alma mater, 224, 239.
Almost clergy imps, 329.
Alps, my highest, 286.
Alsatia, 362.
Amabilis insania, 260.
Ambrose, 289.
Ambrosian, 345.
Amiens, 217, 263.
Amlet, Dick, 359.
Amor immunditiæ, 345.
Amory, Thomas, 244.
Amphisbæna, 366.
Amphitryon, 225.
Anatomical seat, 290.
Anatomy of Melancholy, 244, 285.
Anaxarchus, 209.
Anchises, 332.
Ancient, mine, 353
Anderton's, 213.
Andrew, 220.
Angelica, 363.

Angle, brother of the, 311.
Anile, 283.
Animal and anatomical distance, 290.
Animal manna, 345.
Anna, 247, 321.
Annunciate, 279.
Anomaly, 262, 283, 331.
Answer mere nature, 337.
Antæus, 340.
Anti-Caledonian, 278.
Antic habits, 252.
Antipode, 336.
Antipodes, the, 236.
Antiquated virginity, 304.
Antiquates, 369.
Anti-social, 348.
Anti-socialities, 237.
Antony and Cleopatra, 216, 220, 231, 233, 253, 325, 326.
Apathies, 278.
Apocrypha, the, 339.
Aposiopesis, 221, 348.
Apostatize all, 271.
Apostle to the brute kind, 296.
Apparitors, 224.
Applying to, 350.
Aquinas, St. Thomas, 244.
Arabian paradises, 301.
Arcadia, 217, 275.
Arcadian melodies, 217.
Arch flamen, 289.
Argues an insensibility, 346.
Arion, 261.
Aristophanes, 269, 319.
Ark of God, the, 318.
Armado, 267.
Armour-proof, 247.
Arms, 308.
Arne, 258, 302.
Arrests, 306.
Arride, 223.
Arrowsmith, 273.
Artaxerxes, 258, 301, 302.
Artemis, 255.
As You Like It, 217, 263, 276, 281, 295, 335, 339, 356, 358.
Ascanius, 332.
Ascapart, 244.
Asperities, 293.
Assert, 283, 308.
Assize town, 344.
Astoundment, 306.
Astrology, 258.
Atlantis, an, 364.
Attenuate, 228, 330, 336.
Audits, 249.
Augustan Majesty, the, 240.
Auspices, with better, 292.
Austin, 289.
Australia, 300, 323.
Auto da fé, 232.
Aversely, 285.
Awkward trick, 298.
Awoke into sleep, 285.
Ayrton, William, 258.

B

Babe and a suckling, a, 285.
Babel, Tower of, 265.
Back, 261.
Backbite, Sir Benjamin, 356.
Bacon, Lord, 255, 364.
Bail dock, 270.
Bairn, 311.
Bait, 282, 284.
Balclutha's, 210.
Bandying about the office, 318.
Bane and antidote, 284.
Bane and death of tragedy, the, 360.
Bank, the, 210.
Bank which ... paid no interest, 242.
Banyan days, 228.
Baralipton, 258.
Barbecue, 347.
Bark at shadows, 362.
Barnfield, Richard, 267.
Barring out, 366.
Barrington, Bishop, 312.
Barrington, Daines, 311.
Bartholomew Fair, 333, 334, 345.
Bartlemy, 220.
Bartley's Orrery, 276.
Barton, John, 312.
Bartram, 321.
Baskett, John, 220.
Batrachomyomachia, 364.
Battening, 211, 228.
Battering their brains, 234.
Battery of more sounds, 260.
Battle, Mrs., 252.
Battle of the frogs and mice, 364.
Bauble, 264.
Bayes, 311.
Beadsman, 222.
Bear his mitre high, 238.
Bearings upon two worlds, 361.
Beat up, 278, 299.
Beaumont, John, 269.
Beaumont and Fletcher, 230.
Beauty, my, 279.
Beaux, 213.
Bedlam, 232, 238.

Bedmakers, 221.
Bed-rid, 267.
Beethoven, 261.
Before the winds were made, 269.
Beggars' Opera, 267.
Behind her years, 299.
Being nothing, art everything, 222.
Belch, Sir Toby, 352, 358.
Beldams, 302.
Belisarius, 336.
Bellarmine, 244.
Bells, 246.
Bellum ad exterminationem, 335.
Bellyful, a, 315.
Bench, in the, 323.
Benchers, 308.
Bend sinister, 216.
Beshrew, 301.
Best, Mr., 324.
Bestuck, 290.
Better, 212.
Better befitting organs, those, 318.
Between pig and pork, 345.
Between two stools, 319.
Between wind and water, 291.
Bewail my celibacy, 297.
Bevis, St., 244.
Beyond the coxcomb, 354.
Bigod, 242, 333.
Bilge, 324.
Billets, 300.
Billingsgate, 287.
Bitter wood, 330.
Bizarre, 298.
Blackballed, 297.
Blakesware, 216, 217, 252, 313, 320.
Bland, Dorothea, 351.
Blandy, Miss, 309.
Blank, a, 351.
Bleach, 327.
Blind, 339, 348.
Blind beggar, the, 336.
Blind charity, a, 310.
Blind side, 253.
Blood, good, 331.
Blown Baltic, the, 269.
Blue-coat, 231, 234.
Board, at his, 268.
Bodleian, 221, 223.
Bodley, Sir Thomas, 221.
Bolstering, 352.
Bonaventura, 222, 243.
Boreas and Cæcias, 269.
Borrowing and to borrow, 242.
Bourne, Vincent, 340.
Bowles, William Lisle, 253.
Boy-rid, 276.
Boyce, William, 261.
Boyer, 237.
Braham, John, 281.
Bread for the day, his, 315.
Breaking its fall, 296, 337.
Bridget Elia, 256, 293, 297, 328.
Bringeth good tidings, that, 290.
Brings not home, 248.
Brisk lightning, 326.
Broken, 345.
Brook, Lord, 246.
Brown, Tom, 334.
Browne, Sir Th., 222, 223, 241, 244, 246, 251, 268, 274, 298, 342.
Brunswick dynasty, the, 210.
Brush, the, 334.
Brush'd with the hiss, etc., 289.
Bubble, that famous, 211.
Buckingham, 311, 326.
Buffoon-mask, 356.
Bugbear of mendicity, the, 335.
Bull, 216.
Bull, Bishop, 289.
Buncle, John, 244, 279.
Burden of that death, the, 358.
Bunyan, John, 227, 233.
Burgeon, 250.
Burgoyne, 216.
Burke, Edmund, 297, 334, 340, 342, 347.
Burney, E. B., 291.
Burney, Frances, 291.
Burning idol, etc., 302.
Burns, Robert, 280.
Burton, Robert, 244, 246, 285.
Busby, Dr. 268.
Buskin, 359.
Busy-idle, 320.
But thou, etc., 299.
Butteries, 222.
Buttery-hatch, 354, 358.
By distance made more sweet, 276.
By intimation, 352.
Byron, 292.

C

Cabinet curiosities. 273.
Cadet, 276.
Cæsars, the twelve, 320.
Calenturists, 264.
Calidore, Sir, 305.
Caligula's minion, 230.

Calleth up all the world, etc., 240.
Calm and sinless peace, 224.
Calne, 229.
Cam, the, 227.
Cambro-Briton, 212.
Camelford, Lord, 324.
Cana fides, 243.
Candlemas, 241.
Candour, Mrs., 366.
Canon, 283.
Canting, 366.
Capital, 250.
Capot, 255, 257.
Caputs, 224.
Caracci, the, 296.
Cards were cards, 253.
Carlisle, Sir Antony, 282.
Caro equina, 228.
Carpet, on the, 323.
Carthusian, 269, 318.
Carved it out quaintly, etc., 307.
Cassiopeia, 369.
Cast, casting, 351, 353, 356, 367.
Cast thy bread, etc., 342.
Castilian, 354.
Castles in the air, 260.
Castles of his pride, 355.
Cat-cradles, 234.
Cates, 229, 316.
Categories, 277.
Catos of the pit, 362.
Catullus, 237.
Cautious premonition, a, 330.
Cave, 217.
Caxon, 236.
Cayster, 292.
Celæno, 286, 316.
Cell-damned, 286.
Centaur, 341.
Centre, 301.
Cerasia, 350.
Cerinthus, 262.
Cervantes, 267, 364.
Cesario, 353.
Cham of Tartary, 294.
Chamber practice, 308.
'Change, 211, 280.
Changeling, 248, 332.
Chapman, 331, 362.
Charge, 344.
Charles II., 260, 363.
Charles XII., 294.
Charles's Wain, 273,
Chartreuse, the, 317.
Chatham, Earl of, 216.
Chaucer, 272, 337.
Cheerful ways of men, the, 339.
Cherub, 237, 357.
Chesterfield, 370.
Child of the green-room, 245.
Children in the wood, the, 320, 358.
Children of Israel, the, 281.
Chimæra, the, 286.
China luxury, 330.
Chirp and expand, 213.
Christ Church, 221, 222.
Christie's, 295.
Christianizing, 281.
Christ's Hospital, 220, 227, 231, 238, 346.
Choleric complexion, 212.
Churching, 349.
Cicero, 237, 260.
Ciceronian, 300.
Civil, 256.
Civility, 332.
Civic and culinary, 332.
Clap an extinguisher upon, 279.
Clap-dish, 337.
Clarkson, Thomas, 296, 311.
Classic, 305.
Claude, 295.
Clean hearth, a, 252.
Cleanly circumstances, 317.
Clear my cloudy face, 356.
Cleombrotus, 264.
Clifford's Inn, 224.
Climacteric, grand, 293.
Clinton, General, 216.
Clipped his wings, 357.
Cloistral, 212.
Co-flutterers, 365.
Co-presence, 316.
Co-sphered with Plato, 225.
Coat, your, 265.
Cobbler of Preston, the, 369.
Cockletop, 368.
Coffey, 351.
Cognition, 239.
Cokes, Bartholomew, 266.
Coleridge, S. T., 227, 229, 243, 246, 247, 286, 287, 317, 321, 346, 367.
Colet, Dean, 275.
College, 218.
Collins, 232, 269, 276.
Colman, George, The Younger, 369,
Comberbatch, 243.
Combination - faculty, 256.
Combination - rooms, 312.
Come in on the wife's side, 349.
Comedy of Manners, 360.
Comets, 236.
Comings-in, 338.
Commerce with the skies, 357.

Commiserating the decencies, 319.
Committing, 282.
Common mother, the, 311.
Companionable symbol, 342.
Comparative, 338.
Compiling, 315.
Complete Angler, The, 244, 261, 268, 303.
Complimentary excess of candour, 284.
Complines, 293.
Compromise or slumber, to, 361.
Compunctious visitings, 321.
Comus, 242, 299, 316, 329.
Conceit, 324, 351, 354, 356.
Concertos, 260.
Conchs, 288.
Concoction, 254.
Concord of sweet sounds, 258.
Conduit in Cheap, the, 213.
Conduits, 257.
Confessors, 213.
Confounded his passage, 332.
Congeeing, 280.
Congreve, 270, 302, 356, 360, 363, 364, 367.
Connoisseur, 218, 332.
Consolatory interstices, 219.
Consonancy, 354.
Consonantly to, 295.
Constellated, 278.
Constellatory, 369.
Constitution so general, a, 277.
Conversant about, 277.
Conversation, 346.
Convertite, 281.
Copy, 324, 325.
Cornwall, Barry, 225, 287.
Cornwall, Earl of, 336.
Corpses, sailors' superstition about, 325.
Corpuscula, 325.
Cotton, Charles, 251.
Courageous upon instinct, etc., 294.
Country Spectator, The, 237.
Courting errand, a, 354.
Courts, in our, 361.
Covent-Garden, 330.
Coventry, Thomas, 309.
Cowley, Abraham, 322, 352.
Cowley's Post-Angel, 322.
Cowper, 323, 340.
Coxcombical, 364.
Coy, brittle resistance, 345.
Crabtree, Sir Benjamin, 366.
Crankles, 355.
Cravat, 305.
Crazy old church clock, the, 264.
Cream and quintessence, 345.
Cresseid, 337.
Cries of London, the, 339.
Crim. con. antagonist, 366.
Crop, 303.
Cropped in the bud, 345.
Crosier, 289.
Crotchets, 226.
Crude fiction, 323.
Crug, 228.
Crusoe, Robinson, 302, 326.
Cry, baby, 265.
Cry halves to, 279.
Cry roast meat, 230.
Cuckoldry, 363.
Cue, 309.
Cum multis aliis, 275.
Cumbersome luggage, 242.
Cunningham, 329.
Cupid, 289, 290, 291.
Cups, 330.
Curious, 307, 326.
Curry, Sir Christopher, 369.
Cursory, 218.
Custom-House, entered at the, 324.
Customers, his, 339.
Cussans, 327.
Cut a figure, 272, 297.
Cymbeline, 282, 331, 334.
Cynthia of the Minute, 296.
Cyril, 289.

D

Dagon, 318.
Dally with false surmise, 328.
Damœtas, 275.
Damascus, waters of, 227.
Daniel, 302, 324.
Daniel, Samuel, 229, 246.
Dante, 232, 286, 322, 356.
Dapper, 304.
Dapperwit, 364.
D'Arblay, Madame, 291.
Dark ages, 222.
Darkness of sense and materiality, 313.
Davenant, 269.
Davies, 276.

Daylight, 360.
Dayspring of thy fancies, 238.
Dazzle, 261.
De Montfort, Henry, 336.
De Quincey, 305.
Dead-letter days, 220.
Dead time, 330.
Deadly-killing, 254.
Dear to half belief, 360.
Decent, 289.
Decent affection, etc., 350.
Decent sobrieties, 354.
Declined his affections upon, 337.
Decus et solamen, 214.
Deeps that call unto deeps, 269.
Defiliations, 332.
Defoe, Daniel, 257, 302.
Defunct dragons, 212.
Delectable Mountains, the, 227.
Delicate embarassments, 290.
Delphic voyages, 328.
Deodands, 245.
Departing Year, The, 247.
Deprecate the manes, 256.
Derogation, 353.
Descend twice to the shades, 362.
Desdemona, 365.
Desperado, 333.
Derwentwater, 214.
Desuetude, 246.
Devereux, Lady Penelope, 275.
Devil's litany, 236.
Deviser, 325.
Devoir, 222, 266.
Devon's leafy shores, 273.
Dewesbury, William, 270.
Didactive, 277.
Dido, 291.
Dietetical elegancies, 330.
Difference, with a, 298.
Difficulty, 321.
Diffuse a glow of sentiment, 369.
Digging his brains, 236.
Dim specks, 329.
Diocesans, 238, 292.
Diogenes, 327.
Dionysius, 335.
Dis, 272.
Discharge his quiver, 349.
Discord, 360.
Discover, 295.
Dislodge a shade, 223.
Disordered, 318.
Dispassionate services, 317.
Dispensation, the, 220.
Disrelishing, 278.
Dissembling, 248, 298.
Dissonance, 352.
Distasting, 276.
Distressed Sailors, 297.
Disturb thy peace and pocket, 331.
Dived not below the surface, 267.
Diverting twist, 298.
Divest him, 337.
Divestiture, 232.
Divided the palm with, 364.
Divorcer, the old, 328.
Do, 334.
Dodsley, 244.
Doing, 345.
Dolphin-seated, 261.
Domenichino, 294.
Dominic, put on the weeds of, 356.
Dominican Friars, 356.
Donne, 345.
Dorimant, 304, 363.
Dornton, 369.
Dorrell, 247.
Double darkness, 339.
Double Dealer, The, 363, 364.
Double night, 331.
Doubts, 237.
Dove on the asp's nest, 224.
Dove ... visibly brooding, 271.
Dove's wings, 261.
Downright concretion, a, 360.
Drab, 255.
Dragon, the, 284.
Dramatis personæ, 359.
Draw upon, 257.
Drayton, 232, 242, 302, 352.
Dream-while, a, 362.
Drolled upon the stock, 358.
Drop like mellow fruit, 249.
Drury Lane, 300, 357, 367, 369.
Dryden, 265, 311, 345, 352, 357.
Duke's Servant, The, 359.
Dunce, 266.
Duncery, 275.
Dulcify, 346, 367.
Dunning, John, 216.
Dust away, 264.
Dusty dead, 215.
Dwellers upon earth, All the, 240.
Dyer, George, 223.

E

Ear, 257.
Ear-kissing smack, 326

Earth-bound, 278.
Earthly, my, 261.
East India Company, 209.
Easy, 233.
Eats, 344.
Ebion, 262.
Edict of Nantes, the, 214.
Edward II., 355.
Edward's race, 238.
Edwards, Thomas, 303.
Edwin John, 368.
Eleventh persecution, 335.
Elgin, Lord, 341.
Elgin Marbles, the, 340.
Elia, 209, 248, 293.
Elijah, 229.
Elisha bear, an, 308.
Elizabeth, 299.
Elwes, 310.
Elysian exemptions, 235.
Emblematic seal, 291.
Emblems, mementoes, 339.
Embowelments, 306.
Emmanuel College, 223, 226.
Empedocles, 264.
Endeared, 228.
Endor, witch of, 284, 285.
Enna, 272.
Ennobles what it touches, 369.
Ennui, 256.
Entertained angels unawares, 342.
Ephesus, 255.
Epicurean, 312.
Epicurism, 316.
Epicurus, 312.
Epiphany, the, 220.
Equipage, 309.
Equivocal, 318, 319, 326.
Ere sin could blight, 346.
Erring less, etc., 215.
Erring notices, 313.
Erudite palates, 223.
Essex Street, 293.
Eternal old low steward, 353.
Etherege, Sir George, 303, 363.
Euphuistic, 267.
Eve, 281, 320, 345.
Evelyn, John, 281.
Even, 240.
Exchange good morrows, 328.
Excommunicated, 231.
Excoriateth, 346.
Excrescences, 349.
Existed in trying the question, 217.
Exit, 358.
Exotics, 228.
Expletory, 237.
Exploded, 307, 361.
Explored, 340.
Exterior tegument, 345.
Exterior twin appendages, 257.
Extra-domiciliate, 346.
Extraordinary at a repartee, 293.
Eye-tooth, 243.
Eyes closed, 244.

F

Faber, Johann, 262.
Fabian, 351.
Face it down, 331.
Face the prospective, 247.
Facile, 230.
Fainall, 363.
Fair Auroras, 301.
Fairly, 344.
Fairy spiriting, 332.
Faith-articles, 275.
Falstaff, Letters of Sir John, 291, 332.
Falstaff, Sir John, 240, 351, 359.
Familiarization of dreams, the, 288.
Fancied, 359.
Far off their coming shone, 220.
Fare, the, 274.
Farley, Charles, 368.
Farm, 339.
Farquhar, George, 225, 361, 363.
Fasces, 237.
Fatal Marriage, The, 303.
Fatted calf, the, 300.
Fauces Averni, 329.
Favell, Captain, 239.
Fawkes, Guy, 211.
Fearful-innocent vagary, a, 283.
Feathered metamorphosis, 369.
Feeders of his exchequer, 242.
Female garniture, 298.
Fénélon, 370.
Fenwick, John, 242, 333.
Ferule, ferula, 275, 336.
Fetch up, 221.
Field, Barron, 229, 320.
Field, Mary, 216, 217, 252, 313, 320.
Filiation, 296.
Fill up sound with feeling, 260.
Fine madness, 352.
Fine slime of Nilus, 325.

Fine you a bumper, 266.
Fingal, 210.
Fire-new, 294.
Fireside concerns, 361.
Fisc, 242.
Fish or flesh, 281.
Fish-wife, 287.
Fishy consummation, 325.
Flaccus's quibble, 235.
Flam, 324.
Flamens, 319.
Flapper, 310.
Fleeting, 312.
Flies in ointment, 253.
Flitter, 307.
Floated him over, 365.
Floodgate of the deeper heart, 268.
Flori- and Spici-legia, 275.
Flower-Pot, The, 210.
Flowery Walks of the Muses, 236.
Flushes, 254.
Fobs, 327.
Foggy sensuous steam, 316.
Foote, Samuel, 359.
Foppington, 356, 358.
For the hurt, 275.
Forbidden fruit, 320.
Force of nature, the 357.
Foreign, 315, 357.
Forewarned, 237
Forspent, 290.
Forte, 213.
Fortunate piece of ill-fortune, 285.
Forty feeding like one, 272.
Fought a good fight, 253.
Fountain of light, the, 306.
Four great Monarchies, the, 273.
Fox, George, 270, 271.
Foxian orgasm, 271.
Fractional farthing, the, 215.
Fragrant zodiac, a, 307.
Frame, 363.
Franklin, 239.
Franklins, 272.
Franks, 217.
Free of, 263, 348.
Freemasons, the, 263, 264.
French and English, 234.
Frescoes, 308.
Fret and fever, 211.
Fretwork, 211.
Friar Bacon, 268, 309, 312.
Friar John, 250.
Fribble, 356.
Frigid, 251.
Frost o' the mouth, 268.
Froth, Lord, 364.
Frothily, 356.
Fry, 333.
Fuliginous concretions, 330.
Fuller, Thomas, 213, 225, 239, 281.
Furnished, 242.
Fuseli, 369.

G

Gall and stick us, 349.
Galleon, 239.
Gallican land, 245.
Gaming animal, a, 256.
Gamut, the, 259.
Garden god, the, 306
Gargantua, 250, 263, 315.
Gargoyles, 307.
Garrick, David, 236, 300, 356, 359.
Gauds, 216, 295.
Gaudy-day, 220, 317.
Gawreys, 326.
Gay, 267.
Gebir, 264.
Generation, equivocal, 326.
Generous, cup of the, 252.
Genius of his religion, 261.
Geniuses, 365.
Gentle conditions, 331.
Gentleman Commoner, 221.
Gentry, 331.
Genuine Helicon, 252.
Getting up, 337.
Gib-cat, 213.
Gideon's miracle, 235.
Gills, 240.
Gilston, 320.
Giordano, 296.
Give everything, 346.
Give him in a bumper, 263.
Giver, veiled by his gifts, the, 316.
Gladman's, 293.
Glide, 340.
Go down, 298, 316, 365.
Go in livery, to, 335.
Goat, symbolical of Satan, 283.
Gog and Magog, 243.
Golden lads and lassies, 334.
Golden time, 275.
Goldsmith, 297, 348, 370.
Gone by, 216.
Good creatures, 319.
Good man, 318.
Good old English reading, 299.

Goodly - propertied, 267.
Gooseberry, 263.
Gordon, Lord George, 340.
Gorgons, 286.
Goshen, 235, 313, 363.
Gothic, 303, 307.
Gothicised, 308.
Goulding, R. W., 366.
Goule, 231.
Graceless whelp, 243.
Graces, short, 317.
Grafts, 332.
Grand, 265.
Grand grotesque of farce, the, 369.
Grass, like, 365.
Grating as scrannel pipes, 235.
Gravitation, 218.
Gravity, 218.
Greasy citizenry, 339.
Great, 346.
Great at the midnight hour, 243.
Great Book, that, 276.
Greatly, 215, 298.
Grecian, 237.
Green and vigorous senility, 314.
Green ear, in the, 278.
Green-room, 245.
Green probationers, 353.
Greene, 268, 309.
Greville, Fulke, 246.
Grey Friars, 239.
Grice, 338.
Grim phantom, the, 365.
Gris - amber - steamed, 316.
Griskin, 228.
Grossly, 353.
Groundling, 340.
Grounds, 271.
Grudged at, 220.
Grudging, 228.
Guardant of, 243.
Guest, speed the parting, 247.
Guildhall giants, 243.
Guiltless as yet of the stye, 345.
Gulliver, 277.
Gusto, gust, 275, 317, 347.
Guyon, Sir, 284.

H

Habakkuk, 324.
Hades of thieves, 326.
Hag, 283, 285.
Hagar's offspring, 242.
Half-Falstaff, that, 359.
Half Januses, 222.
Half-pickled Sundays, 228.
Hall-feast, 316.
Hallooing and singing of anthems, 357.
Hallowmas, 296.
Hallucination, 309, 360.
Hamerken, Thomas, of Kempen, 292.
Hamlet, 213, 217, 225, 267, 273, 298, 325, 342, 351, 363, 367.
Handel, 281.
Happy is the man, etc., 349.
Harcourt, Simon, 306.
Hard-head, 256.
Harlequinade, 302.
Harmonious charge, 300.
Harpies, 231, 286, 316.
Harrington, James, 225, 226.
Having been will always be, 291.
Hayman, Francis, 365.
Hazarded a wide solution, 274.
Head the shafts, to, 367.
Headborough, 283.
Heart of June, the, 299.
Heart-language, 306.
Heavenly, his, 261.
Height, the old Roman, 239.
Heightened, 251.
Helicon, 252.
Heliogobalus, 317.
Hell, my, 285.
Helots, 234.
Help, 316, 346.
Helvellyn, 287.
Henry IV., Part I., 213, 219, 221, 250, 337, 338, 343, 352.
Henry IV., Part II., 266, 333, 357, 366.
Henry VI., Part I., 241.
Henry VI., Part II., 307.
Henry VIII., 233, 267, 308.
Herculanean raker, 223.
Herculaneum, 212, 223.
Hercules, 334, 340, 341.
Heresiarch, 262.
Hero and Leander, 292, 331.
Hero of La Mancha, 354.
Herodotus, 265.
Hetty, Lamb's Aunt, 228, 292.
Heyday, 212.
Hic currus et arma fuere, 310.
Hieroglyphics, 259.
High instinct, a, 332.

High Life Below Stairs, 359.
Hind-shifters, 327.
Hitch in, 326.
Hoary majesty of spades, 254.
Hoax, 211.
Hobbema, 295.
Hobbledehoys, 345.
Hobby, 214, 264.
Hodges, 230.
Hogarth, William, 213, 259, 260, 331, 368.
Hog's Norton, 319.
Holding Hell tributary, 283.
Holds Nature more clever, 298.
Home, John, 350.
Home thrust, a, 274.
Homer, 212, 247, 269, 274, 288, 352, 358, 362, 364, 367.
Homo Humanus, 315.
Honours, doing the, 295, 336.
Honours of the pavement, the, 330.
Hooker, Richard, 238, 314.
Hope like a fiery column, 238.
Horace, 234, 235, 241, 242, 260, 319, 320, 321, 341, 347, 358, 367.
Horologe, 307.
Horresco referens, 319.
Horrid shades, 329.
Hospitallers, 319.
Hot-bed process of realization, 366.
Hotspur's rant, 352.
Household gods, my, 249.
Houses of Correction, 341.
Hover on the confines of, 279.
Howard, John, 232.
Howe, Admiral, 216.
Hoyden, 351.
Hue and cry, 327.
Hugh of Lincoln, 280.
Hughes, 285.
Huguenots, the, 214.
Hulks, 230.
Human and quadrupedal alliance, 340.
Hume, David, 280.
Humility and will-worship, 355.
Humour, 219.
Humours, 250.
Humours, done the, 333.
Hunks, 310.
Hunt, Leigh, 285.
Hunt, Thornton, 285.
Hunted casuistry, 362.
Husks, 285.
Hydra, 286, 368.
Hydriotaphia, 244, 251, 268, 274.
Hymen, 288.
Hymn on the Nativity, 335.
Hyperion, 354, 355.
Hypochondriac, 232.
Hypochondry, 213, 252.

I

I hold with the Persian, 250.
Iago, 352, 353.
Icy domes, 287.
Ideal, 243.
Idle ducats, 243.
Idle vein, 288.
Il Penseroso, 225, 285, 289, 357, 359, 362, 369.
Illegitimacy, 327, 328.
Illustrate, 314.
Immortal Commonwealths, 226.
Immortal go-between, 289.
Immortality, Ode on the, etc., 225, 286, 291, 332.
Impertinent, Impertinently, 266, 277, 278, 347, 364.
Impertinent Goshen, 363.
Impromptu, 356.
In banco, 247.
In infancy, 258.
In manu, 224.
In puris naturalibus, 355.
Inauspicious inland landing, 288.
Incommunicativeness, 269.
Incondite, 314.
Inconstant, The, 363.
Incorrigible and losing honesty, 310.
Incunabula, 332.
Incuriosity, 273.
Indict our very dreams, 364.
Indifferent, 349, 362.
Indigent eld, 283.
Indiscriminate ... orifice, 292.
Indivertible, 308.
Inexhausted German Ocean, 261.
Infantry, 333.
Ink-horn varlets, 241.
Inner eye, the, 287.
Innocent-wanton, 307.
Innoxious, 256.
Innutritious, 250.
Ino Leucothea, 288.
Insolent Greece, 233.
Inspicere in patinas, 236.

Intellectuals, 298.
Intenerating and dulcifying, 347.
Interconfounding, 269.
Interlocutions, 351.
Interpret beauty into the picturesque, 276.
Interpreter, the, 227.
Introspective, 247.
Invidious exemption, 282.
Invitatory notes, 308.
Involved wisdom, 267.
Ireland, 218.
Iris dipt the woof, 292.
Irrelevantly and impertinently, 266.
Irreversible throne, 291.
Isabella, 303.
Isabella of France, 296.
Iscariot, Judas, 220.
Isis, the, 227.
Italianised, 308.
Italics, in a sort of, 359.

J

Jack, leathern, 228.
Jack in office, 354.
Jack Tar, 360.
Jackson, Richard, 312.
Jael, 281.
Jamblichus, 238.
James Elia, 293.
Janglings and nonsense noises, 272.
Janus, 222, 251.
Jaunts, 273.
Jejune, 222.
Jekyll, 308.
Jephthah, 297.
Jericho, 230, 231.
Jerome, 289.
Jeshurun, 230, 316.
Jewell, Bishop, 238
Jocos risusque, 271.
Joint-stool, 369.
Johnson, Charles, 369.
Johnson, Dr., 304, 317, 369.
Jonson, Ben, 233, 239, 242, 262, 266, 273, 299, 333, 345.
Jordan, Mrs., 351.
Joseph's vest, 219.
Jot, 297.
Jubal, 259.
Judaizing, 281.
Jude, 220.
Juggles with, 298.
Julius Cæsar, 245, 342.
Just, 341.
Just freight, 294.
Justinian, 336.
Juvenal, 326.

K

Kangaroo, 300, 327.
Keats, John, 211, 257.
Keek at, 280.
Keep a stud of them, 286.
Keep good hours, 330.
Keep in countenance, 268.
Kemble, Charles, 303.
Kemble, John, 281, 303.
Kemble, Roger, 303.
Kempis, Thomas à, 292.
Kennels, 330.
Kenney, James, 245.
Kibed, 329.
Kindly engendure, 306.
King, 365.
King Basileus, 275.
King Cophetua, 337.
King John, 285, 347.
King's Bench prison, 323.
Killing, 365.
Kiss the rod, 365.
Kissing-crust, 334.
Kitts, St., 230.
Knight, Thomas, 368.
Knottier-heads, 278.
Know thy betters, 251.
Kosmos, 363.
Kubla Khan, 287.

L

Lady of the Manor, The, 302.
Laic-truth, 282.
Laid, 316.
Laid a tythe part, etc., 242.
Lamb, Charles, 209, 210, 212, 214, 216, 217, 223, 227, 228, 229, 230, 235, 244, 245, 246, 247, 252, 258, 265, 276, 279, 281, 286, 293, 299, 303, 306, 311, 313, 336, 343, 344, 346, 347, 359, 363, 366.
Lamb, John, senior, 230, 308.
Lamb, John, junior, 209, 214, 293, 320.
Lamb, Mary, 256, 286, 293, 297, 328.
Lambeth Palace, 288.
Lamely, 327.
Land of damned realities, 323.
Landor, W. S., 264, 291.
Lapithan controversy, 341.
Lapsed pedigree, 331.
Lapt, 267, 332.
Laputa, 310.
Lares, 225.
Last-century countenance, 253,

Laughed in my sleeve, 323.
Laurel, the, 334.
Law-breathing, 355.
Lay my ineffectual finger, 249.
Lay open, 354.
Lazar, 337.
Lazarus and Dives, 241, 337.
L'Allegro, 293, 359.
Le Grice, C. V., 239, 319.
Le Grice, S., 239.
Lean annuitant, a, 210.
Lear, King, 310, 311, 314, 326, 337, 346, 358, 369.
Least envious of banquets, 346.
Led captain, a, 538.
Legend, Bén., 360.
Legendary, 284.
Legion, 368.
Lemon, words written in, 300.
Lene tormentum, 241.
Lenitive, 257.
Leonardo da Vinci, 279.
Lepers, 337.
Lesser and the greater theatre, the, 356.
Lesson framed by Nature, a, 327.
Levée, 229, 234.
Level, 367.
Levities, 271, 325, 353, 367.
Liar, The, 359.
Lictor, 233.
Lidless dragon eyes, 367.
Lie-children, 324.
Lie down with kings, 251.
Light, corpuscular theory of, 325.
Light generations, 211.
Like a dancer, 233, 253.
Like a weaver's shuttle, 249.
Like one that on a lonesome road, 286.
Lilies, no more thought than, 240.
Lily, William, 274.
Limpeth awkwardly behind, 338.
Linacre, Thomas, 274.
Linley, Maria, 300.
Lion in the way, a, 215.
Lions, her, 339.
Lions in the Tower, 229.
Liston, John, 368.
Littleness, 305.
Live with them, to, 281.
Locke, 234, 344.
Loco-motor, 327.
Lodged, 283.
Logical forms, 266.
Long a dying, to be, 260.
Longfellow, 248.
Loose pranks, 361.
Lose of, 305.
Lost myself in these mazes, 285.
Louis XIV., 214.
Louth old Corporation Records, 366.
Love, for, 247.
Love for Love, 256, 360, 363, 367.
Love in a Wood, 364.
Love me, Love my dog, 349.
Lovel, 308.
Lovers all, A Madrigal, 291.
Loves, the, 272.
Love's Labour Lost, 267.
Low and animal sense, in a, 319.
Lubberly, 343.
Lucan, 366.
Lucian, 319, 337.
Lucretius, 326.
Lud, 302.
Lully, Raymund, 266.
Lump of nobility, 276.
Lungs shall crow, his, 295.
Lupercalia, 288.
Lustring, 325.
Lusus naturæ, 341.
Lutheran beer, 262.

M

Macbeth, 215, 283, 285, 290, 321, 329, 361, 363.
Maccaronies, 213.
Macbeath, Captain, 267.
Machiavel, 254.
Macpherson, James, 210.
Made shift with, 341.
Magdalen College, 222.
Magi, The, 348.
Magnifies, 369.
Make assurance double, 361.
Make shift, 349.
Make sour mouths, 344.
Makes faces, 368.
Male aunts, 293.
Malleable, 271.
Mallet, 251.
Malleus hereticorum, 262.
Malvolian, 267.
Malvolio, 267.
Man, Henry, 215, 216.
Man of the Mode, The, 363.
Manciple, 222, 312.

Mandrake, 341.
Manducation, 315.
Manes, 211, 256.
Manning, Thomas, 273.
Mantle, covered with a, 285, 313.
Many a, 360.
Many-handed sway, 335.
Many mansions, 273.
Maratti, 296.
March to Finchley, the, 331.
Marcion, 262.
Maria, 353.
Marine spectra, 287.
Marlowe, 292, 355.
Marston, 351.
Marsyas, 220.
Martha, Miss, 360.
Marvell, Andrew, 307.
Maseres, Baron, 313.
Mated, 308.
Maternal milk, the, etc., 236.
Maternal recipiency, 326.
Matin lark, 329.
Matins, 293.
Maunde, 238.
Maynard, 217.
Me, 224, 343.
Mead, 270.
Measure for Measure, 337.
Measured malice, 259.
Meditations of mortality, 355.
Meets half-way, 291, 295.
Melior lutus, 326.
Memorial, for a, 211.
Mendelssohn, 261.
Mendicant fraternity, 335.
Mentis gratissimus error, 260.
Merchant of Venice, 219, 258, 273.
Mere vapour, a, 354.
Meridian, 213, 279, 355.
Merry wives, 266.
Mess, 360.
Messengers, 352.
Metaphrases, 360.
Metastasio, 258, 302.
'Meum' and 'tuum,' 240.
Mocked with a phantom, 299.
Modern Antiques, 368.
Modulate my periods, 276.
Moidore, 310.
Moles, 257.
Mollia tempora fandi, 276.
Money kept longer than three days, 242.
Monitors, 230.
Monosyllabically elaborated, 301.
Montagu, Basil, 224.
Montagu, Ed. Wortley, 352.
Moon, 296, 345.
Moon, man in the, 322, 323.
Moony, 355.
Moppet, 265.
Mopsa, 275.
Moral antipodes, 278.
Moral inscriptions, 306.
More, Sir Thomas, 315, 363.
More than elemental fires, 302.
Morellas, 350.
Morning Chronicle, The, 216.
Moses, 313.
Most classical and.. most English, 340.
Motley, 263, 302, 357.
Mountebank it, 352.
Mourns his ravished mate, 245.
Move a Roman muscle, 236.
Michael Angelo, 313, 369.
Michaelmas, 241.
Midas, 215.
Middle, 279.
Middle emotions, 361.
Middle state, 223.
Middleton, Bishop, 237.
Midsummer madness, 259.
Midsummer Night's Dream, 221, 232, 236, 248, 288, 322, 343, 357, 358.
Midwife, the ready, 358.
Mild Madonna, how many a, 296.
[1] Milton, (personal, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"), 214, 220, 222, 226, 229, 242, 249, 256, 261, 269, 271, 276, 278, 283, 286, 289, 292, 295, 301, 316, 317, 320, 321, 322, 529, 333, 339, 340, 345, 346, 353, 356, 357, 358, 362, 363, 366.
Mime, 260.
Minerva...born in panoply, 278.
Mingay, James, 312.
Minions, 250.

[1] References to Milton's *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *Samson Agonistes*, and the minor poems, will be found under the separate titles.

Minor heavens, 261.
Mirabel, 363.
Mirandula, 238.
Mirror of courtesy, 267.
Misnomers, by, 259.
Miss in Her Teens, 356.
Mite, his, 342.
Mitred father, 289.
Mitylene, the men of, 338.
Mixed characters, 346.
Mixing the useful, etc., 234.
Much Ado, 294.
Much good might be sucked, etc., 335.
Mulberry gardens, 213.
Mumping, 243, 342.
Mundane mutations, 343.
Munden, Joseph, 323.
Mundus edibilis, 344.
Muses' hill, the, 227.
Muse of kindness, his, 226.
Must be brought into their office, 349.
Mutes, 351.
Mystical arrow, 289.

N

Names, whose sense we see not, 286.
National profession, the, 328.
Nativity of our common Adam, 246.
Naylor, James, 271.
Negation, 312.
Neighboured, 340.
Neighbours' fare, 346.
Nell, 351.
Nereids, 287, 288,
Nether, 343.
Neutral ground of character, 362.
Nevis, 230.
New mintings, 349.
New River, the, 229.
New stamped with their currency, 349.
New-born gauds, 216.
New-coat him in russia, 224.
Newcastle, Margaret, Duchess of, 245, 298, 337.
Nice, 306, 347, 349, 353.
Niceties, 309.
Niche, 315.
Nicocreon, 209.
Nighest bordering upon heaven, 246.
Night of intellect, the, 214.
Nightmare, 286.
Night's wheels, 218.
Nile, Nilus, 325, 326.
Nireus formosus, 239.
No better than dross, 240.
No-Popery riots, the, 340.
Noak's ark, 212.
Nob, the, 254.
Non tunc illis erat locus, 319.
Nonage, 356.
Nonpareils, 301.
Norfolk, 320.
Norris, Randal, 227, 313.
North Pole expedition, 274.
Not made with hands, 272.
Notable, 277.
Notched and cropt scrivener, 218.
Notional, 277, 367.
Nourished I could not tell how, 303.
Novello, Vincent, 260, 262.
Now, my, 323.
Nuncheon, 265.
Nuncios, 352.
Nurse-child of optimism, 285.

O

O'Keefe, 368.
Objectless upon earth, 286.
Obliquity, 268, 298.
Obolary, 240.
Obsolete, 308.
Obtuse, 283.
Obvious to, 333.
Oceana, 225, 226.
Odd, 212, 299.
Oddity, 311.
Odds but, 'tis, 327.
Od's my life, 236.
O'ercharged secretions, 331.
O'ernight vapours, 330.
Of nights, 232.
Off-scouring, 270.
Office, 349.
Old Bailey, the, 270.
Old Cumberland Beggar, The, 334.
Old night, 269.
Olfactories, the, 330.
Olivia, 351.
Ombre, 253.
On this side of the heroic, a little, 215.
One daisy, etc., 349.
Opera hat, 290.
Ophelia, 351.
Optimism, 285.
Or under hanging mountains, 269.
Oracle within, the, 290.
Orderly, 275, 284.
Orgasm, 316.

Oriel College, 224.
Origen, 289.
Original speck, the, 345.
Ornature, 257.
Orphean lyre, the, 214.
Orrery, 276.
Orsino, 351.
Ortelius, 273.
Os sublime, 341.
Ossian, 210.
Ossifications, 331.
Othello, 219, 241, 254, 281, 298, 352, 365.
Ottery St. Mary's, 229.
Otway, 352.
Out of season, 268.
Overstood her market, 304.
Over-stretched, 353.
Ovid, 341.
Owen, 325.
Oxenford, 223.
Oxymoron, 285, 320.

P

Painted distress, 342.
Painted pustule, a, 362.
Palliatives, 348.
Palm off, 326.
Palmer, John, 359.
Paltock, Robert, 233, 326.
Palpable absurd, the, 283.
Palpable darkness, 363.
Palpable hallucination, 268.
Palpable obscure, 222.
Pam, 255.
Pamela, 275.
Panopticon, 276.
Panorama, 274.
Paper Buildings, 306.
Par excellence, 293.
Para prosdokian, 298, 342.
Parasangs, 322.
Parings of a counting-house, 219.
Paris, Matthew, 280.
Parker, Matthew, 289.
Parting genius, the, 335.
Pass for, 222.
Passage, 312.
Pat, 221.
Patent of nobility, 297.
Patmos, 260.
Patron of stammerers, 265.
Paul preaching, 271.
Peacock vein, 221.
Pedantic distinctions, 240.
Peep-peep, 329.
Pell-mell, 247.
Pencil, the, 368.
Pendent, 324.
Penn, William, 270.
Pennant, Thomas, 213.
Pensive gentility, 308.
Per flagellationem extremam, 347.
Per se, 349.
Percy's Reliques, 320, 336, 337.
Periegesis, 242.
Periodical infelicity, 220.
Perk, 348.
Perry, 230.
Persecutions, the Ten, 335.
Persephone, 272.
Persepolis, 302.
Persian, I hold with the, 250.
Personable, 312.
Personate, 342.
Persuasions, 318.
Petitionary rogue, 243.
Petty ephemeral embroilments, 254.
Petty peculators, 211.
Phantom cloud of Elia, the, 248.
Phantom of a voice, 303.
Phædrus, 234.
Phidias, 341.
Phillips's, 295.
Philoclea, 275.
Philosophical light, in a, 347.
Philosophizes gallantly on his straw, 354.
Phlegm, 294.
Phœbus' sickly sister, 250.
Phœnix, the, 348.
Piazza, 330.
Pick up, 295.
Pieces of eight, 211.
Piecing out, 236.
Pierces the marrow of, 296.
Pierre, 352.
Pierson, Peter, 309, 311.
Pierson, Susan, 309.
Pig-nut, 236.
Piggins, 228.
Pile honey upon sugar, 260.
Pilgrimage, 226.
Pilgrim's Progress, 227.
Pimpernel, Henry, 218.
Pin down, 368.
Pined away my goldenest years, 247.
Pique, 255.
Pirithous, 341.
Pit, the, 259, 300, 362.
Plagiarists, vile, 327.
Plastic, 287.
Plato, 225, 322, 323, 370.

Platonic idea, 286, 321, 322, 370.
Plato's man, 322, 323.
Play at playing, 253.
Playing holiday, 235.
Playing into each other's hands, 319.
Plaything for an hour, a, 276.
Pleasant, 226, 250, 312, 332, 356.
Pleasant places, our, 305.
Plethory, 365.
Pliant, Sir Paul, 364.
Plotinus, 238, 239.
Plumer, Richard, 216.
Plumer, Walter, 320.
Plumer, William, 217.
Plumers, the, 216, 217, 252, 320.
Pluto, 272.
Poetic justice, 356.
Poignancy, 350.
Polar, 278.
Politic, 263.
Politic savings and fetches of the breath, 367.
Politics, 216.
Poor blots, 329.
Poor snakes, 250, 366.
Pope, Alex., 212, 213, 215, 247, 254, 255, 269, 288, 296, 306, 326, 340.
Porphyry of Tyre, 343.
Porson, Richard, 223.
Possess...in stillness, 268.
Potter, Paul, 254.
Pounce-boxes, 212.
Præludium, 345.
Praise the gods amiss, 316.
Pratt, John, 216.
Precedency, 338.
Precocious, 330.
Premonitory moistening, a, 343.
Presbytery, 270.
Present, 232, 315, 326.
Presents endear absents, 346.
Pretensions, 216, 279.
Pretermitted, 246.
Preux Chevalier, 305.
Pretty fellow, 359.
Priam's refuse sons, 244.
Primitive community, the, 240.
Prince of the powers of darkness, 283.
Princeps obsoniorum, 344.
Prior, Matthew, 238.
Privation, 251.
Privation of moral light, 363.
Probable argument, 279.
Proceed, 221.
Proctor, Bryan Waller, 225, 287.
Prodigal Son, Parable of the, 285, 300.
Profane, 221, 308.
Profanely slighting, etc., 255.
Professor of indifference, 295.
Project myself out of myself, 248.
Promoters, 224.
Propitiatory, 325.
Propontic, the True, 241.
Proselytes of the gate, 245.
Prospects of other years, 247.
Prospers, 284.
Prototype, 311.
Psalmist, the, 261.
Psaltery, 320.
Public Ledger, The, 216.
Puck, 357.
Puling, 252.
Pump Court, 328.
Pump-famed, 328.
Punch, 215.
Puns, 325, 326.
Puppetry, 365.
Puppets, the, 364.
Pure Emanuel, 226.
Purgatory of the enraged musician, 259.
Purley, Diversions of, 240.
Purlieus, 335.
Purse up, 342.
Pursue him, etc., 354.
Put a long face upon, 263.
Put it to, 318.
Put out, 360.
Put to it, 319.
Put upon you, 323.
Put me beside, 317.
Pythagoras, 234.
Pyramids, 280.
Pyramus and Thisbe, 291.

Q

Quadrate, 308.
Quadrille, 253, 300.
Quakers, the, 270, 271, 294.
Quality, 301.
Quantum, 288.
Quarter-days, 226.
Quasi-passive verbs, 344.
Quatorze, 256.
Queen Lar, 225.
Quick return, a, 326.
Quiddity, 370.
Quietus, 325.
Quips, 245.
Quiristers, 314.

Quirk, 215.
Quis sculpsit, 218.
Quisada, 267.
Quite unabashed, 257.
Quoited out, 333.
Quixote, Don, 267, 354, 364.

R

Rabelais, 250, 263, 315.
Rabelæsian, 315.
Rabidus furor, 237.
Rack of roses, a, 260.
Rachels, 332.
Radiant jellies, 345.
Rags and the wallet, 337.
Raised imagination, 301.
Rake not into the bowels of, 342.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 302.
Rambler, The, 317.
Ram's horn blast, a, 230.
Ramsay, 266.
Random, Roderick, 280.
Rank and guilty garlic, the, 347.
Raphael, 271, 296.
Rappee, 308.
Rare, 228.
Rarus hospes, 315.
Rash king's offspring, the, 296.
Rather suggestive than comprehensive, 278.
Rationalities, 262.
Rattle-headed, 216.
Raven himself was hoarse, the, 290.
Raw, 330.
Read, John, 312.
Reciprocal endearments, 280.
Recognitory, 326.
Recondite, 306.
Red Cross Knight, The, 284.
Red-letter days, 219.
Redolent of antique hospitality, 222.
Reducing, 313.
Reductive, 314.
Reeling sea-ruffian, 270.
Reeling to and fro, 261.
Refining a violet, 347.
Regale, 229.
Regni novitas, 238.
Rehearsal, The, 311, 326.
Relapse, The, 356.
Relaxing levities of tragedy, the, 367.
Relief, 367.
Religio Medici, 298, 342.
Religious, 255.
Reluct, 249.
Relumined, 330.
Remnant most forlorn, 311.
Rending, 299.
Repique, 255.
Replication, 323.
Re-presentment, 321.
Repugnancies, 277.
Retroversion, 222.
Return, 326.
Reversion promised, the, 241.
Revolutions of a higher luminary, 322.
Revolving in a perpetual cycle, 275.
Rich, John, 302.
Richard, Earl of Cornwall.
Richard II., 248, 283, 296, 365, 368.
Richard III., 273, 367.
Richard III. (Kemble's), 367.
Richardson, 291.
Richmond, Duke of, 216.
Rider, 304.
Right line, 216.
Rings out the Old Year, 246.
Ripen, 323.
Roast pig, 249, 343.
Robin Goodfellow, 357.
Robin Redbreast, 320.
Rochester, Earl of, 304, 333, 363.
Rochet, 289.
Rockingham, Marquis of, 216.
Romeo and Juliet, 242, 337, 341.
Rory, 280.
Rosamond's pond, 213.
Rose the patriarch of poverty, 369.
Rotten-roasted, 228.
Round Church, the, 303.
Roundhead. 353.
Rousseau, 234.
Rowe, Elizabeth, 322.
Rowe, Nicholas, 236, 303.
Royal ghost, 303.
Roydon, Matthew, 250.
Rubric, 289.
Rubric interlacings, 212.
Ruffles, 309.
Ruined orbs, 339.
Rummaged, 223.
Run up, 294.
Runagates, 233.
Ruralists, 328.
Rusty piece of metal, 349.

S

Sabbath, 293.
Sable phenomenon, 329.
Sack, 252.
St. Audrey, 325.
St. Augustine, 289.
St. Anne's, Soho, 324.
St. Bartholomew, 332.
St. Denys, 302.
St. George, 284.
St. Gothard, 325.
St. Omer's, 347.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 232, 356, 357, 365.
Salamander - gathering, 264.
Salop, 330.
Salopian, 330.
Salt, Samuel, 229, 230, 299, 306, 309.
Samite, the, 234.
Samphire, 264.
Samson Agonistes, 339, 346.
San Benito, 233.
Sanctuary, 362.
Sands, ignoble things, 269.
Sans prendre vole, 253.
Sapidless, 317.
Sapors, 346.
Sardonic, 234.
Sassafras, 330.
Saturnalia, 367.
Saturnine, 237.
Saw, 214.
Sawbridge, 216.
Scale of comparison, not in the, 338.
Scapula, 224.
Scarecrow of, the, 308.
Sceptic in long coats, a, 284.
School divinity, 243.
School for Scandal, 356, 359, 365, 366.
School-man, 291.
Schooled, 309.
Sciential apples, 223.
Scintillation, a casual, 331.
Scott, 238.
Scott, Sir Walter, 318.
Scotus, Duns, 266.
Scrags, 228.
Screw up everything to, 361.
Scriptural cousins, the two, 299.
Scythe of the gentle bleeder, 365.
Seasonably, less, 298.
Secular scion, 282.
Secularization, 357.
Seek Lavinian shores, 249.
Seething-pots, 369.
Selden, John, 221, 314.
Semiramis, 337.
Sempster, 336.
Seneca, 301.
Sensibly, 292.
Sentiment, 324, 325.
Sentimental incompatibilities, 364.
Sepulchre, a fair, 346.
Seraphic Doctor, a, 222.
Serious games, 256.
Serve his brethren, 240.
Servitor, 221.
Set, 275, 351.
Set down, 344, 349.
Set forth in pomp, etc., 296.
Set more count upon, 249.
Set my thin face against, 317.
Set up my tabernacle, 249.
Set one's wits at, 236, 351, 353.
Seven Dials, 214.
Sewell, William, 270.
Sex's wonder, thy, 245.
Shadow, 332, 359.
Shaded, 353.
Shake his gaunt sides, 249.
[1] Shakespeare, 233, 239, 267, 273, 296, 306, 358.
Shallow, Justice, 266.
Shandean, 294.
Shandy, Tristram, 214, 219, 294, 324, 342.
Share ... my good nights, 281.
Sharp, Granville, 238, 267.
Shaw, Cuthbert, 245.
She-Pope, a, 262.
Shelburne, Earl of, 216.
Shepherd Kings, the, 273.
Sheridan, R. B., 240, 300, 325, 356, 359, 367.
Shinar, 265.
Shining ones, the, 272.
Shop and the market-place, the, 282.
Shooting stars, 345.
Shuffling, there is no, 273.
Sick, whist, 256.
Sickly idiosyncrasy, 248.
Siddons, Mrs., 303.

[1] Note.—References to Shakespeare's plays will be found under their respective titles.

Side - intelligencers, 257.
Sided, 308.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 250, 275, 305.
Significations, 302.
Signs, 339.
Silence, 266.
Simmons, Ann, 247, 321.
Sinister, bend, 216.
Single blessedness, 292.
Singly unimpressible, to, 259.
Singularly conceited, 248.
Sirens, 274.
Sizar, 221, 239.
Size-ace, 256.
Skepper, Anne, 225.
Slacken virtue, to, 242.
Slender, 266.
Slight infusion of the footman, a, 359.
Slippery, 358.
Slipslop, 266.
Small Latin and less Greek, 273.
Smithfield, 230, 333, 334.
Smollett, 280, 291.
So, 330.
So shall the fairest face appear, 251.
Societarian reform, 334.
Sock, 359.
Soft shade, 313.
Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, 259.
Sol pater, 326.
Solecism, 254, 323.
Solemn mockery, 218.
Solitude of children, a, 308.
Solitude, On, 246.
Somewhat, 265.
Sophisticated, 248, 281.
Sorry antediluvian makeshift, 343.
Sosia, 225.
Sostenuto, 259.
Sounded, 221.
Sounding-boards, 357.
Sounding, on, 329.
Sounding shores, 328.
Sour parochial or state-gatherers, 241.
Soured to, 292.
South-Sea House, the, 209, 210.
Southern, Thomas, 303.
Spa, 253.
Spacious person, 352.
Spadille, 252.
Spagnoletti, 220.
Spartans, 234, 327.
Speaking'st, 268.
Speculation, 340.
Spenser, 212, 248, 284, 286, 296, 305, 306, 338.
Spices, myrrh, and incense, 348.
Spinous, 308.
Spital sermons, 339.
Spoiler, the, 295.
Spoils their scanning, 327.
Spoken from, to be, 271.
Sport their cloth, 329.
Square, on the, 277, 279.
Squeamish, 334, 349.
Stackhouse, Thomas, 284, 285.
Stage-treading celebrity, 359.
Stages, 294.
Staled, 216.
Stand still, ye watches of the elements, 355.
Stand the moral test, 361.
Stand upon, make my, 346.
Stand upon their own stock, 349.
Standard of police, the, 363.
Standing morals, 339.
Standing on earth, 278.
Starch, spruce, opinionated, 354.
Staring out, 226.
Stars, my, 258.
Starts like a guilty thing surprised, 225.
Starve, 329.
State of white paper, 214.
Stay, in one, 338.
Steele, Sir Richard, 240.
Steeled my purse, 342.
Stephen, 266.
Sterne, 214, 219, 248, 294, 324, 342.
Still-born silence, 268.
Still small voice, the, 316.
Stock, upon a new, 303.
Stacked with so fair a herd, 242.
Stole and albe, 357.
Stonehenge, 280.
Stony fences, 229.
Stop-watch, 310.
Stoppeth at the palate, 346.
Stops a metaphor, etc., 279.
Stork, the young, 232.
Strain not courtesies, 241.
Strained to the height, 214.
Straitest noncon formity, 282.
Stranger, The, 359.
Strap, 280.

Stretch and violence to, 350.
Strike an abstract idea, 224.
Stringing up, 350.
Stuff of the conscience, 298.
Stultus sum, 263.
Stunted downwards, 276.
Sub-appearance, 237.
Sub-indicative tokens, 355.
Subpœna, 284.
Subrusticus pudor, 260.
Successive lowering ascriptions, etc., 296.
Suck the milky fountains, 224.
Sucks his sustenance, 219.
Sugared, 254.
Sun and the wind, the, 241.
Sundials, 306.
Superficially omniscient, 275.
Superfœtation, 211.
Surface, Charles, 367.
Surface, Joseph, 359.
Surtout, 362.
Suspicion ... ripened, 231.
Swag, 368.
Swaggering gentility, 359
Swan-like, 217.
Swedenborg, Emmanuel, 363.
Swedenborgian bad spirit, 363.
Sweet, 242.
Sweet assurance of a look, 250.
Sweet breasts, 215.
Swift, Dean, 249, 277, 310, 326.
Switzer-like tomes, 243.
Sydney, 327.
Synagogue, the, 280.

T

Tabor, Mount, 225.
Tacitus, 308.
Tag, to, 358.
Take down a peg, 350.
Taken down, 354.
Takes his swing, 295.
Talismans, 301.
Tame, Thomas, 214.
Tame villatic fowl, 346.
Taming of the Shrew, 218, 369.
Tarpaulin ruffians, 324.
Tartarus, 235.
Tasmania, 273.
Taste manna, to, 354.
Taste them... upon the tongue of, 346.
Tattle, 356.
Tawdry, 325.
Teazle, Sir Peter, 365.
Technically deficient, 258.
Tell, 277.
Temora, 210.
Tempest, The, 236, 263, 284.
Temple, The, 303, 305. 306.
Tender novices, 328.
Tendre, 268.
Tennyson, 246, 247, 259.
Terence, 235, 236.
Terræ incognitæ, 273.
Testacea, 350.
Testament of Creseide, the, 337.
Tester, 329.
Tête-à-tête, 273.
Theatre to themselves, a, 255.
Then, the, 231, 300.
There are who, 356.
There the antic sits, 368.
Theses, historic or chronologic, 285.
Thick-coming fancies, 285.
Thin jests, 277.
Thing of straw, a, 354.
Thinks of relieving, he, 297.
Thompson, 239.
Thompson, B., 359.
Thompson, James, 217, 276, 280.
Thornton, Sir E., 237.
Thorough brake, 358.
Thorough-paced, 253.
Thoughts in a garden, 307.
Three-foot eminence, the, 336.
Thrice, 245.
Thrid, 259.
Through the green plains, etc., 297.
Throw out a random word, 278.
Thrusting forward, etc., 360.
Thus sitting, thus consulting, 295.
Tide-waiters, 324.
Tierce, 256.
Timber, of that, 357.
Time, 365.
Time out of mind, 266, 330.
Time-stricken, 269.
Timed and tuned to the occasion, 318.
Timon of Athens, 209. 337.
Tipp, John, 214.
Tippet, 289.

Titan, 211, 354.
Tittle, 297.
To lassitude, 276.
Toast, 309.
Tobin, 230.
Tobits, 339.
Toises, 265.
Too classical for representation, 236.
Took the upper hand of, 277.
Tooke, John Horne, 240.
Top of his bent, to the, 217.
Topas, Sir, 354, 355.
Tore the concave, 333.
Toss-pot, 242.
Touch, true, 271.
Touch ... upon, 302.
Touched, 351.
Touchwood, Lady, 363.
Tourneur, Cyril, 245.
Tower of London, the, 229.
Townley, J., 359.
Toy, 260, 277, 311.
Tract, 340.
Tractate on Education, 275.
Tradrille, 253.
Transfiguration, the, 225.
Transcripts, 286.
Tread out of the way of, 248.
Tread upon air, to, 354.
Trench, 274.
Tri-coronated, 262.
Tribute-pittance, 240.
Trifle a leisure sentence, 351.
Trifle-bigger, 338.
Trinity, doctrine of the, 223.
Trip to Scarborough, A, 351.
Triple columniations, 212.
Triple tiara, 262.
Tristful visage, 213,
Tristis severitas in vultu, 235.
Tristram, Sir, 297.
Tritons, 261, 287, 288.
Troil, 263.
Trollope, Dr., 237.
Trophonius, 272.
True ballad, 337.
True yokefellow, 297.
Trumpery, 313.
Truth will out, 273.
Truths deep as the centre, 358.
Turn-coat, 251.
Twelfth Night, 259, 266, 290, 351, 358.
Twickenham, 306.
Twilight, 279, 355.
Two for his heels, 255.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 215, 365.
Twopenny post, 290.
Twopenny, Richard, 312.

U

Ultima supplicia, 233.
Ululantes, 235.
Ulysses, 288, 362.
Unbend, 253, 351.
Unborrowed of tradition, 286.
Uncomfortable, 301.
Uncover, dogs, and lap, 209.
Unctuous sayings, 333.
Undeniable way, an, 242.
Under the rose, 253.
Under-collection, 245.
Underworking, 226.
Undress, in an, 278.
Unessence herself, 323.
Un-Europe-tainted, 327.
Unfeminine wariness, 267.
Unfledged, 229, 330.
Ungenial fume, 330.
Uninvidious in the levy, 335.
Unitarian Church, 293.
Unities, 294.
Universal History, the, 302.
Unmischievous synod, 270.
Unpalatable draught, 249.
Unpennied, 330.
Unprovocative, 315.
Unravelling into beauty, 314.
Unruly member, that, 272.
Unseasonably, 309.
Unsensualizing, 254.
Unsunned heap, an, 211.
Untheorising, 243.
Uplift, 335.
Upright justicers, 282.
Urban, Silvanus, 314.
Urn Burial, 244, 251, 268, 274.
Ursula, 333.
Used no rhetoric, 351.
Usher, Archbishop, 221.
Usufruct, 348.
Utopia, 315, 363.
Utopian, 315.

V

Vacant, 214.
Valentine (in Love for Love), 367.
Valentine, Bishop, 288.
Valentine, my, 292.

Valentines, 289, 290.
Valerian, 330.
Valuing myself, 323.
Van Diemen's Land, 273.
Vanbrugh, Sir John, 356, 359.
Vandyke, 254, 336.
Vanity Fair, 333.
Vapid, 324.
Variæ lectiones, 223.
Various, 307.
Varlet, 241, 276.
Varro, 301.
Vaux, 211.
Veiled a heaven, 301.
Venetian incendiary, the, 352.
Venice Preserved, 352.
Venus, 332.
Venus and Adonis, 328.
Verdant carpet, 255.
Vergers, 221.
Vergil, 214, 231, 235, 237, 238, 243, 249, 283, 285, 310, 314, 316, 319, 321, 329, 332, 358.
Verisimilitudes, 314.
Verrio, 230, 231.
Very coxcombry, the, 346.
Vest, the body's, 307.
Vesta's days, 358.
Vicarious gluttony, 350.
Vice versa, 300, 350.
Vie a repartee with, 308.
Vie conceits with, 351.
Vignette, 291.
Villain of artificial comedy, the, 360.
Viola, 350.
Virgin Mary, the, 296, 299.
Vis, 236.
Visionary pen, 212.
Visnomy, 243, 326, 368.
Visual interpretations, 290.
Vital, 313.
Vittoria Corombona, 244.
Vivares, 218.
Vole, the, 253.
Voluntaries, 226.
Volutes, 257.
Vortigern and Rowena, 218.

W

Wafture, 288.
Waking a new sense, 261.
Waking bliss, a, 299.
Walford, 324.
Wall, the, 305, 338.
Walton, Izaak, 227, 244, 251, 261, 268, 303, 311.
Wardrobe, 278.
Warehouse-room, 145.
Warrantable, 282.
Wasp and the butterfly, the, 366.
Watchet-weeds, 232.
Water parted from the sea, 258.
Watered, 238
Watts, Dr., 261.
Waxedst not pale, 239.
Waxing fat, 230, 316.
Way of the World, The, 302, 363.
Weakling, a flower, a, 347.
Wean, 249, 306, 356.
Wear my shackles, 362.
Weaver's shuttle, like a, 249.
Webster, John, 244.
Wedding garment, 333.
Welkin, 331.
Well fare the soul, 339.
Well-ingredienced, 331.
Well-like, 310.
Well won from the world, 367.
Wesley, John, 270.
Westminster Abbey, 261, 269.
Westward Ho, 295.
Wet Quaker, a, 281.
Wharry, John, 312.
Whereof the world is not worthy, 268.
Whets, 307.
Which now are none, etc., 363.
Whilom, 244.
Whimsical criterion, 288.
Whim-whams, 281.
Whirligig of time, the, 355.
White, James, 291, 328, 332.
White boys, 268.
White Devil, The, 244.
Whitefriars, 362.
Whitgift, John, 289.
Whitsunday, 272.
Whole Encyclopædia behind, a, 272.
Widford, 216, 313.
Widower-volume, 244.
Wild work, 295.
Wilding, Young, 359.
Wilkes, John, 216.
Wilkins, Peter, 233, 326.
Will-worship, 355.
Willingly enduring stripes, 259.
Windfall, 309, 315.
Wine-bibber, 317.

Winged Horse, the, 314.
Winter's Tale, A, 275, 337.
Winterton, Alice, 247, 251, 321.
Wise-acre, 263.
Wishfort, Lady, 302.
Wit-combats, 239.
Witch-ridden, 285.
With God, 252.
Within many quavers of, 258.
Witnesses, the three, 223.
Woeful Queen, that, 296.
Woollet, 218.
Woolman, John, 271.
Wordslight as air, 358.
Wordsworth, William, 225, 231, 249, 260, 264, 272, 273, 276, 286, 287, 288, 291, 299, 303, 307, 311, 329, 332, 334, 353.
Worm in the bud, 351.
Worm you out, 349.
Worst cut of all, 245.
Wot, 314.
Would strike, 310.
Wren, Sir Christopher, 265.
Wrest, 268.
Write loyal cantons, etc., 351.
Wrong side of, the, 273.
Wycherley, William, 362, 364.

Y

Yarrington, Robert, 320.
Ycleped, 289, 330.
Ye yourselves are old, 314.
Yoke-fellow, true, 297.
Yorick, 294, 342.
You beat but on the case of, 209.
Younkers, 314.
Your, 219, 243, 325, 328, 336.
Your locksmiths, etc., 328.

Z

Zimmerman, 246, 269.

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